THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JESSIE WILLARD

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AS A MATTER of record, she wasn't nearly so large as an operatic contralto, and she had an infinitely better figure. Her voice, be it conceded, held a faint suggestion of the depth and hoarseness generally set down among the characteristics of those who live much in the open, but it was a suggestion so faint that to a stranger it might have seemed the harmless result of lingering in a damp atmosphere the night before. She wasn't subject to humorous comment on account of her dress; indeed her clothes were the very last word, the end of the sentence—period. Her attitude toward the public would sometimes have satisfied the spinster principal of a boarding school. Beautiful—no, emphatically no; but her skin showed health which can't be purchased in glass jars. Unfortunately, however, the season at Broad Beach ran strongly to girls of the startled-fawn variety, and Miss Willard couldn't be startled by anything short of a maximite explosion. This fact, together with her height and weight and a recent experiment of the Havana Society for Physical Research, engendered the nickname.

Unknown, unheralded and unchaperoned, she appeared at Broad Beach with nine trunks and a maid; a maid hopelessly detached from the requisite and proper nationality of maids; a sturdy, energetic daughter of Antrim who, when summoned, promptly rolled up her sleeves in evidence of preparedness, and answered to the name of Maggie. Miss Willard also brought with her two golf bags containing a total of nineteen clubs, immaculately new; three tennis rackets; a canoe paddle of which the varnish was yet unscratched; a Mexican saddle, and a bridle of horsehair plaited by a convict in Montana; a gun case with one sporting rifle and one automatic pump gun; a bass rod and an alpenstock. Percy Corliss, who tried so desperately to make people laugh that now and then he succeeded by sheer operation of the theory of chances, said that either she planned to open a branch shop for an athletic outfitter, or else she'd been to Switzerland, by way of the Scotch moors and Cape Horn, and collected souvenirs.

She came to the Broad Beach Inn, arriving on the late afternoon train, registered, vanished, and came down to dinner in a gown of hand-painted chiffon which was superlative even in the bull market of the Beach. She evidently had no acquaintances among the guests; after dinner she sat alone in the lobby, listening to the orchestra, and presently she went to the ballroom and sat alone for two hours, watching the dancers and decorating an otherwise blank wall. On the following morning she came to breakfast in blue linen; at half past nine she was at the first tee pavilion in smart tweeds, and she stayed there, *incomunicado*, until the sun was directly overhead. At lunch she displayed pink awning-striped rajah to a critical audience; and she took her solitary tea in hand-embroidered Georgette crêpe. She dined that second night in white lace and pearls; and again inspected the dancers until bedtime. As she quitted the ballroom, Percy Corliss distinctly heard her say under her breath: "Dummies!"

Percy Learned to Dodge When Miss Willard Volleyed

Now Percy Corliss flattered himself that he was interested in society, both pulverized and in the bean. He liked to consider himself democratic and superior to common conventions. Furthermore, he had more than once lent the weight of his unquestioned authority to the statement that the colonel's wife and the colonel's laundress are both women. Women were Percy's specialty—he admitted it. He loved the dear little things, he said, but he also understood them. The accomplishment of this paradox is simple for an intelligent man—proceed until you're so sure you understand one that you'd bet on it, and then copper the bet. And Percy was primarily interested in types. This unattached girl rather fascinated him. She looked unusual; and she had the unparalleled temerity to behold the thirty-third degree of Broad Beach aristocracy—which consists of a fire-refined selection from New York, Boston and Philadelphia—and ejaculate: "Dummies!" Whatever else might happen, Percy couldn't well be bored by a girl who watched thirty pairs of fox trotters, inventorying perhaps two hundred thousand dollars in gold, platinum and carboniferous products in sight, and catalogued them as dummies. Ordinary girls, girls trained to Broad Beach via finishing school, Sherry's and the Ritz, don't say such things. It isn't done by the people one knows.

Accordingly he obeyed the familiar injunction, and while sluggards slept, or dallied over rolls and coffee, Percy plowed deep—with a pitching mashie—on the smooth turf flanking the first tee pavilion. As a golfer he left much to the imagination, although in casual practice he was adept at decapitating daisies and lofting cigarette butts; but as a symphony in color, a tone poem of the links, he was rated at plus five. He could have spotted Ouimet two tailors, a bootmaker and three haberdashers and beaten him to a standstill above or below the belt line. His Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers were reddish brown; his shirt was a fine madras with alternate pencilings of brown and red; his tie was of the hue of raisins; his hat was rufous; his legs were encased in protective coloring to match his suit; and his shoes were ruddy tan.

As he swung with precision at the elusive daisy tops, pausing handsomely for a second or two at the finish of each swing, he kept the gravel walk within range; suddenly he was gratified to see Miss Willard, fresh and cool in an amber sport suit, approaching him leisurely. With inspired daring he dropped a ball to the turf, addressed it and sent it in a languorous arc for a hundred and thirty yards. Too rash, he tried a second shot. Behind him he heard the scraping of a chair on the pavilion floor. Percy flushed slightly and produced a third ball which, under pretense of cleansing, he teed up. He swung at it—and saw it hobble along the ground for a hundred feet. His fourth trial attained a commendable altitude, but laterally it wasn't a shot to be modest about. The fifth was epochal.

From behind him he heard a gasp of horror mingled with pity. He turned; Miss Willard stood at the railing. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were wide and expressive. Percy knew from the glint of them that speech was imminent.

"Judas Priest!" she said in a voice marked by softly slurred consonants and rounded vowels. "You've broken your bat!"

Percy looked at her and at the splintered shaft of his mashie. His palms still tingled, and his ears were just beginning. He was a chronic stickler for technical terms.

"Bat!" he echoed dumbly. "Oh—er—yes, to be sure."

The girl came forward; as she drew near, Percy realized that by comparison in stature he was about to be dwarfed. He experienced an inward qualm of doubt; in the sacred circle a man of five feet six isn't necessarily outlawed, but a girl of five feet eleven lacks something of true social merit. There is too much of her to be genuinely exclusive. And Percy hated to be thought a little fellow.

"What do you call it?" she asked, scrutinizing the divorced shaft. She glanced down at him and smiled companionably. "It sure was a big dentist that invented *that* tool."

Percy contracted his brows as though from a spasm of pain.

"This? A pitcher—a pitching mashie."

"Oh, yes—I've got five or six myself."

"Five or six!" repeated Percy incredulously. The personality of the girl rather battered his senses; she was so extraordinarily blunt and undiplomatic.

"Oh, I bought all the kinds there are —— What happens if you do that in a game? The other man goes right ahead, and you have to wait till they bring you another from the side lines?"

"Side lines!" faltered Percy, staring up at her. "Why—there aren't any side lines in golf!"

"Oh, aren't there? That's strange. There are in polo. What other bats do you pack—I mean carry?"

Percy exhumed a silk handkerchief with an edging of smoked brown and applied it to his forehead.

"Clubs? Why ——"

"This looks like a good slugger," said Miss Willard, touching a precious dreadnaught driver. "How far can you lam it with this? A hundred rods?"

"H-haven't you ever played?" stammered Percy aghast.

"Cow-pasture pool? Never. But I thought I'd learn. Show me the motions!"

"Cow-pasture pool!" he whispered to himself. "By Jove! Cow-pasture pool!"

"Judas Priest!" She Said. "You've Broken Your Bat!"

Dazed and bewildered, he teed a ball. Miraculously the stroke was true; Percy recovered his poise sufficiently to beam upon Miss Willard.

"That's about it," he said with admirable repression.

"Look at her ride!" exclaimed Miss Willard. "Quartering bird! Do you do that every time?"

"Not every time," he deprecated. He translated her expression correctly. "Want to try one?"

"Dying to!"

"Just hit the ball now. Sweep it off the tee. Like a broom—pendulum—slow back—and ——" He was interrupted by the vicious swish of the club head, and by a crack as of a target pistol. Undeniably sliced, the ball was disappearing rapidly over a clump of willows two hundred and ten yards from the first tee. Miss Willard was gazing ruefully after it; and as Percy saw her in action, he was pleasantly aware that her figure was magnificent—and that she was younger than he had imagined.

"Now where," she inquired, "did it get that heavy right-hand English?"

Percy, loose-jawed and shaken with admiration, was fumbling for another ball.

"If I told anybody that you'd driven over—— Was that really the first time you ever hit a golf ball? Honor bright?"

"I see!" said Miss Willard in contemplation. "I didn't lay out enough strength. Now next time ——"

Next time she hooked a screaming shot into the inlet. As nearly as Percy Corliss could estimate the distance, it wasn't an inch short of two hundred and thirty yards. He sat down on the grass to think it over, and Miss Willard, after a pause, dropped lightly to the ground beside him. She was utterly unconscious of having achieved glory; on the contrary, she seemed to think she had failed signally, because neither drive was on the line. Her prodigious distance hadn't lent enchantment to her soul.

"What have you played?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh, polo, baseball—not much else."

"Baseball!"

"Of course. You do, don't you? Everybody does."

"W-where was this?"

"Wyoming—the riders call it two quids and a cigarette from Cheyenne. I've been about everywhere—in Oklahoma lately."

Percy regarded her thoughtfully. She wasn't offensive, she wasn't strident. Her bearing was that of a nice girl. She had on garments excellently suited to the time and place. She was as brisk and refreshing as an April wind; her whole presence bespoke candor, simplicity, great physical purity. She exhaled the indefinable aura of wealth. And yet for Broad Beach she was perhaps too—too something—rugged might be the word. He couldn't help speculating if she wouldn't affect the bevy of startled fawns much as a playful gale affects a field of swaying poppies. The two aren't indigenous to the same climate.

"But you—brought a lot of equipment with you."

"I sure did," said Miss Willard cheerfully. "I didn't know whether I'd land in the hills or the flat country, so I made it a wholesale order. That doesn't prove anything. Many a man that never sat a horse has bought a quirt at a Santa Fé station."

"You've never been East before?"

"Oh, yes; I went to school in the East—in Kansas City."

He decided, after reflection, that she wasn't attempting to be facetious.

"You'll find this a bit different," he said, "from—er—Kansas City."

"No-o, I guess not. People are people, same as animals are animals. Only I do feel a little like a cattleman on a sheep range." The last words were spoken with a peculiar intonation.

"I don't know what that signifies, but it doesn't sound awfully complimentary."

"It wasn't meant to," said Miss Willard calmly. "Now when a stranger jogs into my country—even if it's a yellow-legged expert—we open up! And I've been here two days now—and you're the only man outside of a couple of waiters that's spoken to me. Maybe the big brains of America live on this side of the Mississippi, but it looks to me as though the hearts live on the other side—where a friend's something you can't buy, and a stranger's something you can't overlook. That's my assay. Maybe I'm wrong."

For some occult reason Percy was impelled, to his own amazement, to offer advice. Temporarily at least he was sincere. The girl was positively unsuited to the society to which she aspired; although she undoubtedly possessed qualities which distinguished her in her hereditary environment. Some humanitarian impulse prompted the man to warn her—and he knew that she had the inherent common sense to grasp his meaning.

"There's really only one set at Broad Beach," he said, looking out over the links. "It's almost a club—one's either in it or not in it. Those who aren't in it have very little pleasure here. There's a very clubby spirit. These families have known each other for years and years—their need for companionship is satisfied—it was satisfied a generation ago. And often they're inclined to resent new people. A stranger coming without an introduction—you'll pardon me ——"

"Never mind the rest—I catch your drift. But that's exactly why I came here."

"I—hope I haven't discouraged you."

"Discouraged me!" She laughed spontaneously. "I like you anyway. You're not afraid to say something when you talk. But I always get along with people, because I like people. You haven't told me yet what your name is."

"Corliss."

"Oh!" Her eyes betrayed astonishment. "Not Herbert Corliss?"

"No—we're related. I'm a sort of second cousin, about eight or ten millions removed. I'm Percival Corliss."

"I'm Elizabeth Willard."

Percy's eyes twinkled.

"Any relation to Jess?"

The girl looked blank; then put out her hand impulsively.

"You'll do!" she said. "I was sitting on the front steps when they gave out the beef, wasn't I?" In spite of her hearty tone he was uncomfortably conscious that he had displeased her.

Down the gravel walk came three girls and three men armed with the implements of the ancient game. Percy hailed them jovially. The sextet strolled into the foreground and stood expectant.

"Miss Willard," said Percy. "Miss Buckingham—Miss Spence—Miss Churchill—Mr. Rockledge—Mr. Suckley—Mr. Eaton." For the life of him he couldn't resist the temptation; for he knew just what sort of sensation the girl would cause when she took her mannerisms and her dynamic energy out on the course. "Miss Willard and I'll take on any pair of you for a box of balls—and she's never played a round in her life."

There was a prolonged silence as the six golfers appraised the recruit; two of the men began to mutter apologies.

"And I've never won one," said Eaton, noting the rise of color in Miss Willard's cheeks. "Edith, you'll stand by me, won't you?" Edith Churchill compressed her lips.

"Very well," she said coldly. "If you wish it."

Miss Willard signaled to a loitering boy.

"Hike back to the house and get my—clubs, all of them—Room 60," she said in great excitement. "Ask for Maggie—*muy pronto*—and there's two bits in it for you!"

The other girls choked violently, and two of the men said "Haw!" and fell to confirming the state of the weather. Only Eaton kept countenance, and no credit is due him for his forbearance. He inherited it from his great-great-grandfather.

From that point forward Miss Willard's career at Broad Beach was assured, and her nickname was firmly established. Edith Churchill, who had been mortally offended at the sacrifice of her morning, found herself after the first hole in the position of the Scotch caddie who offered to carry for a choleric novice for the fun of the thing. Percy Corliss was convulsed, and even the ultra-considerate Eaton had his moments of fearful agony. Before the foursome holed out on the ninth green, Miss Willard had broken seven of her new clubs; she had flayed the innocent turf until a shocked greenkeeper came running over from the clubhouse to remonstrate; she had at times putted farther than some tyros drive; but whenever she caught the ball squarely with the club head, she outdrove both men by two score yards. Indeed her medal for the nine holes was but four strokes higher than Miss Churchill's; Miss Churchill told her very prettily that with practice she certainly would make a player.

"If I didn't think so," said Miss Willard, "I wouldn't work this hard on a hot day for a long, long row of apple trees!" That sounded conclusive.

In the afternoon Percy introduced her to tennis. He anticipated pure joy in the teaching, and he wasn't disappointed; nor were the two dozen spectators who came over from the inn to overlook Percy's new prodigy. Miss Willard charged wildly about the court, missing the ball far more often than she struck it; but, after one illuminating incident, Percy learned to dodge when Miss Willard volleyed. For all her size, she was undeniably graceful and she promised to be adequate as soon as she had correlated her eye and her hand. She went at the ball boldly, with a smashing overhand drive, and occasionally, when she misjudged it, Percy declined to retrieve.

"Come on," he said. "We can send a telegram to the station—the bus'll pick it up on the way home." He was relieved to hear her laugh as happily as the spectators; her

(Continued on Page 54)

One Pink-and-White Demoiselle Was Holding Him by the Hand and Crying Softly

BETSY'S HOLIDAY MUSH

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

MAC and Pa had been playing solo with a bunch, and it was about two in the morning when Pa hollered up to find out where the old lot of eggs were; and he said if I wouldn't get up and help make a snack, at least I could write Seattle that we didn't want any more of the grade like the new ones.

I was awake, anyway, hoping the plaited blue-serge skirt I ordered out of the catalogue, which was due on the next boat, would be like the picture.

Sandy Cotter was frying sourdough hot cakes when I hit the kitchen, and they had eggs in every bowl we own; and I had just told them plain they could clean up that mess after they ate, when Mac rushed to the front door. Everybody listened, and the Pioneer's port call mooed over Resurrection Bay, shaking echoes out of the glacial cañons in the mountains—our town of Seward is huddled right under snowpeaks—and starting all the Malemutes to yowling.

"Now Will You People Get Off? What Do You Think Four Dogs Can Do?"

"Steamboat, sure!" said Pa. "Look and see is it a freighter, Betsy; you can tell by her lights."

Everybody in the North gets up for a ship, and we went sliding down the concrete walks of Fourth Avenue—two whole blocks of them, put in last spring when the Government bought the old Alaska Northern Railroad and opened the coal fields, which, as Pa says, what in time were they ever shut for? But, of course, Alaska was always treated like the nation's stepchild, and she isn't getting much the best of it yet. But when those schoolteacher summer excursionists came ashore to buy a post card and write "This is what you are missing. Not cold at all!" on it, they took their sniffy looks off when they saw the walks. We run the Northern Transfer, and Mac and Pa are partners, and have been since they came in, even before the '97 rush.

When I was little I rode on top of Mac's pack, while Pa carried the stove, tent and bedrolls. He is awfully strong and he can pack one hundred and twenty-five pounds all day, and make camp whistling. Mac gets to grouching if he has over ninety, but Pa is thicker and a whale for work. Mac is barn boss, and he rushed down to our place in Railroad Avenue, facing the beach, to get the teams to the dock. I did not wait for any of them, because Sandy Cotter met Miss White hurrying out of her house, and you would have thought I was dead as far as they were concerned; so I went on. I was the first white child born in the Susitna Valley, and I am not like girls Outside, who can't move a step without a man tagging along. I beat even the dogs and longshoremen to the dock, and I grabbed the heaving line, because Rasmussen, the Pioneer's mate, is a friend of mine; and he was swearing a little and hollering was nobody going to put that springline over a pile before they went through the dock?

Very soon the whole town crowded on the dock, yelling to those hanging over the ship's rail about the news Outside, because there had been a break in the cable, way down South near Sitka, and the Daily Gateway had just been stalling along with editorials, and opinions of people who had mushed out from Inside, as to our Mexican policy. And John Thwaites, the mail clerk, yelled to me that there was a package in the parcel post; and, for fun, Gus Nord, the captain, put the searchlight from the bridge on me, and everybody laughed. Then somebody on the ship said:

"Jove! Who is that little girl with the big black eyes—the one in the short red skirt and odd soft boots? She is the very spirit of this romantic Northland!"

Golly, you bet I got out of that light; but when the purser brought a tall young man in a mink-lined coat with beaver trimmings on it, and a pearl-gray derby, and white spats —— Imagine! I had never seen any until then. When he did I just knew it was the one who had said that. And he kept looking at me with the warmest, brownest eyes, and I had a thrilly queer feeling—rather nice though.

He walked uptown with me. It was moonless, but the bluey-bright stars made wide golden paths on the quiet water, and I told him that beyond the snow-rounded hills was the measureless Inside, where each range you pass is lower and the land flattens out toward the Pole. We stood on our porch, not talking a lot, but looking; and he would sigh and sort of start away, and then stop, although I warned him that the Overland Hotel wouldn't have a room with a stove left. He only knew about steam, and said, anyway, he had sent his man up to engage a suite or something. It was next day I found out he had a valet, and they took one whole room in the hotel for clothes!

Jasper Norton's folks are rich and live in Chicago, and he took civil engineering; but sliding down gravel hills wore out his trousers, and it took him so far from music, poetry and art that he quit. Mac and Pa hated him from the jump. When they do you can't change them; and they always called Jasper "Mister," which is insulting from them. And they said what did I see in a no-account chechahco with a cigarette finger who couldn't even shave himself and ought to be doing a few shifts in the rain behind a short-handled shovel, with his size! Mac said that would take the nonsense out of him, and Pa said he would just like to be the foreman about then.

I did not argue. They say I talk all the time; but I can keep still if I want to, and I walked to the sawmill with Jasper—only six miles in all; but he was used to cabs, and he got pretty tired and had to rest, but, of course, I knew he could harden and mush as far as anyone; in fact, he told me about hunting in New Brunswick and Canada, where he killed some enormous bears and got a lot of heads. The way Mac acted, I didn't tell him this; but I smiled coldly, for killing big bears shows bravery. Jasper said he wanted to go after some of our Alaska brownies; he had read they would come at a person, which they will, and you want the biggest caliber gun you can pack and to give them several shots, or you won't stop them. He had brought some swell rifles, though I told him I would rather have my thirty-rimless than all those Canadian army guns or flossy German didos; they are complicated and haven't the force.

That very first morning, when he had scrunched off over the hard light snow of mid-October, I sat up in my room, with a kitchenful of unwashed dishes below, and kept quiet and thought until daylight, which was about eight. And when I went down to start a fire in the wood heater a Jap rang the bell. It was a letter from Him.

There was some poetry, "To Diana"; though I had explained that my full name was Elizabeth Hjort Kelly—Mamma was Russian, and Pa says I got my temper from Grandma Hjort, who lives westward at Unalaska. His is exactly the same though.

The letter went on: "O eyes of Egypt, gaze on one whose enmeshed soul faints for the vivifying influence of your favor! When may I call? Answer by bearer. J. N."

And the best I had got, in my whole life, was to be called Skeesicks and Kid by people when asking hadn't I ever thought of marrying? I thanked heaven that I never wrote but the one note to Joe Torrance, after the dance, when perhaps for a little I did have some notion—but what sort of life would that have been, at his old clam cannery in summer and dragged round Outside in cities, in winter?

Jasper wrote every day, and we walked afternoons and talked evenings, and Mac and Pa moved the solo game down to the private office in the barn. Jasper was very musical, and so am I. I bet we have more records for our machine than any shack in Seward. But he could play the piano; and after I figured awhile, and he was being asked all over, I paid a chechahco family seven hundred for their piano—they expected to rent a bungalow, and the only thing vacant was Colonel Revell's one-room cabin, where he kept the interior mail-team dogs between trips; so they had the piano still on the dock.

And I fixed the house better. Jasper said my purple cushions were nice, but rose and dull greens were the background for my coloring.

Being some Russian, I like things fairly lively; but I saw he was right, and he said how beautiful I would be in gowns of coral, cerise and the smart new stripes; and how everything was stripes Outside. The women were all wearing white shoes also, and I ordered three pairs; but the catalogues only list ugly browns, navy blue and black for dresses, and I was sure stuck there. Jasper said have them made—wasn't there a modiste? I guess I flushed, because she was stopping with the Al Pells, who have cases of beer delivered; and Mrs. Pell smokes, right out, in the Grill, and wears dresses with sleeves and tops of thin stuff you look right through—like a honkytonk soubrette, Mac says. They are a pretty swift outfit, and I knew only their dog. The new dressmaker had a sign on her shop: *Robes et Manteaux et Chapeaux.* The Nome bunch who had come to Seward when the Government made it the terminal point for the main line from the Coast to Fairbanks bought from her; but, you see, I was out on the trail so much, or busy doing the Transfer Company's bookkeeping, and making Pa and Mac be less extravagant—every old-timer who lights off a boat, cleaned, gets a stake from them; they are the limit!

I heard that the dressmaker, Mrs. Gerard, had supper with a different fellow every night, and Mac said she giggled old Palmer, a married man with a family down in Juneau, into papering the whole of her shop, while the painter, who is so busy he will hardly be civil, never

"Girl Alive, Don't Shoot It! Put It Down! Betsy, Put It ——"

charged her a four-bit piece! You see, our drivers, delivering wood or home-mined Seldovia coal, which we sell, get all the news and peddle it to Pa. She was very blond and seemed to be a widow. She wore white shoes and velvet suits and, after Jasper suggested it, I got to honing for clothes like hers, for there he was, in those spats, and different suits every day, and actually evening clothes at night for calling, when, with us, these are only used for weddings, or when a U. S. cruiser stops and gives a blow-out.

I went in and got measured. And I took a lovely yieldy pink satin corset home, and what she called a negligée, in dawn pink, though I had a fine Hudson Bay blanket bathrobe; and Pa stepped all over the new affair when I was turning the cakes mornings. I began to wonder whether, for Jasper's sake, I ought to ditch my red Mackinaws and my hair-seal mukluks, though I settled that I wouldn't freeze, even for him, and he said they were picturesque. Of course, with Jasp round with me all the time, he went in, while I had to see about materials, and he personally selected a coral-satin luxura. Golly, you could eat it! I never slept the whole night after ordering it, though I most had a fit when she was going to put in one of those Mrs. Al Pell tops. She said the dimply curves of youth should be shown.

Now just as people in Seward realized that Jasper knew things, being from great big Chicago, he listened and seemed impressed when Mrs. Gerard languidly said heavens! she was afraid Chicago was somewhat provincial still, for you simply could not find a designer there who gave the *bel* air. But Jasp had been to New York, and she respected him when she discovered that in his college time he went to Jack's and got put out and had to pay for the new glass doors he went through every Saturday night regularly. I did not admire such doings; but he was older and had stopped it. Right after this we asked her to lunch at the Grill, where Pa and Mac and I always sit at the counter so we can chin with the cook, who owns the business. Jasp went to a box in the rear; and, hardly a second after, Bill, the waiter, brought an order that came in two cocktail glasses, and I said:

"Why, Jasper, how dare you, when you know my views, and that I smell every breath in our barn, twice a day, and the Territory will vote for Prohibition next fall—yes, and go dry too!"

"But truly I was suffering for a weensy drink, dearie," said Mrs. Gerard. "I asked him to do it—didn't I, Big Mans? Scold poor ickle me; but not him."

I saw, then, that Jasp couldn't help it, and he said later he had been embarrassed. She kept calling him Big Mans, though, while he is tall, he is as thin as Mac. He looked pleased when she did and offered to play for her if he only had a place. It turned out she was not congenial with the Pells, but had to board somewhere; and she got awfully fond of me, and said lucky child, having that handsome papa and stern, cold MacElhone, and a lot of slavish males round always, and not bothered by any women. The men she had met were all demoniacal, and Mr. Gerard was a wretch who kicked at having to educate a few of her sisters and brothers, and having them vacations. The Russian part of me got disgusted at this, for at Grandma's there is a perfect mob of relatives, and they stick till they think of something else to do.

"I am like you and detest women, the cats!" she said; but I don't, only I never knew many.

No one likes fussy ones that if you get sick nag you daffy yanking out pillows you just get sogged down good, and asking what you'd like now. Mac says the soft way they coo at you and then go and rip you to bits is what scares him, and they take too long with their housekeeping, fiddling round. Out on Pa's placer claims, on the Nebesna, we tried a woman cook; but she would tear your head off if you brought home ten or twelve extra, where a Jap would nod and open some cans and feed them. Mrs. Gerard had a way of saying how sweet they looked, and, my! what a delicious color, and clasping her hands when they put on a hat they looked like sixty in; then she would wink and say that old pill had come in four times without buying. She did not say this to me; but, anyway, when I looked in her long glass—I had always just thought of bars and ships having them. You could see all of yourself in a lump, and I ordered one by cable—with that coral satin on, and my hair fuzzed out, honest, I was ashamed for looking so good! My skin is very white, from Mamma; and Pa is so red-faced I suppose being pinky I get from him and staying outdoors.

I sure hate being mewed up in a shack. Before my panniered gown of black-and-white stripes with cerise girdle was done, Mrs. Gerard came to be our guest, for Pa had gone out the line on a big tie-cutting contract for the Government, and I just gave her his room—Mr. Pell had got fresh and tried to kiss her. She was hysterical, telling Jasp and me, and we were mad as fury. She hadn't had the ordinary savvy to belt him one that would have made him a good dog quick, like I would. She had just staggered to our house, sobbing how it brought dreadful memories of Mr. Gerard's savage lawless nature; and oh, that she might be close to folks like us, who were different! Jasp took her for a strengthening walk that I advised. Air is always best. She had to cling to his arm to stand up, saying:

"Dearie, now you see they are demoniacal, don't you?"

But that Pell is only skitter-brained. Their dog hardly goes near him; that is why he is always on our porch.

I fixed her toilet stuff, three shades of rouge, and lip sticks, on Pa's austere linen dresser scarf. She explained she seldom needed them, unless pale from designing. And really she was pinker than me, except evenings, until she had gone to her room. She had the goldest, daisiest hair, and dark eyes, and, with her wonderful clothes, people sure rubbered. About what in a confidential tone she called men I almost agreed they were demoniacal, when Fred Johnston, one of our drivers, asked me that night did I know my two dear friends sat in the curtained box in the Grill, half the afternoon, talking? And Jasp personally told me how she enjoyed the stroll!

I bawled Fred out, though he laughed like a big ninny, saying you easy kid, and it was a shame. The dark November weather had come, hiyu plenty snow, and halo sunshine. I wanted Jasp to at least get arctics for his feet. Stella—Mrs. G. I mean—was in her shop a lot. Sighing, and brooding, too, as he played a piece named Träumerei, very uplifting, he would breathe:

"Betsy, my little empress, your wondrous black eyes are my sunshine!"

I began to sluff the bookkeeping, because I was thinking. I could see his eyes every minute almost, and I was sorry for ordinary people. He said he would spend his life in worshiping, and I might mold him to my will. Mac began staring, saying: "Child, you better take a holiday mush somewhere." I said sure, pretty soon. Mac carried on like a soft-horned moose when Jasp left pastils going, for he loved Oriental scents, and wanted me to make a Den; but Mac said he would give it to the natives. I had to scheme hiding the holes that Stella's cigarettes burnt in our Seattle rugs. She was rather aggravating, never screwing the cover on toothpaste, so there were little white, hard gobs on the glass shelf in the bathroom, and eternally something lacy soaking in the stationary washbowl. Mac said if she didn't quit saying things were teensy-weensy he would bring his .22 high-power home some night; and when she said hadn't my pansies the darlingest weensy little human faces, it made me scroochy all over! If things had caught fire she wouldn't have known where she had put even one fresh thin silk stocking for morning, for each night was the end of the world for her. I had to tidy her room.

She told me she nearly screamed the first morning she saw Mac in just trousers, undershirt and moccasins herding the eggs over the range. He always cooks that way, and he threw a fit when he saw her candy-stripe negligée, showing the arms, you know.

She discussed Art with Jasper, and Futurist ideas, and said black hangings were the most artistic—that astonished Mac and me. I wished I had done Art instead of being captain of the basket-ball team when I went Outside to school in Tacoma one winter; but I hate cities, so all I was doing except studies was sending cables North, till I ran away and threw a talk into the steamship office, and came back C. O. D. But they are so mean in cities, scowling and nervous and scorning themselves if they miss one leaf in a revolving door. The first car I was on, the conductor held out his hand, and I shook it. And hardly ever any bacon at a meal, and the principal eternally asking if I couldn't get her enough seals for a coat! Of course Stella and Jasper chatted about makes in biplanes and autos, and he told me she was a very highly keyed, sensitive genius, with subtleties and nuances above the proletariat's ken. He said I was his little angel-glory! He could say names that Joe Torrance didn't even know, like heart's dearest! Joe just said pet, and got red.

The day Jasp shook hands with me—I had my mitt off—just as I was going into the barn, and put a big diamond ring over my finger and rushed away, I was so mixed I went in and billed freight per the gasoline car, for Mile 34, to Anchorage by water! And I simply couldn't check the grain sacks that had come in; they're pesky to do, at best. At last it seemed I would have to count every oat in the place to get balanced again, and Mac thought I was sick from his putting chili peppers in the beans. It is pretty stout grub. That night Jasper played Träumerei, and in my coral gown I sat near until suddenly he got up and, not even troubling to think of yanking up his trousers—for he had the Jap—he got on his knees, crying that his hot heart fainted for that one sweet word, ten whole days withheld—was it yes? But he had to stop, for, with her hair all hanging down—it was way below her knees, and something grand—Mrs. Gerard wafted downstairs, crying:

"Poor ickle me's so lonesome up there by myse'f. What oo all doin'?"

Jasper talked so she wouldn't notice me blushing, and he read us extracts from Idylls of the King, and did The Raven with tragic chords as he declaimed it. A person can stand a little of that stuff, but there is not much sense to it. Stella was in a candy-striped chiffon negligée that showed a lot of arms and shoulders. They get me nervous. Jasp just stared and stared at her hair, and when he was at the door, going, and she got up, with that blondy shining drift round her, he said:

"You are a very Trojan Helen!"

She sighed. Later she remarked that some men were better than others, doubtless, or how could we have any pretense of civilization? I was quite absent while she sat on the edge of the kitchen table, and I stirred up one of those prepared jelly packages that taste like a barber shop smells, for next day's lunch. It was eleven when Mac came in.

"You got to go up the Inlet to Anchorage on the boat due in the morning, Kid," he said. "Kel's sent word in that them parties on Ophir Creek owe him four thousand for that scow we sold 'em, an' they got some new money unexpected. You collect it; an' take over them four dogs for Sport Smith when you go—see? This here is important."

Just as he went out Jasp had slipped me a note that read: "If we were to go over to Anchorage and be secretly

wedded they would have to consent. Put the sitting-room shade down and up twice if I am to be made the luckiest fellow alive. Love! J."

I know my face was as red as a beet when I did it, and Mac stared. Our house is quite a ways out the valley, and the shades stay up—somebody might come along in a snow and feel better seeing a light. I stuck in a log dugout that was plumb afloat, on the Tanana one time, because a light showed down below when I slowed in the riffles. It heartens you. Anyway, all night I lay, writing in my head letters to Grandma and Cousin Sonia Baranov, who runs the road house where the Moose Pass Trail and the old railroad survey join, and to the Kellys, in Bangor, Maine, who think we live in an igloo and eat pemmican, though I told them we grow strawberries and cucumbers in the yard, and don't use double windows like they have to. Me going to be the bride of a chechahco!

It seemed Fate must have made Joe Torrance stop on Arctic Brotherhood Hall porch, coming from that dance, and chin himself from a rafter. I said Pa could go up twenty times, while Joe only could twice; and he got miffed—that was why he wrote, after. Betsy Norton—ah me! I looked at my scrumptious diamond by the moon. The Gateway would have a long piece headed: Nuptials of Well-Known Sour-Dough's Daughter. Golly! Prospectors in cabins up at the heads of rivers without even a map name would get the paper, anyway by next summer; and you wouldn't be able to shoot and hear it when all my Russian aunts and their gangs were mulling it over! A U. S. Commissioner came a thousand miles by ship to marry my parents, and there was an eight-day feast.

And I had been crazy to see Anchorage—imagine an Alaskan camp where there wasn't a gold rush and two thousand people in it! The Government had started building to the Matanuska coal from Ship Creek, which used to be the old Knik Anchorage, where, if they didn't bring a boat for their freight, the mate might dump it overboard. Jim Wardell, the Marshal, had written me, back in May, to come on over and see the funny new chechahco camp, and not to bring a tent, because he had a new log jail which was dryer, and any prisoners could board out while I used it; but he makes people get on so well that there were none. But Seward had a boom, and Pa and Mac plotted their homestead into lots, and I had to do the selling and keep cases, because they always forget. When Mac and I discussed the trip Stella came down again; and she cooed at Mac:

"Isn't Betsy a bad, bad dirls to go 'way, so poor ickle me's dot to go to the hotel? I suppose it wouldn't do, me here alone with a mans!"

"No, mom; it sure wouldn't," Mac said. "But I'll have your trunk sent down."

Stella sighed a lot, looking at me sadly. In a way I was kind of relieved.

The Admiral Sampson ran into a head wind and thick snow as soon as we rounded the end of Kenai Peninsula, and I was having cocoa in the pantry with Mr. Landstrom, the pilot—coast Alaskans know all the ship people, there are so few of us; only about twenty-five thousand whites in the Territory—when he told me privately that the little Traveler, at the dock in Seward, had reported ice in Cook Inlet. It was getting colder. Jasp had been wishing he could see something really rough and Seward was so civilized he was disappointed. He said that once out, adventuring, he became a different fellow, and no work was too hard for him. Officially he was not on the Sampson, and was to stay in his deck room till we got away. She was rolling some and I figured he would like a walk in a good breeze, though the decks were sloshy, taking a sea or so when she dived. So I knocked; and a sicky voice cried: "Well?" Jamaica ginger smelled very strongly. His face greeny white, Jasp was in his bunk; and in a violet plush suit with mink bandings, and her white shoes and white toque with the noddy plumes, Stella Gerard handed him a steaming glass, saying:

"Poo' lambie boy! Is him dreffle ili? I'll keep my hand on your head."

"Jasper!" I said. "You—you could have sent a steward for me!"

He just moaned.

"Dearie, as I had to make a change anyway, I decided that a teensy trip would steady my nerves," Stella said, patting me. "Leaving in the night, I slept until a bit ago; and then I saw our poor Big Mans half dead in here. Ginger is the best thing for him. Suppose we two sit in the social hall. I had no idea he was on board."

I saw, then, how true that was, for I myself told Jasper to hide. She gabbed along in her way, asking things and answering before I could. At first I had thought hard, so as to be quite right; but she would be dashing off at something else. So now I wrote more letters in my head and was glad they hadn't got the telephone line through from Seward to Anchorage yet; and if we waited until the ship left it would be nine days until another came, and Pa wouldn't suspect, meantime. There is eight hours in open water, and when we were through that, and Jasp came weakly and fell on a red settee, I said what did he think of you-know-who turning up? And maybe with that hair somebody would fall in love with her, and she could quit *robes et manteaux et chapeaux?*

"She is a wonderful woman, Betsy," he said, and sighed.

"She's so female though," I said. "Gee! My black hair isn't bad; but hers is grand."

"Spun gold! And the exotic beauty of a pagan goddess!" He seemed to be worrying.

Not sleeping, you know, made me so tired I just faded away at eight o'clock that night. I woke up; and there was a regular hubbub—people yelling; the ship's winch rattling and creaking. We were there! I had my good clothes in suitcases and, after I saw it was sleeting and pitchy black, I yanked more thick socks and a pair of shoe pacs from my duffel bag, put on my checked Mackinaw pants under my short skirt, and a marten cap with a silk top to keep the head cool. I got the four Malemutes from the steerage; water had frozen into hillocks on deck, and a scalping wind blew from what I thought was Knik Arm.

A great barge was by us, and freight from two hatches was dropping down. Below, they were roaring from launches that it was a dollar apiece to shore—ships have to anchor far out; it is shoal water inshore. Of course people fell over my dogs in the dark, and Jasper rushed up, with Stella in her white shoes hanging to him, and everybody went scrabbling down the landing steps. Then I saw the ice; big cakes churning, and skiffs that were to take fares to the launches, all but one tied to the end of the barge, were pitching as the ice ground and sucked round them.

"Sakes alive! Is it Betsy Kelly?" somebody hollered; and it was old Pop Ellis, from Kachemak Bay. The Gateway had said he had his launch, the Weasel, up the Inlet. "Jest git on the Weasel, an' throw soda an' sugar in the sour-dough pot if you want cakes for breakfast!"

Stella fell down the companionway; and Jasper, who had on patent leathers and those spats—mind you!—asked what should he do, and I gave him Whitey and Bitey, two wolf dogs, who are brothers, to tie up. Bitey went after him. They do sometimes; but he should have talked to them. The Weasel was right at the steps, and suddenly Pop came aboard, which put her way over, for he weighs three hundred, though he is spry and a light eater. He yelled at Jasper that our painter was foul of a skiff's, and to untie it quick. Everyone was shouting.

"They're fear'd to buck the ice; it's tightenin', consarn it!" said Pop. "Pullin' out, an' us guys an' the barge got to go with 'em, or hole up in the creeks till spring, which my craft's goin' halibut fishin' off Montagu. Too bad; but passengers an' all got to be took back. Oh, Billy!—Wilhelmina ahoy!"

Another launch, to leeward, said "Weasel ahoy!"

"Young fella, toss 'em that line; an' all you folks skip off me. I'll git the dogs off if I got time; but I can't travel here, an' they kin be transferred when the ship drops us off at Seldovia below," said Pop.

I cried to Stella, and she crept along the sleety roof, with a white-gloved hand on the open skylight. The Sampson's engines began. The exhaust was so noisy I couldn't hear something Jasper called. Then the Weasel swept from the steps, ice shoving her faster; and I heard:

"He's cast off—the lubberly fool! You untied my painter 'stead of throwin' my towline. Stand by to ketch them people's stern! Stand —— Missed it! Wal, I hope her back swell don't swamp us, Betsy; but we can't make no Anchorage this tide. Got to drift an' come up on the flood. As for you, better go below an' pray for brains."

"By Jove! Am I a sailor? A lot of infernal junk sung at me, and ——"

"None o' that langwitch aboard o' me, my lad!" said Pop, and he banged the pike pole at Jasper. "You're goin' to be cabin less'n I call on ye to be crew; an', with ladies present, I won't harm ye without bein' drove to it. No more, now; an' don't go to monkeyin' with the engine."

I felt so sorry for Jasp! But I had to help Pop pole away ice. For a little we saw the Sampson's lights and the tossing masts of the small boats that were her tow. The Wilhelmina captain cried despairingly over the water, but the wind took it. After a bit the swell hit us, and I thought the Weasel would have a hole in her bow; but I lay flat and poled like mad, and Pop poled. He was worrying over the rolling chock tearing loose under the impact of the ice. When we quieted I peeked through the skylight. Jasper had an arm round Stella, and she was sobbing. I went right down, but he must have jumped. He sat with his head way down, glooming. She was on the locker.

"I cannot and will not stay in this dirty teensy-weensy spot!" said Stella in gulps. "Look at my gloves, my shoes, my skirt! Oh, I am so frightened!"

"We have brought her into this," said Jasper, looking up at me. "She nearly fainted from terror, in my arms, before you came in. A delicately nurtured woman can't endure privations like this."

"Well, great lovely dove! What privations, anyhow?" I said, pretty sharp, although it was something to hear that fainting was the reason for those actions. "A neat little cabin with a ship's stove!"

I put the short Yukon sled I was taking to Sport Smith into the cargo hatch, and fried a meal. Pouring coffee, I recollected my coral gown—Jasper hadn't brought my suitcases, after saying he would!

"Jove! I regret it; but I'm used to my man," he said.

And me with the swellest coral satin gown this side of Fairbanks! They have a lady there who goes clear to Paris for gowns, returning with the very latest and most expensive. My aunt, Mrs. Paddy Kelly, buys from her. But then there are a lot of good-pay creeks there. I would look fine, getting married in shoe pacs and Mackinaws! I simply went up in the sleet and cried. But I lit a match and looked at my ring, and wondered if Pop's other shoe pacs would fit Jasper, instead of shoes that were insanity. He was coughing already. And his brown eyes had been so dreary—when Pop boomed at him to pass the spuds Jasp was just silently polite. Mac called his eyes mushy. They were awful eloquent.

I potlatched Stella to a clean pair of overalls I found in Pop's duffel bag, but she just sniffed; so, trying not to be mad, I read the Anchorage paper, which said, under Notes:

Joseph Torrance, the prominent young Cordova cannery operator, is organizing the First Bank of Cook Inlet. He reached here three days without

He Had to Step, for Mrs. Gerard Wafted Downstairs

grub because of an upset into Happy River, driving two wolves with which he had replaced ailing dogs. The young banker-musher was, as usual, reticent.

Joe is. You think he didn't hear a query, and all of a jump he answers, and has the whole thing laid out and never has to change it, like I do. Of course I am often right enough, but not at first. Well, his bank was nothing to me. I looked over, smiling at Jasp; but he was listening while Stella said never, never, never would she put on trousers; it was unwomanly. And he nodded! Without a word I nipped off my skirt, and in my Mackinaw pants skinned up the ladder. Pop had called me. He was worried. The wind slacked and the sleet stopped, and the cold made a frost on my cheeks. By ten o'clock a heavy yellow fog hung over the water, and at four that afternoon there had been no daylight; nor had the Weasel been able to make headway for her port.

Pop could not tell where we were, except that the flood took the ice and us back; but whether we were in mid-channel or close inshore was a puzzler. The ice crashing and pounding round the boat began to make me feel snappy, and I bottled in so much that I almost excused myself to the rest when I hadn't said anything. At four Pop, through the tube, told Stella she better let the fire go out, as there wasn't much wood. He waited a second, then said louder, consider it an order, was that plain enough? The smoke soon quit; and he said, as I snugged close to him in the pilot house, as being fat he was warming:

"I ain't by natur' mean, my dear, but I'll tell you what they needn't know just yet—the consarned weather's tightenin' an' the wind's risin', with the fog liftin'; an' it don't look good to me!"

He has a fat, reddish nose, shining above gray stubby whiskers. He rubbed it, nodding.

The ice came together at midnight, ripping off the rolling chock and bulging in three of the Weasel's ribs. Pop went, panting, below; and he roared to Stella and me to bail, and to Jasp to look alive and help shove a plank against the ribs, or we'd be on the bottom. Water came in on the cabin floor, and Stella, in her white shoes, stood in it; and she was no good at all to bail, dipping some and spilling it back, and crying.

"Jove! If we're frozen in, why does water come in the accursed boat?" Jasp yelled. "Ouch! My finger! It's bleeding too. Have you any bandages? By Jove, I'll be infected; and I ought to have iodine as well. Have you got any?"

"Ketch a holt o' that coal-oil can with no top, an' help the gals bail," was all Pop said.

The dogs were whining and howling like Malemutes will—they can't bark, you know. Our floe split and let the Weasel into a patch of open water. It was then that Stella stood on the locker and got into the overalls, under her velvet skirt, and the sea boots that Pop tossed at her.

"A big skookum woman like you don't want to be cryin' an' afraid. Don't weaken, sister," he said, very kind, I thought, though I heard Jasper mutter:

"Impertinent oaf!"

They both behaved as if Pop and I had made the ice, muttering to each other; but working, I must admit. They had to. Stella looked funny in that rig and her velvet short-waisted coat, and the plumed white hat. When Pop said at midnight he saw a light they wildly shook hands and Jasper shouted, Rah, rah, rah! Rah nothing! Pop said the light was Point Campbell and Jasp urged starting the engine; but twelve horse power can't move sixty miles or so of ice. It was cold and clear now and, with no stove, we got quite stiff. Pop thought three hundred gallons an hour were coming in. That is a lot of water when you are taking it out in coal-oil cans. I counted them at first, but my back creaked too much. It makes a person feel as if their bones are coming unhooked. Stella stopped after a while; and she scrooched on the locker—the cabin was too small to have any bunks. Jasp's neck was nearly worn out, bending it, because the roof was made for Pop, who is short.

"Put my coat round you; it's fur lined. This is terrible for you, dear lady," Jasper told her; and she said bitterly:

"Ah! Demoniacal wretch that wrote a booklet calling this a benign climate, long misunderstood; skies like Italy, and eight growing months ——"

"Double shift. Daylight all night in summer," said Pop. "You better git to bailin', sister; them communin's kin be saved for after."

She muttered some more, and Jasp said had he no pity?

"Git off'n that seat an' spell Betsy while the child eats a snack," said Pop like addressing a Malemute; so she did, exclaiming:

"I will have legal redress for this imposition! Do you hear me? A paid passenger, denied fire, forced to debasing menial labor, to —— Ah, heavens; my back! And my head! The booklet dared to call it Land of Opportunity and Last Frontier, peopled by brave, gentle hearts —— I will not bail! Demoniacal fat tyrant, see if you can make me!"

"Well, lovely dove, nobody made her come North," I said. And I was hot. Pop laughed.

"They are of another world than we, dear lady," said Jasper; and I nearly fell into the bilge.

She gave him a moony glance, and when she bent down, plain as anything, I saw her run a rouged rabbit paw over her face, and her nose was powdered when she came up.

"Engaged, ain't they? They're suttenly suited," Pop whispered; and I replied:

"*I* am engaged to Mr. Norton, Pop. And if she thinks she'll glom my Jasper, she's wrong!"

I saw at last why she had been dearying me, and catching the Pioneer. She had quit bailing again, and I was glad when she defied Pop and went to the pilot house; and I said, as I splashed closer to Jasp:

"If you feel like saying some Idylls of the King, Jasp dear, honest, I would like it; and I won't yawn once, like before. Will you?"

He only groaned. Pop had to be on deck, holding her bow off the floe ahead, though she bumped. Australian ironbark is the only sheath that will take that battering long, and I felt rather sadly romantic—Jasper and me together by lantern light in fourteen inches of sea water, being really rough, just what he had been honing for, saying he loved action and to battle the elements.

"Hello, Big Mans!" I said softly, for he had liked that; and he said:

"Betsy, dry up!"

Mac could tell him he is lucky I did not bust him with that coal-oil can; for, though they often say that at home, and I don't do it until I wish to, from people who say you are an angel-glory—golly, I felt terrible! But he put his arm on my shoulder, saying in that melty way, oh, forgive him; his little empress could not realize how he suffered, having her in such peril! And if he had prepared ahead, exercising, he could labor that way; but, as it was, he was plumb exhausted. Suddenly he sat down and said she could sink; but he was all in. So I bailed faster; and he got a couple of cold hot cakes and some fried moose, and sat on the cold stove out of the wet, saying he felt like a brute, but would make it up to me; and did I like pearls? They would suit me.

I got to reflecting on Joe Torrance. One time he was with Pa in a leaky skiff that shipped a wave and went down; and they rolled out, and Pa got awful cramps—you have to grab the heaviest thing in sight and sink quick, to be done with it, in Alaskan waters—and Joe held him up eight hours on a seat from the skiff, and made land and a camp; and they walked home all right that night. Joe was peeved when Pa told the Gateway. But there was art and poetry and such in my future with Jasper; and music; and naturally he would do better when his muscles weren't so soft. We whanged and rolled, and abruptly the water ran astern. Stella, above, screamed, and the hole from the rolling chock stopped leaking. The ice ground savagely, banking us in. I could hardly crawl uphill from the stern with the big can filled; but I got her pretty skookum finally, while Jasp snoozed on the locker. Only the stern was in water; and by daylight we were wedged for keeps, and there were white floes everywhere, water splashing on them, and the land beyond hidden, we were so low in the ice. Pop put us on rations after he caught Stella glomming the cooked beans. For two draggy days we drifted up and down with the tides, past Potter Creek and Burnt Island, and part way up Turnagain Arm, where Pop said:

"'Tis a thirty-eight-foot tide in here, Betsy; an' the bones of wrecked boats and sailors who took chances goes up an' down in this sinister flood."

Then our floe slowed; and, climbing the mast, I could not see any blue water, though some kept splashing as the tremendous tide slued us round. There are high bleak cliffs on each side of Turnagain, and ice was built up like castles between the shore and the channel, where ice upheaved and cracked, and muddy water foamed and froze on the floes. After the worst day we seemed to have stopped; and I got overboard with the ax, and sounded, going past what had been our floe, until Pop said come back. In the afternoon twilight he started mournfully cutting the jib sail free, and told me to get the dogs and sled.

"This old gal's holes from stem to stern," he said. "Ye'll want a gee pole, my dear; so make it from my pike pole. Ahoy below! Bring a wood case, put ready on the locker, an' what fuel ye can pack!"

"Stella, carry a can of tallow and a sack of corn meal; that's dog grub," I said. "And Pop's robe. Hurry!"

"But why, when we've had no tea or anything?" She came up in her white feathers and Jasp's coat, shivering at the ice hills and the gray skies. "I insist on hearing what demoniacal plan is now afoot in this benign climate!"

"Get those dogs, my lad; an' your tobaccy," said Pop. "Over you go, sister, an' don't git in our way. We got to take to the ice."

Pop would not let me go ahead, so I took the gee pole and put Jasp on the sled's handlebars. There was slush ice, and it felt as if next minute you might disappear; and with three hundred or so in the load, and hummocky going in spots, the dogs had enough. I had harnessed them single file, though double, dogs pull more, being closer to the load; but little alleys through ice gorges were so narrow that they would have crowded too much. There were many halts while Pop, in canvas jacket and Mackinaw pants, slipped and stumbled in front, and I tripped over sharp places and hollered at the team. They behaved well with Bitey for the leader, and he is some puller; and once he lit out at top speed, but stopped quick, looking round and yapping angrily. The sled came harder—I looked; and there was Stella sprawled on the load, Jasper keeping her safely there by standing on the steps!

"Hold on, pups!" I said. "Now will you people get off? What do you think four dogs can do?"

She did not move—just sort of giggled. Jasper got down, shuddering in the wind, for he had on just an ordinary cut-in-waisted suit; but if he let her wear his coat it was good enough for him. She leaned on him and cried—I never saw such a crier. Pop returned and he told her to get off.

"The poor lady is on the brink of nervous prostration after these rigors, Betsy," Jasp said. "She can't possibly walk. Jove! If I hadn't remarkable stamina, after that bailing, I couldn't myself."

"The both of ye should been sent ashore toward P'int Possession," said Pop. "You could been chiefs of the Aleut tribe there. They just lay round camp an' go out once a month to make a few mink deadfalls. Now you mosey along just astern o' me, ma'am, an' them two'll bring the sled. Then you won't be tempted none. Mush!"

"I won't!" said Stella, though she flopped down into the slush. "I claim your protection, Jasper. Mayn't I ride on this sled?"

I guess the Russian and Irish in me all surged up in a bunch, for I yanked her away from him, even if she was twice as big as I. Mac says if I get started my eyes would burn a hole through a door. And I hissed if she as much as breathed! Oh, I was ashamed after. I always am. But Jasper said admiringly:

"Wonderful little Northern beauty, with those eyes! Ah, Betsy! Betsy ——"

"Don't stand on the brake, unless we hit a steep downhill pitch," I said, pretty haughty. "Mush, pups! Gee, Bitey!"

There were open leads between the hardened floes, and we zigzagged and backtrailed, Stella floundering after Pop, Jasper's heavy overcoat dragging or ripping on sharp ice. There was snow in spots; drifts that made the dogs strain; and as we went slowly shoreward day waned and night came, and a freezing wind off Chickaloon Flats numbed my fingers so I had trouble shortening or lengthening the gee rope when I had to. Anyway, we had solid ice as darkness hid the land. Pop had the lantern and we followed the light. Taking the guiding gee pole means that you run astride a rope with a sort of rapid waddle. It is held with one or both hands and acts as a lever. I was busy whipping Red, the last dog, who soldiers a lot, when Jasper called that the light was gone. I lit the bug I had brought—a bug is a candle in an open-ended can—stopped the team and ran. Pop was flat on his back; and he said, grunting from pain:

"Is that you, my dear? I slipped, an' it feels same as the other time I

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I Laughed, for He Had Spoken of Belonging to a Snowshoe Club, Way Off in Montreal

THE GAUTAMA BUDDHA

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

A FEW weeks before the wedding of the Honorable Cedric Milwood, a nephew of Lord Louis Lewis, to Miss Sarah Sedgewick the ensuing conversation took place. Lord Louis had invited the happy twain to lunch, and after that repast was over, Cedric, who had some business to transact with his solicitor, left his fiancée and his uncle to have a quiet chat together.

Lord Louis had drawn up his chair to the fire, and Sarah, with that disregard for convention which composed one of her chief charms, had plumped herself down on the bearskin rug and, resting her chin on his knee, announced her intention of having a nice cozy old talk.

"I am glad Cedric had to see his lawyer," she exclaimed, drawing up her feet beneath her; "it will be lovely to have an hour all to ourselves."

Lord Louis moved rather uneasily in his chair.

"Cedric will soon be back," was the lame response he offered.

"Then we mustn't lose a moment," declared Sarah. "We'll get to business at once. Now, Uncle Louis, what are you going to give me for a wedding present?"

Lord Louis felt quite relieved on learning what the business was.

"Anything you like," he replied.

"How lovely!" cried Sarah. "Of course I oughtn't to have asked, really," she went on, "because I know what lovely presents you always give."

"Has my fame in that direction gone before me?" he said with a smile. "What wedding presents of mine have you ever seen?"

"The quaint one you gave Cedric."

Lord Louis blushed and started.

"I am not aware——" he began, but Sarah interrupted.

"I know all about it," she said. "I wormed the truth from Cedric himself. You needn't look so uncomfortable—I think it was the most original wedding present that ever happened."

"I assure you," exclaimed her future uncle, "you are mistaken. I merely ——"

"Presented him with three bundles of his own letters, tied up in blue ribbon. Were they very expensive, Uncle Louis?"

The nobleman gave a gesture of despair.

"Ah, Sarah," he said, "do not judge the boy harshly! I have little doubt after marrying you ——"

Sarah broke out into a happy peal of laughter.

"I like him all the better for it," she declared. "One wouldn't think very much of a man who had never attracted anyone except oneself. I wouldn't believe a man who told me that nothing had ever happened to him before, would you?"

But Lord Louis declined to be drawn out.

"We were speaking of your wedding present," he said. "In what direction does your fancy lead you?"

"All right," said Sarah, "we'll talk about the other afterward. I should like—I should like a god."

"A god?" queried Lord Louis.

"Yes—one of brass and wood. A Buddha. I should love a Buddha. There's something so funny about a Buddha—don't you think?"

"I confess it hadn't struck me," remarked Lord Louis. "In fact, I always regard that image with profound respect."

Neither Uttered a Sound, But They Drew Closer Together

"That's exactly what I mean," cried Sarah, clapping her hands. "It's just everything that I am not—so sedate! I feel it would be so good for me—a sobering influence. Will you get me one?"

Lord Louis placed his fingertips together.

"My dear little Sarah," he said, "I am not easy in my mind that you are a proper person to take charge of a Buddha. That Eastern deity would, I fear, be sadly out of place in your frivolous household."

Sarah's lower lip protruded in a moist pout and Lord Louis, who caught sight of it, immediately relented.

"Of course," he said, "if you really want one you shall not be disappointed."

Sarah sprang to her feet and threw her arms about his neck.

"You are as kind as you can possibly be," she cried, and kissed him hard on the end of his nose.

"Sarah—Sarah!" he admonished. "You really must restrain yourself."

"Didn't you like it?" asked the culprit ingenuously.

"That is hardly the point," he replied. "You must remember that you—er—you—er ——"

"I will remember when I have my Buddha—and then I shall never do it again."

"I suppose you have set your mind on this present," said Lord Louis with a touch of sadness.

"Of course I have. Will you go up to town and get it to-morrow?"

Lord Louis smiled.

"Certainly not," he replied. "If you are determined to have a Buddha you shall have a real early one. A Gautama Buddha of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Teak and theetsee lacquer. You may have to wait a long while before I find it, but I promise you, when I do, it shall be the best that money and knowledge can procure."

Among the many and splendid wedding presents showered upon the Honorable Cedric Milwood and his delightful bride no Buddha was visible. Lord Louis had searched, but searched in vain. Indeed, six months had passed since the event, when one morning, chancing to read the forthcoming sale column in the Morning Post, his eye was attracted by a paragraph stating that the Indian effects of the late Alexander Purvis were to be put up for auction, on the following Tuesday, at Murray's in Jermyn Street.

Not having been to town for some time, Lord Louis, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Yorke, booked two tickets to Paddington and arrived in the metropolis on the day before the sale.

After a quiet lunch at the Berkeley, they strolled round to Murray's to inspect the collection to be offered on the morrow.

"It is something new for you to take an interest in Indian ware," said Mr. Yorke. "I thought you disliked the superornamentation they lavish upon their art."

"And so I do," replied Lord Louis. "My object in attending this sale is curiosity as to whether there might be a Buddha in the collection. Some months ago I promised to buy one for my nephew's wife, but so far have not succeeded."

They entered the lofty portals of Murray's and, after securing a catalogue from the office at the entrance, made their way through the spacious galleries where the collection was exhibited. There was the usual array of oriental arms, saris, howdah covers, illuminated passages from the Koran, Bokhara shawls, fine silver and needlework from Kurdistan, but the object they sought was nowhere to be found.

"I am afraid our journey has come to nothing," said Lord Louis. "We have seen everything."

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Mr. Yorke, who had the catalogue. "I overlooked this. Lot 259—a fine Gautama Buddha, from Pegu, Lower Burmah. Period: Anterior to the seventeenth century. We never saw that."

"Then let us do so at once," said Lord Louis, beckoning an attendant and asking to be directed to the exhibit.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the man. "It's in an anteroom by itself—a fine specimen. I'll show you."

He led the way to a small offshoot of the main gallery.

"There!" he said, lowering his voice. "And with your permission I'll leave you gentlemen to examine it."

Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke found themselves confronted by a wooden figure of Buddha, about five feet in height, standing on a hexagonal base, which lent perhaps another eighteen inches to its stature.

It was an erect figure, of teak theetsee-lacquered and overlaid with gold leaf—much of which had worn off. One hand rested on the breast, while the other, the left, was pointing downward at the earth with its long, seven-inch fingers. Upon the slightly bowed head was a kind of circular cap, surmounted by a pointed finial. The features

wore the same indefinable semismile, both cruel and understanding, which haunts the lips of Leonardo's Mona Lisa. The body was covered in a conventional robe, hanging from the narrow shoulders and clinging to the figure. Except where the gold leaf still adhered, the color was that of black, water-worn rock. The base of the image rested on a rough wooden case of the sugar-box variety, on which a framed card was hanging.

Lord Louis seated himself on a little Chesterfield couch immediately facing it and, putting on his *pince-nez*, gave himself up to a careful consideration of its virtues.

"Well, what do you think of it?" demanded Mr. Yorke, seating himself by his friend's side.

Lord Louis started. "Were you speaking very loud then?" he asked in almost a whisper.

"I don't think so," responded Mr. Yorke heartily.

"Odd!" said Lord Louis in the same low voice; then, in answer to his friend's question: "It seems to me a very perfect example. It possesses the great silence of the East. Curious! One can't hear the traffic from this room. Do you notice that?"

"We're some way back from the road."

"Yes—of course—of course!" His gaze reverted to the idol. "A fine specimen—very perfect. What is written on that card?"

Mr. Yorke leaned forward and took the card from the nail holding it to the side of the box.

"Some description of its antecedence," said he. "Shall I read it?"

"Please," begged Lord Louis, and Mr. Yorke read as follows:

"Gautama Buddha, looted from the Buddhist temple at Khand, a small village on the outskirts of Pegu, Lr. Burmah. The image was taken from the temple by Captain Faber, of the East India Company, during the second Burmese war in 1852. He placed it aboard his ship and set sail for Liverpool. During the voyage uncounted misadventures and disasters occurred among the ship's company. Three men were washed overboard by heavy seas, an epidemic of smallpox carried off four others, a pulley block fell from one of the mast heads, killing the mate, and when only two days from their port of landing a serious outbreak of fire took place. The seamen, who by this time conceived their misfortunes due to the malign influence of the image, mutinied and, placing the captain in his charthouse under a guard, raided the hold, brought up the offending idol and hurled it into the sea. Almost immediately after this the fire abated and was got under control. The captain was released and the vessel made harbor without further mishap.

"Three weeks later the Buddha was washed up on the shores of Cardigan Bay and eventually, after many vicissitudes, found its way to the Purvis collection.

"A clairvoyant who examined it stated its influence was not malign except when it found itself in distasteful surroundings or among frivolous and skeptical persons.

"There!" concluded Mr. Yorke. "What is your opinion of that?"

Lord Louis rose and laid a caressing hand on the figure.

"I shall bid for this," he said. "It appeals to me strongly. There is something so indisputably genuine about it."

"Do you think so?" remarked Mr. Yorke. "Now personally I should say that it would be impossible to detect the difference between a real and a spurious specimen." Lord Louis gave a gesture of irritation and Mr. Yorke proceeded to develop his point of view. "After all," he said, "the artist who made that achieved nothing which could not perfectly well be reproduced by a Tottenham Court Road cabinetmaker. The work is very rough and indifferent and the conception absolutely stereotyped."

Lord Louis, who was not accustomed to having his artistic choices criticized, even by his friend, replied in rather nettled tones:

"My dear Yorke, we all are aware that Indian sculpture is crude—that is one of its chief features; but there cannot be two opinions upon the point of genuineness. This theetsee lacquer alone is quite unreproduceable."

"I cannot concede even that point to you," replied Mr. Yorke. "After all, what is theetsee lacquer? Merely the resinous gum of a certain oriental tree. I should say that the same effect could be arrived at with some preparation of shellac varnish."

The nobleman made no reply, but his brow contracted and his fingers tightened on the knob of his cane.

"No, I am bound to confess that I believe any competent wood carver could turn out an object of equal merit in any direction," continued Mr. Yorke.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when, without any warning, the box upon which the image had been standing crumpled up and the heavy teak figure pitched forward toward the spot where Mr. Yorke was seated.

"Look out!" cried Lord Louis and, with a quick movement, threw his weight against the left side of the Buddha, thereby diverting the line of its fall. Mr. Yorke ducked his head and sprang away as the heavy object struck the back of the little settee with a dull thud. But for Lord Louis' promptness Mr. Yorke would inevitably have taken the full weight of the blow on the top of his head.

For a moment neither spoke, then Mr. Yorke said:

"That was a near thing! Incidentally I believe you saved my life. Whew! Fancy putting a weighty object like that on such a rotten old box."

But for Lord Louis' Promptness Mr. Yorke Would Have Taken the Full Weight of the Blow

"Yes," said Lord Louis rather queerly. "Undoubtedly the box was to blame."

At this moment the attendant, followed by a middle-aged gentleman, came hurrying to the spot.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the middle-aged gentleman. "They have smashed the Buddha."

"I beg your pardon," corrected Lord Louis, "they have done nothing of the kind. If you will examine the facts you will see that the box supporting the image collapsed. It should never have been placed on anything so insecure. My friend here was nearly the victim of a nasty accident."

"Well, so long as the Buddha is uninjured no harm is done," replied the other.

"That's one way of looking at it," said Mr. Yorke. "May I ask what interest you have in this image, sir?"

"I propose to purchase it," was the laconic rejoinder.

"Then," said Lord Louis, "we are one, for I purpose buying it myself."

Mr. Pedrail, for that was the gentleman's name, frowned.

"Let me dissuade you," he urged. "These stolen idols are dangerous things for the uninitiated to handle."

"Conceivably," replied Lord Louis coldly, "but that description is not apt in my case."

"Their influences," pursued Mr. Pedrail, ignoring the interruption, "are either definitely good or bad. You already have proof this Buddha is malevolently disposed toward you."

Lord Louis smiled cynically.

"You must forgive me, my dear sir, if I accuse you of speaking without considered thought. I venture the opinion that any object of equal weight placed on a similarly insecure base would have fallen in precisely the same way."

"We will not continue the discussion," said Mr. Pedrail. "You have read the story of this Buddha in the frame there, and, if that conveys nothing to you of its hidden properties, you may consider yourself fortunate that I shall purchase it at to-morrow's sale." And with these parting words he turned on his heel and walked away.

At dinner that evening Lord Louis was very preoccupied. He refused Mr. Yorke's invitation to a stall at the Alhambra and suggested curtly that he should go alone.

"I thought the entertainment would have appealed to you," said Mr. Yorke with a sly dig. "There is an Indian ballet—and knowing your fondness for the art of that country ——"

But Lord Louis was in no humor for satire and suppressed any tendency to continue in the same vein by retreating behind the evening paper. Accordingly, Mr. Yorke went alone and left Lord Louis to review the events of the afternoon. Somehow he could not rid his mind of the picture of the Buddha. It at once appealed to and repelled him. Lord Louis was not superstitious, although, like all persons of culture, he was sensitive to the subtle influences which radiate from inanimate objects. It had offended him grievously to be spoken to by a complete stranger as Mr. Pedrail had spoken. That gentleman, for no reason whatever, had suggested that he, Lord Louis Lewis, the eminent collector, was a person of blunt perceptions, because he would not attribute to an evil spiritual agency a perfectly normal misadventure.

Then again Mr. Yorke had questioned his word on a point of artistic judgment. This was a most unusual thing for Mr. Yorke to have done. They had been associated for many years and Yorke had always accepted Lord Louis' decisions as a final court of appeal. He recalled, with almost a feeling of shame, that it would have given him real pleasure to rap his friend's knuckles with his walking stick when Mr. Yorke had presumed to suggest that in the matter of the Buddha he, Lord Louis, could easily have been deceived by a Tottenham Court Road craftsman.

He had never felt like that before and failed to understand how such an impulse found its way into his carefully ordered mind.

Could the Buddha have anything to do with the curious state of his feelings? He dismissed the thought as absurd; but, nevertheless, wished he had never set eyes on it, for, innocent or guilty, it had been responsible for alienating his affections from his friend, causing him to speak with considerable rudeness to a total stranger, to say nothing of nearly bringing about a most serious accident.

"I have half a mind," he said, speaking to himself, "to have nothing more to do with the thing."

Then came the thought of his promise to Sarah.

"It would be a shame to disappoint her," he mused. "I'll see how I feel about it in the morning," and touching the bell he told the man to bring his hat and stick and summon a taxi. Half an hour later he was seated beside Mr. Yorke in an Alhambra stall, smoking a perfecto and enjoying the ballet.

The following morning all the dark thoughts had vanished from his brain, and he and his friend, once more on excellent terms, presented themselves at Murray's at twelve of the clock.

There was a large attendance and it was some little time before they discerned the figure of Mr. Pedrail among the crowd. He caught Lord Louis' eye and came over at once to address him.

"You are still determined to bid for the Buddha?" he demanded.

"I am," replied Lord Louis cheerfully.

Mr. Pedrail opened his mouth to speak, but before he had framed the words was attacked by a violent fit of coughing.

"You have a cold?" inquired the nobleman.

"No, a sudden irritation, that's all," Mr. Pedrail replied, wiping the moisture from his eyes.

"Ah," said Lord Louis, "that is a complaint to which we are all susceptible." And with a bow he moved away into the crowd.

The auctioneer who conducted the sale was a slow person, and quite early in the proceedings Lord Louis took a dislike to him. He was one of those heavily built men, with several rolls of flesh which rested on his collar. He had a greasy smile, an unpleasant manner, and a disagreeable habit of wearing his waistcoat buttons undone.

It was nearly three o'clock before the two hundred and fiftieth lot had been reached, and in another ten minutes the ownership of the Buddha would be decided. Lord Louis observed Mr. Pedrail collecting himself for the coming ordeal, and the prospects of the competition aroused in his own being a sensation of excitement. Just at that moment a little man touched Lord Louis on the arm and asked permission to look at his catalogue. Lord Louis handed him the sheet without comment. The little man studied it a few moments, then said:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I see they are putting up a Buddha in a minute or two. Do you happen to know what it's like?"

"A teak figure about five feet high, from Lower Burmah," Lord Louis replied.

"Thank you," said the man, and returned the catalogue.

"The next lot!" said Mr. Yorke, addressing Lord Louis.

Lord Louis nodded, and at the same moment two porters in green-baize aprons appeared bearing the figure.

"Now, gentlemen," announced the auctioneer, "here we have the real thing! Lot 259. Stand it up on that table, Gray. Don't put your arm round its waist, Goddard. It isn't a young lady, y' know. Come along! Lift it, boys! Can't be as heavy as all that. That's the way!"

The task of raising the figure to the table seemed to cause considerable difficulties to the two porters.

"To me," ordered Gray. "That's it! More—more! Now lift!"

Goddard exerted all his strength and the base of the figure rose to the level of the table.

"Now drop it!" shouted Gray—and Goddard did.

"Lumme!" was wrung from Gray. "My blinkin' finger." He stepped clear, shaking his hand and crying aloud in pain.

"You ought to know better than to put your hand under a thing like that. Go and put it under the tap!" was the unsympathetic comment from the auctioneer. "Now, gentlemen, take a good look at this!"

The little man who had addressed Lord Louis stepped forward and examined the figure. At first his expression was one of great astonishment. He stretched out a hand and ran it over some of the surfaces. Suddenly his face became purple and, pulling out his handkerchief, he thrust it in his mouth and rushed from the building uttering little sobs and cries of the most perplexing kind.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Yorke. "What a singular man!"

A little hum of conversation ensued, above which the auctioneer's voice was heard saying:

"The figure is attributed as having strange properties and we couldn't ask for more definite proof than has just been demonstrated. One of our porters gets his finger bitten and then this gentleman rushes out in a fit. Anybody here who wants a nice little family ghost about the place couldn't do better than make a bid. I'll read out what has been written about the thing. Mind you," he added with a smug grin, "I don't guarantee that the gentleman who does secure it will be haunted, but there is always the chance. I may say that, during the three weeks we have been associated, Buddha and I have been on excellent terms, and so far as I know it hasn't once taken it into its head to have a stroll round Piccadilly in the early hours."

A mild flicker of laughter greeted this sally, and he took up the card which had been suspended beneath the figure on the preceding day and commenced to read:

"'Gautama Buddha, looted from the Buddhist Temple at Khand, a small vil——'" He paused and ran his fingers round the inside of his collar, then passed them over his forehead. "Open a window, someone?" he asked. "Seems to have got hot in here. Thanks—thanks! Where were we? Ah, yes! '——a small village on the outskirts of Pegu, Lower Burmah.' Whew! Very close ——" And as he continued reading he undid the remaining buttons of his waistcoat.

Before opening the bidding he poured out a full glass of water and drained it to the last drop.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, "what offers for lot 259?"

There was a moment's silence, then from Mr. Pedrail:

"Forty pounds."

Lord Louis caught the auctioneer's eye and raised his gold-mounted cane.

"Fifty," said the auctioneer.

Mr. Pedrail jumped to seventy-five, which price Lord Louis bettered by a bid of one hundred.

"Aren't you forcing the price too fast?" queried Mr. Yorke. "It can't be worth more than that."

Lord Louis did not reply, his attention being fixed on the auctioneer, who with closed eyes was shaking violently and swaying to and fro in his little pulpit.

"Don't know what's the matter with me," he was saying. "Doesn't seem to be any air in the place."

Someone moved to the entrance and wedged open the double swing doors, letting a current of fresh, clean air into the building. The auctioneer snuffed it in gratefully.

"That's better. Hundred bid. 'Gainst you, sir."

"A hundred and twenty-five," rapped out Mr. Pedrail.

"One hundred and fifty," said Lord Louis, and was rewarded by a glare from his opponent. "Our friend is again suffering from temporary irritation," he murmured to Mr. Yorke.

"Any advance on a hundred and fifty?" came from the auctioneer in a level, mechanical voice.

Mr. Pedrail squared his shoulders. "I bid ——" he began, then stopped abruptly, caught in his breath and coughed.

"I didn't catch that bid, sir," from the auctioneer.

But Mr. Pedrail made no reply. He stood a moment with his mouth tightly closed, then gave vent to a veritable paroxysm of coughing and choking.

"Come along, sir," exclaimed the auctioneer, speaking as one suffering from a great strain. "We can't wait all night. A hundred and fifty offered!"

Pedrail clasped his sides and coughed the louder.

"Going for—hun'ed and fif——" He gripped the front of his desk and raised his hammer. "For the las' time at hun'ed and fift'—going—going—gone!"

The hammer fell with a thud on the desk, slipped from his fingers and dropped to the floor. The auctioneer raised an unsteady hand and pointed at Lord Louis.

"That gent'man-there!" Then, with a sudden rise in his voice and staring full at the Buddha, which confronted him, he cried out: "Don't look at me like that, you black brute—d' y' hear?" He stopped, clutched at his throat and collapsed, an inert heap at the bottom of his box.

There was a stir in the crowd, several people pressing forward with offers of assistance, and the unconscious figure was carried away to the manager's office.

"Fainted," said Mr. Yorke sympathetically. "I don't wonder—this atmosphere is very trying."

Lord Louis nodded and, stepping up to the desk, handed in his check and gave instructions for packing and shipping his purchase.

The Horrible Truth Dawned on Him in a Flash

When they reached the pavement, ten minutes later, Mr. Yorke observed:

"It was unfortunate for our friend to have been attacked with coughing at the particular moment. I am sure he intended to bid higher."

Lord Louis halted and considered for a moment.

"Yes," he said. "I am not satisfied that we behaved fairly. I shall go and speak to him."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the gentleman referred to appeared at the top of the steps. Lord Louis at once approached him and said:

"I am afraid, sir, you may accuse me of having taken advantage of your indisposition to secure the Buddha. Rather than allow you to ——"

But Mr. Pedrail interrupted.

"Set your mind at rest," he replied; "you are more than welcome to the prize. It is evident I was not intended to secure it." And there was an odd note in his voice as he said the words.

"But if you really desire to have it ——" began Lord Louis.

"There is nothing in the world I desire less," Mr. Pedrail answered.

"In that case," said Lord Louis, "there is no more to be said. Good afternoon. I am just returning to inquire after our friend the auctioneer."

"You can save yourself the trouble. I have already done so."

"And how is he progressing?" asked the nobleman.

"He is dead," replied Mr. Pedrail. "Good day." And raising his hat he walked swiftly away, leaving Lord Louis with a curious sensation of chilliness stealing up his spine.

It was two days later and the Buddha, newly arrived from London, was standing in a corner of Lord Louis' smoking room.

"But why?" said Mr. Yorke. "I understood you bought it as a present for Mrs. Milwood."

"I did. But I have changed my mind," replied Lord Louis.

"Any particular reason?"

"It occurred to me it was an unsuitable present. Yorke," catching his friend's eye, "do you believe in inanimate objects having spiritual properties?"

"Not unless they come out of a bottle," returned the gentleman appealed to. Then seeing that his sally had offended, he continued: "You are worrying over the curious chain of events which took place before and during the sale?"

Lord Louis nodded.

"I shouldn't. After all they are easily explained away: a rotten box—a chronic cough—and a sufferer from fatty degeneration of the heart."

"Yes, all that is very true. Still ——" replied Lord Louis, but the sentence was never completed, for the door flew open and little Mrs. Sarah unexpectedly came into the room.

(Continued on Page 40)

"Now, Uncle Louis, What are You Going to Give Me for a Wedding Present?"

PERSONA AU GRATIN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

TO EVERY town, whether great or ungreat, appertain and do therefore belong certain individualistic beings. In the big town they are more or less lost, perhaps. In the smaller town they are readily to be found and as readily to be recognized. There is, for example, the man who, be the weather what it may and frequently is, never wears underwear, yet continues ever to enjoy health so robust as to constitute him, especially in winter time, a living reproach to all his fleece-lined fellow citizens. There is the man who hangs round somebody's livery stable, being without other visible means of support, and makes a specialty of diagnosing the diseases of the horse and trimming up fox terrier pups, as regards their ears and tails. Among the neighboring youth, who yield him a fearsome veneration, a belief exists to the effect that he never removes the tails with an edged tool but just takes and bites them off. There is the man who, because his mother or his wife or his sister takes in sewing, has a good deal of spare time on his hands and devotes it to carving with an ordinary pocketknife he'll show you the knife—a four-foot chain, complete with solid links and practical swivel ornaments, out of a single block of soft pine, often achieving the even more miraculous accomplishment of creating a full-rigged ship inside of a narrow-mouthed bottle.

"Three Cheers for the Walking Bedroom Set!"

There is the man who goes about publicly boastful and vainglorious of his ownership of the finest gold-embossed shaving mug in the leading barbershop. There is the man—his name is apt to be A. J. Abbott or else August Ackerman—who invariably refers to himself as the first citizen of the place, and then, to make good his joke, shows the stranger where in the city directory he, like Abou ben Adhem—who, since I come to think about it, was similarly gifted in the matter of initials—leads all the rest. There is the town drunkard, the town profligate, the town beau, the town comedian. And finally, but by no means least, there is the man who knows baseball from A, which is Chadwick, to Z, which is Weeghman. These others—the champion whittler, the dog-biter and the whole list of them—are what you might call perennials, but he is a hardy annual, blossoming forth in the spring when the season opens and His Honor, the Mayor, throws out the first ball, attaining to full-petaled effulgence along toward midsummer, as the fight for the flag narrows, growing fluffy in the pod at the seedtime of the World's Series in October, and through the long winter hibernating beneath a rich mulch of sporting guides and sporting pages.

The thriving city of Anneburg, situate some distance south of Mason and Dixon's Line at the point where the Tobacco Belt and the Cotton Belt, fusing imperceptibly together, mingle the nitrogenous weed and the bolled staple in the same patchwork strip of fertile loam lands, was large enough to enjoy a Carnegie library, a municipal graft scandal, and a reunion of the Confederate Veterans' Association about once in so often, and small enough to have and to hold—and to value—at least one characteristic example of each of the types just enumerated. But especially did it excel in its exclusive possession of J. Henry Birdseye.

This Mr. Birdseye, be it said, was hardly less widely known than a certain former governor of the state, who as the leading citizen of Anneburg took a distinguished part in all civic and communal movements. Yet the man was not wealthy or eloquent; neither was he learned in the law nor gifted with the pen. His gainful pursuit was that of being a commercial traveler. His business of livelihood was to sell Good Old Mother Menifee's Infallible Chill Cure through nine adjacent counties of the midcontinental malaria zone. But his principal profession was the profession of baseball. In his mind G. O. P. stood for Grand Occidental Pastime, and he always thought of it as spelled with capital letters. He knew the national game as a mother knows the color of her first-born's eyes. He yearned for it in the off-season interim as a drunkard for his bottle. Offhand he could tell you the exact weight of the bat wielded by Ed Delehanty in 1899 when Ed hit 408; or what Big Dan Brouthers' average was in Big Dan's best year; or where Cap. Anson was born and how he first broke into fast company, and all the lesser circumstances connected with that especial event. His was the signature that headed the subscription list which each February secured for Anneburg a membership franchise in a Class C League, and he the sincerest mourner when the circuit uniformly blew up with a low, penniless thud toward the Fourth of July.

He glanced at the headlines of the various metropolitan papers for which he subscribed; that was because, as a patriotic and public-spirited American, he deemed it to be his duty to keep abreast of war, crimes, markets, Roosevelt, and the other live issues of the day; but what he really read was the sporting department, reading it from the vignette of its chief editor, displayed in the upper left-hand corner, to the sweepings of minute diamond dust accumulated in the lower right-hand corner. His favorite authors were Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice, Bozeman Bulger, Damon Runyon, Charley Dryden, Sam Crane and Tim Murnane; and these standard authorities he could quote at length—and did.

In short, J. Henry Birdseye was a fan in all that the word implies. In a grist mill, now, a fan means something which winnows out the chaff from the grain. In the Orient a fan means a plane-surface of colored paper, bearing a picture of a snow-capped mountain, and having also a bamboo handle, and a tendency to come unraveled round the edges. But when anywhere in these United States you speak of a fan, be you a Harlem cliff-swallow or a Bangtown jay, you mean such a one as J. Henry Birdseye. You know him, I know him, everybody knows him. So much being conceded, we get down to our knitting.

Springtime had come; 'twas early April. The robin, which is a harbinger in the North and a potpie in the South, had winged his way from Gulfport, Mississippi, to Central Park, New York, and, stepping stiffly on his frost-bitten toes, was regretting he had been in such a hurry about it. Palm Beach being through and Newport not yet begun, the idle rich were disconsolately reflecting that for them there was nowhere to go except home. That Anglophobiac of the feathered kingdom, the English snipe, bid a reluctant farewell to the Old Southern angleworms whose hospitality he had enjoyed all winter, and headed for Upper Quebec, intent now on family duties. And one morning Mr. Birdseye picked up the Anneburg Press Intelligencer, and read that on their homebound journey from the spring training camp the Moguls, league champions four times hand-running and World's Champions every once in a while, were by special arrangement to stop off for half a day in Anneburg and play an exhibition game with the Anneburg team of the K-A-T League.

Nor was it the second-string outfit of the Moguls that would come. That band of callow and diffident rookies would travel north over another route, its members earning their keep by playing match games as they went. No, Anneburg, favored among the haunts of men, was to be honored with the actual presence of the regulars, peerlessly captained by that short and wily Jesuit of baseball premiers, so young in years yet so old in wisdom, Swifty Megrue; and bearing with him in its train such deathless fixtures of the Temple of Fame as Long Leaf Pinderson, the Greatest Living Pitcher, he who, though barely out of his teens, already had made spitball a cherished household word in every American home; Magnus, that noble Indian, catcher by trade, a red chieftain in his own right; Gigs McGuire, mightiest among keystone bagsmen and worshiped the hemisphere over as the most eminent and at the same time the most cultured umpire-baiter a dazzled planet ever beheld; Flying Jenny Schuster, batsman extraordinary, likewise base-stealer without a peer; Albino Magoon, the Circassian Beauty of the outfield, especially to be loved and revered because a product of the Sunny Southland; Sauer and Krautman, better known as the Dutch Lunch battery; little Lew Hull, who could play any position between sun-garden and homeplate; Salmon, a veritable walloping window-blind with the stick; Jordan, who pitched on occasion, employing a gifted southpaw exclusively therefor; Rube Gracey; Streaky Flynn, always there with the old noodle and fast enough on his feet to be sure of a fixed assignment on almost any other team, but carried in this unparalleled aggregation of stars as a utility player; Andrew Jackson Harkness; Canuck LaFarge, and others yet besides. These mastodons among men would flash across the palpitant Anneburg horizon like a troupe of companion comets, would tarry just long enough to mop up the porous soil of Bragg County with the best defensive the K-A-T had to offer, and then at eventide would resume their journey to where, on the vast home grounds, new glories and fresh triumphs awaited them.

No such honor had ever come to Anneburg before; and as Mr. Birdseye, with quickened pulse, read and then reread the delectable tidings, forgetting all else of lesser import which the Press Intelligencer might contain, a splendid inspiration sprang full-grown into his brain, and in that moment he resolved that her, Anneburg's, honor should be his, J. Henry Birdseye's, opportunity. Opportunity, despite a current impression, does not knock once at every man's door. Belief in the proverb to that effect has spelled many a man's undoing. He has beset him indoors awaiting the sound of her knuckles upon the panels when he should have been ranging afield with his eye peeled. As a seasoned traveling man Mr. Birdseye knew opportunity for what she is—a coy bird and hard to find—and knew that to get her you must go gunning for her. But he figured he had the proper ammunition in stock to bring down the quarry this time—the suitable salt to put on her tail. Of that also he felt most certain-sure.

The resolution took definite form and hardened. Details, ways and means, probable contingencies and possible emergencies—all these had been mapped and platted upon the blueprints of the thinker's mind before he laid aside the paper. To but one man—and he only under the pledge of a secrecy almost Masonic in its power to bind—did Mr. Birdseye confide the completed plan of his campaign. That man was a neighbor of the Birdseyes, a Mr. Fluellen, more commonly known among friends as Pink Egg Fluellen. The gentleman did not owe his rather startling titular adornment to any idiosyncrasy of complexion or of physical aspect. He went through life an animate sacrifice to a mother's pride. Because in her veins coursed the blood of two old South Carolina families, the Pinckneys and the Eggners, the misguided woman had seen fit to have the child christened Pinckney Eggner. Under the very lip of

the baptismal font the nickname then was born, and through all the days of his fleshy embodiment it walked with him. As a boy, boylike he had fought against it; as a man, chastened by the experience of maturity, he had ceased to rebel. Now, as the head of a family, he heard it without flinching.

On his way downtown after breakfast, Mr. Birdseye met Mr. Fluellen coming out of his gate bound in the same direction. As they walked along together Mr. Birdseye told Mr. Fluellen all—first, though, exacting from him a promise which really was in the nature of a solemn oath.

"You see, Pink Egg," amplified Mr. Birdseye when the glittering main fact of his ambition had been revealed, "it'll be like this: The Moguls get in here over the O. & Y. V. at twelve-forty-five that day. Coming from the West, that means they hit Barstow Junction at eleven-twenty and lay over there nine minutes for the northbound connection. Well, I'm making Delhi the day before—seeing my trade there. I drive over to the junction that evening from Delhi—it's only nine miles by buggy—stay all night at the hotel, and when the train with the team gets in next morning, who climbs aboard her? Nobody but just little old me."

"But won't there be a delegation from here waiting at Barstow to meet 'em and ride in with 'em?"

Mr. Birdseye was wise in the lore of local time cards. He shook his head.

"Not a chance, Pinkie, not a chance. The only way to get out to Barstow from here that morning would be to get up at four o'clock and catch the early freight. No, sir, the crowd here won't see the boys until we all come piling off at the union depot at twelve-forty-five. By that time I'll be calling all those Moguls by their first names. Give me an hour; that's all I ask—just an hour on the same train together with 'em. You know me, and from reading in the papers about 'em, you know about what kind of fellows those Moguls are. Say, Pink Egg, can't you just close your eyes and see the look on Nick Cornwall's face when he and all the rest see me stepping down off that train along with Swifty Megrue and old Long Leaf and the Indian and all the outfit? I owe Nick Cornwall one anyway. You remember how shirty he got with me last year when I went to him and told him if he'd switch Gillam from short to third and put Husk Blynn second in the batting order instead of fifth, that he'd improve the strength of the team forty per cent. If he'd only a-done that, we'd have been in the money sure. But did he do it? He did not. He told me there was only one manager getting paid to run the club, and so far as he knew he was him. Manager? Huh! Look where we finished—or would have finished if the league had lasted out the season. Eight teams, and us in eighth place, fighting hard not to be in ninth."

"Suppose, though, J. Henry, there just happens to be somebody else from Anneburg on the twelve-forty-five?"

Perhaps it was a tiny spark of envy in Mr. Fluellen's heart which inspired him to raise this second doubt against the certainty of his friend's coup.

"I should worry if there is!" said Mr. Birdseye. "Who else is there in this town that can talk their own language with those boys like I can? I'll bet you they're so blamed sick and tired of talking with ignorant, uneducated people that don't know a thing about baseball, they'll jump at a chance to associate with a man that's really on to every angle of the game—inside ball and averages and standings and all that. Human nature is just the same in a twenty-thousand-a-year big leaguer as it is in anybody else, if you know how to go at him. And if I didn't know human nature from the ground up, would I be where I am as a traveling salesman? Answer me that."

"I guess you're right, J. Henry," agreed Mr. Fluellen. "Gee, I wish I could be along with you," he added wistfully.

Mr. Birdseye shook his head in earnest discount of any such vain cravings upon Mr. Fluellen's part. If there had been the remotest prospect of having Mr. Fluellen for a companion to share in this glory, he wouldn't have told anything about it to Mr. Fluellen in the first place.

"Anyhow, I reckon my wife wouldn't listen to it," said Mr. Fluellen hopelessly. "She's funny that way."

"No, it wouldn't do for you to be along either, Pink Egg," said Mr. Birdseye compassionately but with all firmness. "You don't know the real science of baseball the same as I do. They wouldn't care to talk to anybody that was even the least bit off on the fine points. I was just thinking—I'll be able to give 'em some tips about how to size up the situation here—not that they need it particularly."

"J. Henry, you wouldn't tip 'em off to the weak spots in the Anneburg team?" Loyalty to local ideals sharpened Mr. Fluellen's voice with anxiety.

"Certainly not, Pink Egg, certainly not," reassured Mr. Birdseye. "What do you think I am? Not that they need to be told anything. They'll wipe up the ground with our bunch of morning glories anyway—best we can hope for is that we don't get skunked and that the score is kind of low. But I'll certainly put 'em wise to that soft place back of center field, where the grass is high. That's only true sportsmanship, that's only fair."

"Yes," assented Mr. Fluellen, "I reckon that's no more than fair. Well, as I said before, J. Henry, I certainly wish I was going to be with you."

The great day came and was auspiciously sunshiny from its dawning onward. Contrary to the custom of trains in certain interior sections of our common country, the train upon which so much depended slid into Barstow Junction at eleven-twenty, exactly on time. On the platform of the little box station, awaiting it, stood our Mr. Birdseye, impatiently enduring the company of a combination agent-telegrapher-ticketseller, who wore pink sleeve-garters with rosettes on them and a watch charm carved from a peach kernel to represent a monkey with its tail curved over its back.

Mr. Birdseye was costumed in a fashion befitting the spirit of the hour, as he sensed it. The main item of his attire was a new light-gray business suit, but lightening touches of a semisporting character were provided by such further adornments as a white Fedora hat with a wide black band, a soft collar held down trimly with a gold pin fashioned like a little riding-crop, and low tan shoes with elaborated gunwalelike extensions of the soles, showing heavy stitching. The finger tips of a pair of buckskin gloves, protruding from a breast pocket of his coat, suggested two-thirds of a dozen of small but well-ripened yellow plantains. His visible jewelry included dog's-head cuff buttons and a fob strap of plaited leather with a heavy silver harness buckle setting off its pendant end.

Looking the general effect over from time to time during that dragging forenoon, he had each separate time felt himself to be habited in accordance with the best taste and the best judgment, considering the nature of the occasion and the rôle he meant to play. An added fillip to his anticipations was afforded by the consciousness that no rival would divide the coming triumph with him. Anneburg had forty thousand inhabitants, including whites—that is, forty thousand by the United States census reports; seventy-five thousand by patriotic local estimates. By sight or by name Mr. Birdseye knew most of the whites and many of the blacks, browns and yellows. At the hotel no Anneburgian name was registered, saving and excepting his own; in the little knot gathered on the platform no familiar Anneburg shape now disclosed itself. He was alone and all was well.

The locomotive rolled in and gently it halted as though to avoid jostling its precious freightage of talent. Behind it, tailing along up the track, stretched two day coaches and sundry Pullmans. From these last dropped down dark-faced figures, white-clad in short jackets, and they placed boxes below every alternate set of car steps. The train conductor dismounted. Carrying a small handbag, Mr. Birdseye approached and hailed him.

"Hello, Cap," he said, "have a smoke."

"Thanks." The conductor deposited the cigar with tender care in the crown of his uniform cap. "Smoke it later on, if you don't mind. Nice weather."

"Which car are the boys on?" asked Mr. Birdseye.

"Boys—what boys?"

"Why, the boys that are going to play Anneburg, of course."

"Oh, that bunch? Back yonder." He flirted a thumb over his shoulder toward the tail of his vestibuled convoy. If the conductor meant to say more he lost the chance through his own slowness. Already Mr. Birdseye was hurrying up the cindered stretch beyond the platform.

At the portals of the rearmost Pullman but one a porter interposed himself.

"Private sleeper, cap'n," he warned.

"That'll be all right," stated Mr. Birdseye. "That's the one I'm looking for—came out from Anneburg especially to meet the boys and ride in with 'em." He proffered a small cardboard slip and with it a large round coin. "Take the Pullman fare out of that and keep the change."

"A' right, suh, boss—an' much obliged." The porter pouched dollar and ticket with one hand and with the other saluted profoundly. He aided the generous white gentleman to mount the steps.

Within the door of the coach, at the mouth of its narrow end passage, Mr. Birdseye halted to take swift inventory of its interior. It was a sleeper of the pattern familiar to all who travel much and widely; it looked its part and smelled it, giving off the inevitable torrid aromas of warm plush and heat-softened shellac. It contained fifteen or eighteen occupants scattered through its length, some sitting singly, some paired off and, in one group, four together, playing cards—all young or youngish men, all smartly dressed, all live-looking. At first glance Mr. Birdseye told himself he was in the right car. At second glance he told himself he was not so absolutely sure. For one thing, the persons here revealed seemed so quiet, so sedate; there was no skylarking; no quips flying back and forth; no persiflage filtering out of the open windows. Still, for one initiated, it should be an easy task to make sure, and very sure at that.

Almost in arm-reach of him two of the passengers faced each other from opposite seats with a checkerboard upon their knees. The one who had his back to Mr. Birdseye, a tall, light-haired person, kept his head bent in deep study of the problem of the next move. His opponent looked up. Barring the cut and color of his costume he might have passed, with his smooth, rosy cheek and his round, blue Irish orb, for a Christian Brother. Full well did Mr. Birdseye know that Giga McGuire, foremost of all second-basemen, had studied for the priesthood before he abandoned the seminary for the stadium. Indeed, he knew all about Giga McGuire that the leading chroniclers of baseball had ever written for publication. He advanced half a pace, his right arm extended, a greeting forming on his lips.

The ensuing conduct of the blue-eyed man

As the Bus Resumed its Journey He Was Dragged at an Undignified Dogtrot

Mr. Birdseye Was Costumed in a Fashion Befitting the Spirit of the Hour

was peculiar, not to say disconcerting. He stared at Mr. Birdseye for the brief part of a brief second. Then he twisted his head over his shoulder and, without addressing anyone in particular, rapidly uttered the word "Cheese!" thrice in a tone of seeming impatience. And then he picked up a red disk and with it jumped a black one. Mr. Birdseye felt constrained to step along.

Across the aisle diagonally were the four who played at cards. It was to be seen that bridge was the game occupying them. And bridge, properly played, is an absorbing pursuit, requiring concentration and silence. None of the quartet bestowed so much as a sidelong look upon Mr. Birdseye as Mr. Birdseye, slowly advancing toward the middle of the car, passed them by.

Thus progressing, he came close to one who spraddled in solitary comfort over two seats. This one was interred nose-deep in a book.

"Hello," said Mr. Birdseye tentatively, almost timidly, for increasing doubt assailed him.

"'Lo," answered the reader in a chill monosyllable without lifting his face from his book. Mr. Birdseye noted that the book contained verse printed in German, and he regretted having spoken. It wasn't in the nature of things for a ballplayer to be reading German poetry in the original, and he had no time to waste upon any other than a ballplayer.

In that same instant, though, his glance fell on the next two passengers, and his heart gave a glad upward leap in his bosom. Surely the broad man with the swarthy skin and the straight black hair must be the Indian. Just as surely the short, square man alongside, the owner of that heavy jaw and that slightly uptilted nose, could be none but the Richelieu of managers. Mr. Birdseye almost sprang forward.

"Well, Chief!" he cried genially. "Well, Swifty! I thought I'd find you. How's everything?"

Coldly they both regarded him. It was the short, square man who answered, and the reader behind put down his volume of Heine to listen.

"Everything would be all right if they'd only keep these car doors locked," said the short man, and he didn't speak as a true sportsman should speak—tone, inflection, pronunciation, all were wrong. Enthusiasm was lacking, joviality was woefully missing. He continued, in the manner rather of a civil engineer—an ordinarily impassive civil engineer, say, who was now slightly irritated about something: "I figure you've made a mistake. This gentleman is not a chief—he's my private secretary. And my name does not happen to be Swift, if I heard you right. My name is Dinglefoogle—Omar G. Dinglefoogle, of Swedish descent."

He disengaged his gaze from that of the abashed Birdseye and resumed his conversation with his companion at a point where it had been interrupted:

"Have it your own way, John. Abbey for yours, but Sargent and Whistler for mine—yes, and Remington."

"But where are you going to find anything to beat that thing of Abbey's—The Search for the Holy Grail?"

It was the swarthy man taking up the issue. "Every time I go to Boston ——"

Moving onward in a small, self-generated fog of bewilderment which traveled with him, Mr. Birdseye heard no more. So moving, he passed in turn a young man who was bedded down in a nest of pamphlets and Government bulletins dealing in the main apparently with topics relating to forestry or else with intensive farming; and a young man who napped with his hat over his eyes; and another young man intently making notes on the back of an envelope; and two young men silently examining the mechanism of a gold watch which plainly was the property of one of the two; until at the far end of the car he came to one more young man who, casting aside a newspaper and straightening to get the kinks out of his back, showed Mr. Birdseye a profiled face of a clear pinkish color, with a calm, reflective eye set in it under a pale yellow eyebrow and, above, a mop of hair so light as to be almost white. Verily there could be no confusion of identity here. Coincidence was coincidence, but so unique, so distinctive, a physical aspect was not to be duplicated outside of a story book.

"Say, I'd know you anywhere by your pictures," said Mr. Birdseye, and extended the right hand of fellowship.

"That's the main objection to those pictures—they do look a little like me," replied the young man with a smile so grave as to verge upon the melancholy. Half rising, he shook hands with the other. "Have a seat?" Hospitably he indicated the cushioned expanse in front of him and drew in his knees.

Here was proof, added and cumulative. The voice of the pale-haired young man was as it should be, a gently modulated r-slurring Southern voice. Was it not known of all men that Albino Magoon, the Circassian Beauty of the outfield, owned allegiance of birth to the Sunny Southland, Mr. Birdseye's own land? Bond and double bond would they share between them. In a flutter of reviving joy Mr. Birdseye scrooged in and sat.

The young man, having done the courtesies, sat back modestly as though awaiting the newcomer's pleasure in the matter of choosing a topic for conversation. Mr. Birdseye lost no time. He knew the subjects fittest to be discussed.

"Well," he said, "what do you think about Chicago's chances? Think she's going to give New York a run for her white alley this year?"

"I'm sure I don't know, suh." Such was the first sentence of the astonishing rejoinder. "Chicago is growing awfully fast—faster than any big interior city, I presume, but the latest figures show New York has a greater population now, including suburbs, than London even. It's hardly possible, I reckon, for Chicago to hope to catch up with New York—this year or any other year."

Puzzled, I must admit, but by no means nonplused, Mr. Birdseye jibed and went about mentally. As the cant phrase goes, he took a new tack.

"Say, listen," he said; "do you know what I think? I think the Federals gave you-all a rotten deal. Yes, sir, a rotten deal all the way through. Naturally down here nearly everybody feels that way about it—naturally the sympathies of nearly everybody in this part of the country would turn that way anyhow. I reckon you'd know that without my telling you how we feel. Of course a good knock-down-and-drag-out fight is all right, but when you sit down and figure out the way the Federals behaved right from the start ——"

The other put up an objecting hand.

"I hope you'll excuse me, suh," he said, "but I don't believe in keeping those old sores open. I thought sectionalism was dying out everywhere—I hoped it was, anyway. My father fought the Federals for four years and he died reconciled. I don't know why we younger men shouldn't be. After all, we're all Americans now."

"I wasn't speaking of the Federal Army," explained Mr. Birdseye, desperately upset. "I was speaking of the Federal League."

"Oh, the Federal League!" said the other. "I beg your pardon, suh. Are you—are you interested in baseball?" He put the question wonderingly.

"Am I interested in—well, say, ain't you interested?"

"Me? Oh, no, suh. I make it a rule never to discuss the subject. You see, I'm a divinity student. I reckon you must've mistaken me for somebody else. I was afraid so when you first spoke. I'm mighty sorry."

"Yes, I must've," agreed Mr. Birdseye. He got upon his own feet and stumbled over the young man's feet and ran a hand through the hair on his pestered head. "I guess I must've got in the wrong car."

"That's probably it," said the pale-haired one. His odd-colored but ingenuous countenance expressed solicitude and sympathy for the stranger's disappointment. Indeed, it wrinkled and twitched almost as though this tender-hearted person meant to shed tears. As if to hide his emotions, he suddenly reached for his discarded newspaper and in its opened pages buried his face to the ears—ears which slowly turned from pink to red. When next he spoke it was from behind the shelter of his newsprint shield, and his voice seemed choked. "Undoubtedly that's it—you got in the wrong car. Well, good-by, my brother—and God bless and speed you."

At this precise moment, with the train just beginning to pull out from Barstow Junction, with the light-haired man sinking deeper and deeper inside the opened sheets, and with Mr. Birdseye teetering on uncertain legs in the aisle, there came to the latter's ears what he might have heard before had his hearing been attuned for sounds from that quarter. He heard a great rollicking, whooping, vehement outburst coming from the next car back, which was likewise the last car. It had youth in it, that sound did—the spirit of unbridled, exuberant youth at play, and abandon and deviltry and prankishness and carefreedom. Mr. Birdseye faced about. He caught up his handbag and, swift as a courier bearing glad tidings, he sped on winged feet—at least those extension soles almost approximated wings—through the cramped passage flanking the smoking compartment. Where the two cars clankingly joined beneath a metal flange he came into collision with a train butcher just emerging from the rear sleeper.

Butch's hair was disheveled and his collar awry. He dangled an emptied fruit basket in one hand and clinked coins together in the palm of the other. On his face was a grin of comic dismay and begrudged admiration.

"Some gang back there—some wild gang!" he murmured and, dodging adeptly past Mr. Birdseye, was gone, heading forward.

The searcher rounded the jog of the compartment reservation, and inside him then his soul was lifted up and exalted. There could be no mistake now. Within the confines of this Pullman romped and rampaged young men and youths to the number of perhaps twenty. There seemed to be more than twenty of them; that, though, was due to the flitting movements of their rambunctious forms. Norfolk-jacketed bodies, legs in modishly short trousers deeply cuffed at the bottoms, tousled heads to which rakish soft hats and plaid traveling caps adhered at angles calculated to upset the theory of the attraction of gravitation, showed here, there, everywhere, in a confused and shifting vista. Snappy suit cases, a big, awkward-looking, cylindrical bag of canvas, leather-faced, and two or three other boxes in which, to judge by their shapes, stringed musical instruments were temporarily entombed, encumbered a seat near by.

All this Mr. Birdseye's kindled eye comprehended in the first quick, appraising, realizing scrutiny. Also it took in the posture of a long, lean, lanky giant in his early twenties, who stood midway of the coach, balancing himself easily on his legs, for by now the train was picking up speed. One arm of the tall athlete—the left—was laid along his breast, and in its crook it held several small, half-ripened oranges. His right hand would pluck up an orange, the right arm would wind up, and then with marvelous accuracy and incredible velocity the missile would fly, like a

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Moving Onward in a Fog of Bewilderment, Mr. Birdseye Heard No More

TRADING YOU UP

By Edward Mott Woolley

SHE was a rather winsome young woman, with large blue eyes, and she clerked in the Dress Trimmings. It happened that I stood for a few minutes near her counter, and she seemed quite naïve and free from guile. As she completed a sale to a large and rather gaudily dressed woman I heard her remark with pleasing accents:

"Madam, have you seen our yard-wide navy-blue taffeta in the Dress Goods, at seventy-nine cents?"

Naturally madam had not.

"Then," said this petite and demure young woman, back of the counter, "it would interest you just to stop there for a moment and look at it. Of course you may not wish to buy just at present, but really these taffetas are hard to get, anyway, and this is quite an unusual offering."

"Thank you," returned the madam. "Perhaps—if I have time—I'll just run over and see what it is, though I don't need anything of the kind now."

The salesgirl smiled primly.

"You might ask for Mr. Plunkitt, in the Dress Goods," she suggested as though it were wholly an afterthought. "He knows the stock, you see; and, besides, he's a very nice gentleman."

This little drama interested me, and I shadowed the gaudy lady and saw her buy, of Mr. Plunkitt, four or five yards of the navy-blue taffeta. Then I went to one of the store officials, whom I knew, and said to him:

"How did that coy little girl in the Trimmings happen to know you had some special taffeta in the Dress Goods? And is she in love with young Plunkitt that she should throw business his way in such effective fashion?"

He laughed, and proceeded to tell me some of the innermost secrets which lay behind the scenes in that store.

This girl and the young man are not lovers; in fact, Plunkitt is married and the girl is engaged to one of the chaps upstairs in the office. Nevertheless, they are mated off into what is known in that store as "sales partners"; in fact, there is in the establishment a large number of these silent partnerships, every department being represented by at least one. When you go into that store you are quite apt to fall into the quiet workings of the scheme unconsciously, and thus contribute somewhat more than you intended to the total daily sales of the great dry-goods emporium.

The plan works like this: The partners are selected by the management and are so notified. Every day, each partner is to visit the department of his or her mate and ascertain points of interest about the stock. Then, when it can be done diplomatically, customers are given the hints that send them as willing victims just where the store wishes them to go. They are not advised to go merely to some department, but to a concrete individual like Plunkitt. There is shrewd psychology in that. Plunkitt, in turn, sends customers to this ingenuous little clerk in the Trimmings.

Profitable Suggestion Sales

ALL this is merely part of a comprehensive plan to increase sales, and the results have been excellent. The Hosiery is matched off with the Shoes; Linens with China and Glassware; Tailored Suits with Millinery; Trunks with Fitted Toilet Goods; Corsets with Muslin Underwear; Clothing with the Men's Furnishings—and so on. Some departments apparently not related are thus matched, as the Stationery and the Notions, which, for some reason, have been found to possess a curious affinity.

This store has kept statistics showing that, before intensive selling methods were adopted, the average number of departments visited by a customer was about three. Now the average is nearer five.

There is in this same store a plan entitled Suggestion Sales. On Monday morning every salesperson is given a small printed form on which to keep the record for the week. In comes Mrs. Customer, or perhaps Mr. Customer. The latter wishes to purchase a typewriter ribbon, and when the obliging young woman has safely deposited his cash in the pneumatic carrier she picks up a packet of carbon paper and says to him archly:

"Do you happen to need any of this? It's fresh stock and very good quality."

Then Mr. Customer remembers that he does need some carbon and takes two dozen sheets. When he has gone the salesgirl enters the transaction on her blank as a suggestion sale. It is the plan of the store to have every salesperson suggest one additional purchase to each customer. At the end of the week the records are turned in to the floor managers. I saw one typical record showing that a girl in the Notions made sixty-three suggestion sales in one week, aggregating five dollars and fifty cents. This, of course, increased her commission. The main thing is to do it systematically and have the records continually compared by the executives, which at least lends the semblance of mathematics to a scheme that is accurate only in a general way.

Another plan the store now has in operation contemplates the getting of more sales by each clerk in a given selling time; and this interests you and me especially because it means that we can go in there and spend our money in less time. The store is getting more money than it did formerly, because a certain percentage of people who go to a department store leave without buying, on account of "slowness of approach," as the store executives call it. In plain language, they are unable to spend their money because the clerks are too slow. Have you ever tried frantically to get rid of a nice five-dollar bill, only to have some bungling piece of human store machinery say to you harshly "I'm engaged now"?

The average small department store does not know how many sales its clerks ought to make in a day or a month, and consequently the clerks themselves do not know. Knowledge is the foundation of all intelligent effort; and, therefore, this store I am citing set out to build up an Information Department. It found that in the Infants' Wear, for example, the average number of sales by each clerk for the month of March was 426. In the following March the average was 678. In the Lace Curtains the gain was from 298 to 456; in Rugs and Carpets, from 188 to 242; in Pictures, from 379 to 469; in Women's Waists, from 646 to 1262; in Notions, from 2912 to 3472; in Women's Neckwear, from 1606 to 1945; in Linings, from 665 to 864.

These increases were brought about primarily by furnishing each clerk with the averages for the department, month by month, and setting the required goal a little higher. Then the store and the salesforce cooperated in eliminating hindering obstacles. A suggestion box was placed in each department and various new ideas were thus secured and tried out. Mainly they pertained to the technical routine, such as systems and forms; but over and above technic was the great fact that the clerks knew what they were expected to do.

The increased number of sales made by the clerks also increased the sales in dollars.

"Somehow or Other We Have Got to Pull This Department Out of the Mire"

In the Millinery was a saleswoman to whom I may give the name, for convenience, of Abigail Growl—a name that fits her. The head of the department told me that she had a perpetual grouch and caused him more trouble than any four other girls. When the store first began to take these reckonings she made a monthly average of ninety-six sales. Their aggregate was six hundred and seventy-six dollars; and her salary was ten dollars a week, without any commission. She kicked up a rumpus in the department when the new régime was started and said it was piffle! Anybody who thought she didn't work hard enough could have her job!

It was only as an experiment that Miss Growl was not taken at her word and fired. They wanted to see what the new plan would do for a misanthrope; and during the following March she made 159 sales, which aggregated $1201. Meantime a commission of one and a half per cent was established for the Millinery on sales in excess of three hundred dollars a week. Now she is earning something regularly in addition to her salary; and she has lost quite a bit of her grouch and melancholia.

The Case of Grandma Smiles

IN MOST department stores the Toy Department is not profitable, but is kept up as a pulling force for the store. The weight of such a department is heavy enough even with good salespeople, but with bad ones it is often heartbreaking. There was a little old woman in the Toys at this store who fell down when they came to measure sales by real standards. Most of the Toy clerks—not including those who sold dolls—averaged round six hundred sales a month, aggregating about seven hundred dollars; but poor old Miss Agatha Slow was selling about half that much. Had she been young, the buyer would have let her go; but she had been in the store many years.

"Agatha," he said, "I am going to put you on a sliding scale; but you'll have to slide up—not down. I mean to give you a year to come up to the present average of this department. You will increase your relative monthly sales until a year from this month, according to a schedule I am going to give you, when I shall expect you to make six hundred sales in April and take in seven hundred dollars."

Then they had a heart-to-heart talk in which Miss Slow declared she would go to the Old Ladies' Home, or commit suicide. She favored suicide. Life was barren and lonely, and she wasn't cut out to sell toys, anyway.

The buyer thereupon gave her some new ideas about herself. She was just the right age to sell toys, he opined. She could be motherly and kind if she chose, and jolly the children and their composite ma.

She could make the selling of toys a real mission to cheer her old age.

When the next April came round she made 863 sales that footed up $1027, which was in excess of the quota required of her. I saw this record and I got a glimpse of Miss Slow—and I hereby change her name to Grandma Smiles. She had done it by working to a definite purpose.

As a general proposition it is difficult to get sisters or brothers into the salesforce of the same store, because there is a superstition that one of them is pretty sure to be a hoodoo. But through some "drag" twin sisters managed to break into the Ribbon department. All the names I use are fictitious, but one of the twins may masquerade as Flossie and the other as Tootsie. They were blondes, and they looked so much alike that Flossie's beau, I was told, proposed by accident to Tootsie.

As a business asset, however, they differed. They had been getting the same salary—ten dollars and a half a week—but it was found that Flossie made 1562 sales in a month, worth $819, while Tootsie disgraced the department by turning in only 602 sales, worth $306. Nor did Tootsie improve, but flaunted her incompetence in the face of the whole department until the buyer bade her farewell one night without tipping his hat. This is one of those little inside-the-scenes dramas that are always being enacted in department stores, and it proves the hoodoo theory beyond question. Don't ever try to get your twins into the same store. It also shows that there are human limitations to the best of selling plans.

In its unceasing campaign for more business this store has worked out a plan that will drag you in there as a customer a good deal oftener than you have been in the habit of going. The modern store has a thousand subtle ways of pulling you in, and bringing you back time and again. In spite of yourself, you feel the impulse to shop at this store; and the oftener you yield, the tighter is the bond woven about you.

"Come out into the store," the merchandise manager said to me in his office, and got me by the arm.

We stood for a few minutes near the Muslin Underwear and watched a young saleswoman weave her mysterious spell about a middle-aged matron, whose two youthful daughters were with her.

"Our special sale begins Tuesday at eleven o'clock," she said sweetly.

Then she talked for a minute in a language that only a woman understands—except, of course, the merchandise manager. He smiled a bit grimly as the salesgirl spoke of filmy imitation French things made of lace.

"Tuesday at eleven o'clock, did you say?" inquired the matron.

"Tuesday at eleven. It'll be worth your while too."

I walked away with the merchandise manager, and he observed with just a touch of exultation:

"She'll be here Tuesday without doubt. Our system gets them in the great majority of instances."

The system works this way: Every clerk in the store, at different times, is given specific instructions to tell customers about some future event, and to set the time when the customer should hurry back to that store, bent on shopping—not mere general buying, but with a fixed desire to acquire some particular thing. The cumulative effect of this method is tremendous when practiced with deliberate persistence.

In the instance I mentioned, the salesgirl cunningly planted the seed in the matronly mind of the customer, and I have no doubt whatever that her two young daughters were appropriately outfitted on that fatal Tuesday, at or about eleven o'clock. Quite likely she herself became possessed of various creations of lace that might or might not have seen France.

There is no question in my mind, either, but that mother and daughters were all immensely satisfied, even though they had been caught in a deeply laid trap; and, as the art of satisfying customers is the paramount one in business, who is bold enough to come forward and denounce my friend, the sly merchandise manager?

You may be sure, however, that to play this game successfully requires as much management as it takes to command an army. For example, how does Susie McAllister, in the Silks and Velvets, happen to tell you that you'll miss the chance of your life if you don't come to the store on the following Monday to see some new sweaters with stripes? I stood and watched her perform this little stunt, and she did it as neatly as any girl on the stage might have done.

"Such lovely stripes!" she observed to the unwitting customer. "Stripes are going to be all the rage, you know!"

In confidence I said to the merchandise manager:

"Has Susie seen those striped sweaters, that she prattles about them so merrily?"

"Nay," he admitted; "Susie is a mere parrot."

"But how does she know," I inquired, "that stripes are to be quite the fashion?"

"Of her own knowledge, she doesn't," said he. "It is part of the mighty game we are playing here in this store to pick Susie McAllister as one of the specific talking machines to sow the seed that will bring us customers for striped sweaters."

Up in the Ladies' Suits is a robust young woman—Rosa Swarzburg, as I may call her. I hovered near and

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THE AGONY COLUMN

III

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREE

THE fifth letter from the young man of the Agony Column arrived at the Carlton Hotel, as the reader may recall, on Monday morning, August the third. And it represented to the girl from Texas the climax of the excitement she had experienced in the matter of the murder in Adelphi Terrace. The news that her pleasant young friend—whom she did not know—had been arrested as a suspect in the case, inevitable as it had seemed for days, came none the less as an unhappy shock. She wondered whether there was anything she could do to help. She even considered going to Scotland Yard and, on the ground that her father was a Congressman from Texas, demanding the immediate release of her strawberry man. Sensibly, however, she decided that Congressmen from Texas meant little in the life of the London police. Besides, she might have difficulty in explaining to that same Congressman how she happened to know all about a crime that was as yet unmentioned in the newspapers.

So she reread the latter portion of the fifth letter, which pictured her hero marched off ingloriously to Scotland Yard and, with a worried little sigh, went below to join her father.

In the course of the morning she made several mysterious inquiries of her parent regarding nice points of international law as it concerned murder, and it is probable that he would have been struck by the odd nature of these questions had he not been unduly excited about another matter.

"I tell you, we've got to get home!" he announced gloomily. "The German troops are ready at Aix-la-Chapelle for an assault on Liège. Yes, sir—they're going to strike through Belgium! Know what that means? England in the war! Labor troubles; suffragette troubles; civil war in Ireland—these things will melt away as quickly as that snow we had last winter in Texas. They'll go in. It would be national suicide if they didn't."

His daughter stared at him. She was unaware that it was the bootblack at the Carlton he was now quoting. She began to think he knew more about foreign affairs than she had given him credit for.

"Yes, sir," he went on; "we've got to travel—fast. This won't be a healthy neighborhood for noncombatants when the ruction starts. I'm going if I have to buy a liner!"

"Nonsense!" said the girl. "This is the chance of a lifetime. I won't be cheated out of it by a silly old dad. Why, here we are, face to face with history!"

"American history is good enough for me," he spread-eagled. "What are you looking at?"

"Provincial to the death!" she said thoughtfully. "You old dear—I love you so! Some of our statesmen over home are going to look pretty foolish now in the face of things they can't understand. I hope you're not going to be one of them."

"Before This Voyage is Ended I'll Prove to You That I Care"

"Twaddle!" he cried. "I'm going to the steamship offices again to-day and argue as I never argued for a vote."

His daughter saw that he was determined; and, wise from long experience, she did not try to dissuade him.

London that hot Monday was a city on the alert, a city of hearts heavy with dread. The rumors in one special edition of the papers were denied in the next and reaffirmed in the next. Men who could look into the future walked the streets with faces far from happy. Unrest ruled the town. And it found its echo in the heart of the girl from Texas as she thought of her young friend of the Agony Column "in durance vile" behind the frowning walls of Scotland Yard.

That afternoon her father appeared, with the beaming mien of the victor, and announced that for a stupendous sum he had bought the tickets of a man who was to have sailed on the steamship Saronia three days hence.

"The boat train leaves at ten Thursday morning," he said. "Take your last look at Europe and be ready."

Three days! His daughter listened with sinking heart. Could she in three days' time learn the end of that strange mystery, know the final fate of the man who had first addressed her so unconventionally in a public print? Why, at the end of three days he might still be in Scotland Yard, a prisoner! She could not leave if that were true—she simply could not. Almost she was on the point of telling her father the story of the whole affair, confident that she could soothe his anger and enlist his aid. She decided to wait until the next morning; and, if no letter came then——

But on Tuesday morning a letter did come and the beginning of it brought pleasant news. The beginning—yes. But the end! This was the letter:

Dear Anxious Lady: Is it too much for me to assume that you have been just that, knowing as you did that I was locked up for the murder of a captain in the Indian Army, with the evidence all against me and hope a very still small voice indeed?

Well, dear lady, be anxious no longer. I have just lived through the most astounding day of all the astounding days that have been my portion since last Thursday. And now, in the dusk, I sit again in my rooms, a free man, and write to you in what peace and quiet I can command after the startling adventure through which I have recently passed.

Suspicion no longer points to me; constables no longer eye me; Scotland Yard is not even slightly interested in me. For the murderer of Captain Fraser-Freer has been caught at last!

Sunday night I spent ingloriously in a cell in Scotland Yard. I could not sleep. I had so much to think of—you, for example, and at intervals how I might escape from the folds of the net that had closed so tightly about me. My friend at the consulate, Watson, called on me late in the evening; and he was very kind. But there was a note lacking in his voice, and after he was gone the terrible certainty came into my mind—he believed that I was guilty after all.

The night passed, and a goodly portion of to-day went by—as the poets say—with lagging feet. I thought of London, yellow in the sun. I thought of the Carlton—I suppose there are no more strawberries by this time. And my waiter—that stiff-backed Prussian—is home in Deutschland now, I presume, marching with his regiment. I thought of you.

At three o'clock this afternoon they came for me and I was led back to the room belonging to Inspector Bray. When I entered, however, the inspector was not there—only Colonel Hughes, immaculate and self-possessed, as usual, gazing out the window into the cheerless stone court. He turned when I entered. I suppose I must have had a most woebegone appearance, for a look of regret crossed his face.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "my most humble apologies! I intended to have you released last night. But, believe me, I have been frightfully busy."

I said nothing. What could I say? The fact that he had been busy struck me as an extremely silly excuse. But the inference that my escape from the toils of the law was imminent set my heart to thumping.

"I fear you can never forgive me for throwing you over as I did yesterday," he went on. "I can only say that it was absolutely necessary—as you shall shortly understand."

I thawed a bit. After all, there was an unmistakable sincerity in his voice and manner.

"We are waiting for Inspector Bray," continued the colonel. "I take it you wish to see this thing through?"

"To the end," I answered.

"Naturally. The inspector was called away yesterday immediately after our interview with him. He had business on the Continent, I understand. But fortunately I managed to reach him at Dover and he has come back to London. I wanted him, you see, because I have found the murderer of Captain Fraser-Freer."

I thrilled to hear that, for from my point of view it was certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. The colonel did not speak again. In a few minutes the door opened and Bray came in. His clothes looked as though he had slept in them; his little eyes were bloodshot. But in those eyes there was a fire I shall never forget. Hughes bowed.

"Good afternoon, inspector," he said. "I'm really sorry I had to interrupt you as I did; but I most awfully wanted you to come back. I wanted you to know that you owe me a Homburg hat." He went closer to the detective. "You know, I have won that wager. I have found the man who murdered Captain Fraser-Freer."

Curiously enough, Bray said nothing. He sat down at his desk and idly glanced through the pile of mail that lay upon it. Finally he looked up and said in a weary tone:

"You're very clever, I'm sure, Colonel Hughes."

"Oh—I wouldn't say that," replied Hughes. "Luck was with me—from the first. I am really very glad to have been of service in the matter, for I am convinced that if I had not taken part in the search it would have gone hard with some innocent man."

Bray's big, pudgy hands still played idly with the mail on his desk. Hughes went on:

"Perhaps, as a clever detective, you will be interested in the series of events which enabled me to win that Homburg hat? You have heard, no doubt, that the man I have caught is Von der Herts—ten years ago the best secret-service man in the employ of the Berlin Government, but for the past few years mysteriously missing from our line of vision. We have been wondering about him—at the War Office."

The colonel dropped into a chair, facing Bray.

"You know Von der Herts, of course?" he remarked casually.

"Of course," said Bray, still in that dead, tired voice.

"He is the head of that crowd in England," went on Hughes. "Rather a feather in my cap to get him—but I mustn't boast. Poor Fraser-Freer would have got him if I hadn't—only Von der Herts had the luck to get the captain first."

Bray raised his eyes.

"You said you were going to tell me ——" he began.

"And so I am," said Hughes. "Captain Fraser-Freer got into rather a mess in India and failed of promotion. It was suspected that he was discontented, soured on the Service; and the Countess Sophie de Graf was set to beguile him with her charms, to kill his loyalty and win him over to her crowd.

"It was thought she had succeeded—the Wilhelmstrasse thought so—we at the War Office thought so, as long as he stayed in India.

"But when the captain and the woman came on to London we discovered that we had done him a great injustice. He let us know, when the first chance offered, that he was trying to redeem himself, to round up a dangerous band of spies by pretending to be one of them. He said that it was his mission in London to meet Von der Herts, the greatest of them all; and that, once he had located this man, we would hear from him again. In the weeks that followed I continued to keep a watch on the countess; and I kept track of the captain, too, in a general way, for I'm ashamed to say I was not quite sure of him."

The colonel got up and walked to the window; then turned and continued:

"Captain Fraser-Freer and Von der Herts were completely unknown to each other. The mails were barred as a means of communication; but Fraser-Freer knew that in some way word from the master would reach him, and he had had a tip to watch the personal column of the Daily Mail. Now we have the explanation of those four odd messages. From that column the man from Rangoon learned that he was to wear a white aster in his buttonhole, a scarab pin in his tie, a Homburg hat on his head, and meet Von der Herts at Ye Old Gambrinus Restaurant, in Regent Street, last Thursday night at ten o'clock. As we know, he made all arrangements to comply with those directions. He made other arrangements as well. Since it was out of the question for him to come to Scotland Yard, by skillful maneuvering he managed to interview an inspector of police at the Hotel Cecil. It was agreed that on Thursday night Von der Herts would be placed under arrest the moment he made himself known to the captain."

"You Win the Hat, But You Must Go to Homburg for It"

Hughes paused. Bray still idled with his pile of letters, while the colonel regarded him gravely.

"Poor Fraser-Freer!" Hughes went on. "Unfortunately for him, Von der Herts knew almost as soon as did the inspector that a plan was afoot to trap him. There was but one course open to him: He located the captain's lodgings, went there at seven that night, and killed a loyal and brave Englishman where he stood."

A tense silence filled the room. I sat on the edge of my chair, wondering just where all this unwinding of the tangle was leading us.

"I had little, indeed, to work on," went on Hughes. "But I had this advantage: The spy thought the police, and the police alone, were seeking the murderer. He was at no pains to throw me off his track, because he did not suspect that I was on it. For weeks my men had been watching the countess. I had them continue to do so. I figured that sooner or later Von der Herts would get in touch with her. I was right. And when at last I saw with my own eyes the man who must, beyond all question, be Von der Herts, I was astounded, my dear inspector. I was overwhelmed."

"Yes?" said Bray.

"I set to work then in earnest to connect him with that night in Adelphi Terrace. All the finger marks in the captain's study were for some reason destroyed, but I found others outside, in the dust on that seldom-used gate which leads from the garden. Without his knowing, I secured from the man I suspected the imprint of his right thumb. A comparison was startling. Next I went down into Fleet Street and luckily managed to get hold of the typewritten copy sent to the Mail bearing those four messages. I noticed that in these the letter *a* was out of alignment. I maneuvered to get a letter written on a typewriter belonging to my man. The *a* was out of alignment. Then Archibald Enwright, a renegade and waster well known to us as serving other countries, came to England. My man and he met—at Ye Old Gambrinus, in Regent Street. And finally, on a visit to the lodgings of this man who, I was now certain, was Von der Herts, under the mattress of his bed I found this knife."

And Colonel Hughes threw down upon the inspector's desk the knife from India that I had last seen in the study of Captain Fraser-Freer.

"All these points of evidence were in my hands yesterday morning in this room," Hughes went on. "Still, the answer they gave me was so unbelievable, so astounding, I was not satisfied; I wanted even stronger proof. That is why I directed suspicion to my American friend here. I was waiting. I knew that at last Von der Herts realized the danger he was in. I felt that if opportunity were offered he would attempt to escape from England; and then our proofs of his guilt would be unanswerable, despite his cleverness. True enough, in the afternoon he secured the release of the countess, and together they started for the Continent. I was lucky enough to get him at Dover—and glad to let the lady go on."

And now, for the first time, the startling truth struck me full in the face as Hughes smiled down at his victim.

"Inspector Bray," he said, "or Von der Herts, as you choose, I arrest you on two counts: First, as the head of the Wilhelmstrasse spy system in England; second, as the murderer of Captain Fraser-Freer. And, if you will allow me, I wish to compliment you on your efficiency."

Bray did not reply for a moment. I sat numb in my chair. Finally the inspector looked up. He actually tried to smile.

"You win the hat," he said, "but you must go to Homburg for it. I will gladly pay all expenses."

"Thank you," answered Hughes. "I hope to visit your country before long; but I shall not be occupied with hats. Again I congratulate you. You were a bit careless, but your position justified that. As head of the department at Scotland Yard given over to the hunt for spies, precaution doubtless struck you as unnecessary. How unlucky for poor Fraser-Freer that it was to you he went to arrange for your own arrest! I got that information from a clerk at the Cecil. You were quite right, from your point of view, to kill him. And, as I say, you could afford to be rather reckless. You had arranged that when the news of his murder came to Scotland Yard you yourself would be on hand to conduct the search for the guilty man. A happy situation, was it not?"

"It seemed so at the time," admitted Bray; and at last I thought I detected a note of bitterness in his voice.

"I'm very sorry—really," said Hughes. "To-day, or to-morrow at the latest, England will enter the war. You know what that means, Von der Herts. The Tower of London—and a firing squad!"

Deliberately he walked away from the inspector, and stood facing the window. Von der Herts was fingering idly that Indian knife which lay on his desk. With a quick, hunted look about the room, he raised his hand; and before I could leap forward to stop him he had plunged the knife into his heart.

Colonel Hughes turned round at my cry, but even at what met his eyes now that Englishman was imperturbable.

"Too bad!" he said. "Really too bad! The man had courage and, beyond all doubt, brains. But—this is most considerate of him. He has saved me such a lot of trouble."

The colonel effected my release at once; and he and I walked down Whitehall together in the bright sun that seemed so good to me after the bleak walls of the Yard. Again he apologized for turning suspicion my way the previous day; but I assured him I held no grudge for that.

"One or two things I do not understand," I said. "That letter I brought from Interlaken ——"

"Simple enough," he replied. "Enwright—who, by the way, is now in the Tower—wanted to communicate with Fraser-Freer, who he supposed was a loyal member of the band. Letters sent by post seemed dangerous. With your kind assistance he informed the captain of his whereabouts and the date of his imminent arrival in London. Fraser-Freer, not wanting you entangled in his plans, eliminated you by denying the existence of this cousin—the truth, of course."

"Why," I asked, "did the countess call on me to demand that I alter my testimony?"

"Bray sent her. He had rifled Fraser-Freer's desk and he held that letter from Enwright. He was most anxious to fix the guilt upon the young lieutenant's head. You and your testimony as to the hour of the crime stood in the way. He sought to intimidate you with threats ——"

"But ——"

"I know—you are wondering why the countess confessed to me next day. I had the woman in rather a funk. In the meshes of my rapid-fire questioning she became hopelessly involved. This was because she was suddenly terrified; she realized I must have been watching her for weeks, and that perhaps Von der Herts was not so immune from suspicion as he supposed. At the proper moment I suggested that I might have to take her to Inspector Bray. This gave her an idea. She made her fake confession to reach his side; once there, she warned him of his danger and they fled together."

We walked along a moment in silence. All about us the lurid special editions of the afternoon were flaunting their predictions of the horror to come. The face of the colonel was grave.

"How long had Von der Herts held his position at the Yard?" I asked.

"For nearly five years," Hughes answered.

"It seems incredible," I murmured.

"So it does," he answered; "but it is only the first of many incredible things that this war will reveal. Two months from now we shall all have forgotten it in the face of new revelations far more unbelievable." He sighed. "If these men about us realized the terrible ordeal that lies ahead! Misgoverned; unprepared—I shudder at the thought of the sacrifices we must make, many of them in vain. But I suppose that somehow, some day, we shall muddle through."

He bade me good-by in Trafalgar Square, saying that he must at once seek out the father and brother of the late captain, and tell them the news—that their kinsman was really loyal to his country.

"It will come to them as a ray of light in the dark—my news," he said. "And now, thank you once again."

We parted and I came back here to my lodgings. The mystery is finally solved, though in such a way it is difficult to believe that it was anything but a nightmare at any time. But solved none the less; and I should be at peace, except for one great black fact that haunts me, will not let me rest. I must tell you, dear lady —— And yet I fear it means the end of everything. If only I can make you understand!

I have walked my floor, deep in thought, in puzzlement, in indecision. Now I have made up my mind. There is no other way—I must tell you the truth.

Despite the fact that Bray was Von der Herts; despite the fact that he killed himself at the discovery—despite this and that, and everything—Bray did not kill Captain Fraser-Freer!

On last Thursday evening, at a little after seven o'clock, I myself climbed the stairs, entered the captain's rooms, picked up that knife from his desk, and stabbed him just above the heart!

What provocation I was under, what stern necessity moved me—all this you must wait until to-morrow to know. I shall spend another anxious day preparing my defense, hoping that through some miracle of mercy you may forgive me—understand that there was nothing else I could do.

Do not judge, dear lady, until you know everything—until all my evidence is in your lovely hands.

YOURS, IN ALL HUMILITY.

The first few paragraphs of this the sixth and next to the last letter from the Agony Column man had brought a smile of relief to the face of the girl who read. She was decidedly glad to learn that her friend no longer languished back of those gray walls on Victoria Embankment. With excitement that increased as she went along, she followed Colonel Hughes as—in the letter—he moved nearer and nearer his dénouement, until finally his finger pointed to Inspector Bray sitting guilty in his chair. This was an eminently satisfactory solution, and it served the inspector right for locking up her friend. Then, with the suddenness of a bomb from a Zeppelin, came, at the end, her strawberry man's confession of guilt. He was the murderer, after all! He admitted it! She could scarcely believe her eyes.

Yet there it was, in ink as violet as those eyes, on the note paper that had become so familiar to her during the thrilling week just past. She read it a second time, and yet a third. Her amazement gave way to anger; her cheeks flamed. Still—he had asked her not to judge until all his evidence was in. This was a reasonable request surely, and she could not in fairness refuse to grant it.

So began an anxious day, not only for the girl from Texas but for all London as well. Her father was bursting with new diplomatic secrets recently extracted from his bootblack adviser. Later, in Washington, he was destined to be a marked man because of his grasp of the situation abroad. No one suspected the bootblack, the power behind the throne; but the gentleman from Texas was destined to think of that able diplomat many times, and to wish that he still had him at his feet to advise him.

"War by midnight sure!" he proclaimed on the morning of this fateful Tuesday. "I tell you, Marian, we're lucky to have our tickets on the Saronia. Five thousand dollars wouldn't buy them from me to-day! I'll be a happy man when we go aboard that liner day after to-morrow."

Day after to-morrow! The girl wondered. At any rate, she would have that last letter then—the letter that was to contain whatever defense her young friend could offer to explain his dastardly act. She waited eagerly for that final epistle.

The day dragged on, bringing at its close England's entrance into the war; and the Carlton bootblack was a prophet not without honor in a certain Texas heart. And on the following morning there arrived a letter which was torn open by eager, trembling fingers. The letter spoke:

Dear Lady Judge: This is by far the hardest to write of all the letters you have had from me. For twenty-four hours I have been planning it. Last night I walked on the Embankment while the hansoms jogged by and the lights of the tramcars danced on Westminster Bridge just as the fireflies used to in the garden back of our house in Kansas. While I walked I planned. To-day, shut up in my rooms, I was also planning. And yet now, when I sit down to write, I am still confused; still at a loss where to begin and what to say, once I have begun.

At the close of my last letter I confessed to you that it was I who murdered Captain Fraser-Freer. That is the truth. Soften the blow as I may, it all comes down to that. The bitter truth!

Not a week ago—last Thursday night at seven—I climbed our dark stairs and plunged a knife into the heart of that defenseless gentleman. If only I could point out to you that he had offended me in some way; if I could prove to you that his death was necessary to me, as it really was to Inspector Bray—then there might be some hope of your ultimate pardon. But, alas! he had been most kind to me—kinder than I have allowed you to guess from my letters. There was no actual need to do away with him. Where shall I look for a defense?

At the moment the only defense I can think of is simply this—the captain knows I killed him!

Even as I write this, I hear his footsteps above me, as I heard them when I sat here composing my first letter to you. He is dressing for dinner. We are to dine together at Romano's.

And there, my lady, you have finally the answer to the mystery that has—I hope—puzzled you. I killed my friend the captain in my second letter to you, and all the odd developments that followed lived only in my imagination as I sat here beside the green-shaded lamp in my study, plotting how I should write seven letters to you that would, as the novel advertisements say, grip your attention to the very end. Oh, I am guilty—there is no denying that! And, though I do not wish to ape old Adam and imply that I was tempted by a lovely woman, a strict regard for the truth forces me to add that there is also guilt upon your head. How so? Go back to that message you inserted in the Daily Mail: "The grapefruit lady's great fondness for mystery and romance ——"

You did not know it, of course; but in those words you passed me a challenge I could not resist; for making plots

(Continued on Page 29)

"Last Night I Walked on the Embankment While the Hansoms Jogged By and the Lights of the Tramcars Danced on Westminster Bridge"

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XX

DIVERSITY chattered and gesticulated, surmised and prophesied. It did not know exactly what had happened, but was able to relate much more than had happened. The one protruding fact was that Michael Moran had the worst of the affair. The Ashe Clothespin Company was sawing logs which Moran had intended they should not saw, and young Jim Ashe bounded to local fame—not altogether admirable. The character assigned him was a patchwork of daredevil, Machiavelli, business genius, general, pugilist, bandit, patriot. It depended on whom you talked with which attribute was set foremost.

By night some credit had been subtracted from Jim to be piled up before Zaanan Frame's door as censure. The idea had been circulated subtilely. A reign of lawlessness was to be inaugurated. Zaanan Frame, the county's dictator, winked at it, even lent his aid to it. He had debauched the courts themselves, so that, instead of giving their protection to Moran, assailed in his sacred rights of property, they actually issued injunctions forbidding him to interfere with men who, to all intents, were stealing his timber.

"You Didn't Love Me, Jim; You Couldn't Love Me, or You Wouldn't Believe ——"

Peleg Goodwin made a speech about it from the steps of the hotel, and many good citizens believed him. Jim discovered suddenly he had become an important part of the political issue.

When supper time came he walked down the road, hesitated in front of the hotel, half of a mind to eat there, for he did not want to meet Marie Ducharme yet. In his office he had been thinking of her, had been trying to argue himself into a belief in her fidelity; but it had been futile. The evidence seemed proof incontrovertible to him. He believed she had betrayed his confidence to Michael Moran.

His hesitation was brief. With a shrug of his shoulders he went on to the widow's. As well have the meeting now as any time, he thought. He was young; he had given his heart, his faith wholly, and his spirit was sick with the shock of disillusionment. Where he loved he had been betrayed—wantonly, it seemed to him. So he went grimly to the widow's table. His face might have borne a far different expression could he have known Marie Ducharme had not closed her eyes through the night, nor till midmorning brought assurances of his safety. Tenderness and pity might have mingled in his heart could he have known of her struggle on the little hilltop under the moon. But he did not know.

"H'm!" said the widow as he entered. "Fine carryin's on! I've had boarders and boarders, but I don't call to mind none been as like to get hauled out from under my roof by the sheriff as you. What you mean by it anyhow?"

"I don't think the sheriff will interfere with me," said Jim humorlessly, forgetting or neglecting to greet Marie with even a nod of the head.

"Them that lives by the sword shall die by the sword," the widow said, seeking the support of the Scriptures.

"And those who live by logs must have logs," said Jim.

"Folks is sayin' Zaanan Frame was back of this caper of yours. 'Tain't so, is it?"

"No."

"Knew he wouldn't be lendin' his countenance to murderin' and killin' and maimin' and injurin'."

"There would have been no fighting," said Jim, his eyes on the tablecloth, "if my plans hadn't been betrayed to Moran."

"Who done that, I'd like to know?" said the widow, quick to change her front. "Who'd 'a' done such a miserable, sneakin', low-down thing as that? You ought to ketch him and teach him sich a lesson he wouldn't forgit it in a hurry."

"I can't," said Jim dully. "You see, it wasn't a man."

"H'm, serves you right, then, for lettin' a woman find out what you was goin' to do."

Jim made no reply, did not lift his eyes, so he was unconscious of the look Marie bent upon him. Her eyes were startled, dark with apprehension. His manner toward her, what did it mean? Did he suspect her? She bit her lip and pretended to eat. Presently she excused herself and left the room with lagging steps.

Jim finished his meal silently. He, too, went out, his feet heavy as his heart as he descended the steps and walked along the bricked path to the gate. Marie was waiting for him.

"Jim," she said, "what did you mean? You acted so—what you said ——"

"I meant," said Jim dully, "that within an hour from the time I told you what I was going to do, Moran was warned."

"You believe that I warned him?"

He was silent.

"No!" she cried. "No! I didn't see Moran last night, Jim. I didn't see him. I didn't tell him."

"You only make it worse," he said. "Moran was here. I saw him turn in the gate."

"I wasn't here, Jim. I didn't see him. I ran away from him because I was afraid. You don't know how afraid of him I am, Jim. I begged you to stay home last night—but you couldn't; so I ran away. He comes, Jim, and shows me the world—out there. He offers it to me—and I want it, I want it! He doesn't put things into words; but I—I understand him. I hate him! But the longing; this awful place —— You said you loved me, Jim, and I wouldn't accept your love. You didn't love me, you couldn't love me, or you wouldn't believe ——"

"I loved you and I trusted you. I would have trusted you with everything a man can trust a woman with. And you—you hardly waited till I was out of sight before you told him."

She looked at him with agony in her eyes.

"I'll tell you. Yes, I'll tell you, and then you must believe. I—I did love you, Jim, even when I refused you. It is true. You make me tell you. And last night—out there on that knoll—I found I couldn't go on without you. I saw things clearly. I understood what love meant. And my fear of him went away, because I was going to—let you know, and then I would be safe—safe with you. Oh, Jim, I was not with him one second. I was out there, sending my heart after you. Now you believe me, don't you, Jim?" Her voice was pitiful.

Each word Jim uttered seemed a bit torn grimly from his heart. He did not believe her. Now that his trust in her was gone his unbelief grew and multiplied.

"I am a newcomer in your life," he said. "Moran has been there for years. You—he saw you attracted me. That became useful to him. Last night shows how useful. Why do you say these things to me about love? Love is not a thing to lie about. I know what love is, because you—someone I thought was you—had made it live in me. I don't believe you now. I shall never believe you again. The thing you have just said is not true. I believe you have said it—in obedience to him. So he might have an eye which would look into my very soul."

He stopped. She stood silent, pale, her lips parted as in horror. One hand crept upward fluttering, stopped at her breast, moved outward toward Jim.

"Jim!" she whispered. "Jim! You didn't say that. Tell me I didn't hear that. Tell me! Tell me! You don't know what you're saying, what you're doing. I had won. I had struggled and won. Don't send me back to him." Suddenly she gave way and threw herself on a bench beside the path, her hands over her ears as though to shut out some dreadful sound. "It's a lie!" she panted. "A lie! A lie! A lie!"

Jim felt himself near the breaking point. He turned and hurried, almost ran, out of the widow's garden, but even as far as the gate he could hear her voice repeating: "A lie! A lie! A lie!"

XXI

ALL next day trainloads of logs came down from Camp One to be decked in Jim's yard. Thirty-five thousand feet had been rolled off the first night and day; upward of forty thousand feet were added to it the second. It was enough to supply the saws for a week. Moran had made no visible move; no attempt to interfere with the men in the woods or with the running of trains had been made. This did not reassure Jim. Moran was not the man to be beaten so easily. He knew he would strike back—that the Clothespin Club would strike back—for Moran and the Club were as one in this war.

The blow came from the Club—one not altogether unlooked for. It was their logical move, but it would be costly to them. News of it came in telegrams from Jim's agents, telling him that Welliver and Jenkins and Plum were offering clothespins at a further cut of ten per cent in price.

Jim figured rapidly. He knew that now his mill was running efficiently, his crew of operators were trained, each machine was showing its production of seventy-five boxes of pins or better a day, he was making pins more cheaply than any other manufacturer in the country. He knew they could not make pins at such a price; that every box sold at such a figure represented a loss. It represented a loss to Jim of something like a cent and a half a box. Probably it meant from three to five cents to the club. But they could stand it for a time. They had capital in reserve.

Jim had none, or very little, to carry on an extended war. But fight he had to, whether he had the money or not.

Perhaps he could borrow more, but he very much doubted it. One resource he had the option on old Louis Le Bar's timber. That must be sold at once.

He determined to take the afternoon train to Grand Rapids to go over it in the big lumber offices. His immediate action was to wire his representatives generally to take no orders at the new price. To New York and Chicago he gave directions to sell one carload each at a drop of five per cent under the Club's last figure. This would serve further to demoralize the markets in those centers and to compel the Club to protect its customers on the additional decline. It would cost Jim a few hundreds of dollars. How much more expensive it would be to the Club he did not know.

The morning found him in Grand Rapids. The lumbermen received him with suspicion. It was apparent they were aware of his existence, had expected his arrival. They were willing to talk but not to deal. They knew the Le Bar tract, of course. It was desirable, but none of them cared to undertake it.

Their attitude was difficult to understand, until one old gentleman brusquely informed Jim he did not care to spend his good money buying a lawsuit.

"Why a lawsuit?" Jim asked.

"We were tipped off to you, young man. From a dependable source we know there's something wrong with that tract, and we're taking no chances on it."

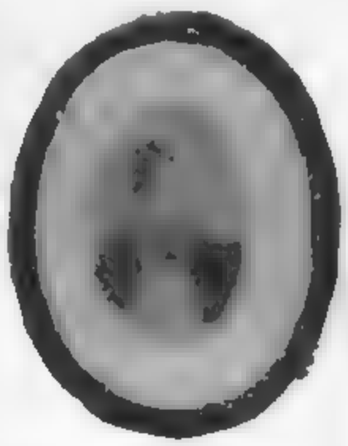
"Have you investigated it? Will you investigate it?"

"No. It's a desirable tract, but it's not necessary. We can get along without it, and just now we're too busy to go fooling round with a doubtful title."

"You can easily investigate the title."

"Nobody's Passed My Door"

"What's the use? We know your option is disputed. We know we'd take on a

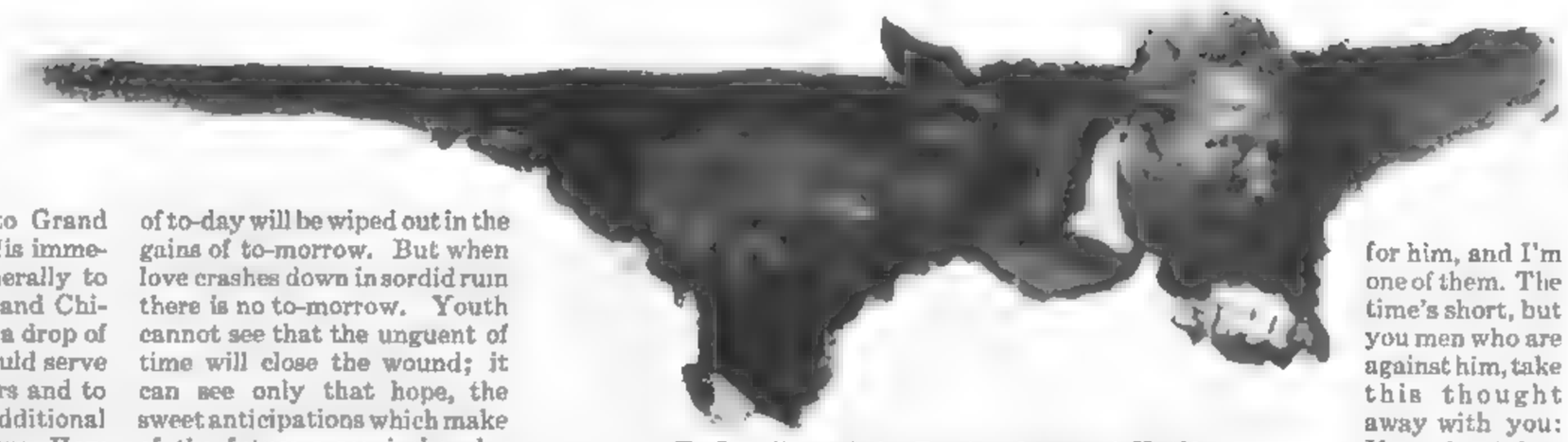


lawsuit with it, and we don't need any lawsuits."

At last Jim understood. Moran had taken his steps, as he said he would. He had promised that Jim would be unable to dispose of his option, and had made good his promise. The task had been simple. He had notified all possible buyers that he would contest Jim's option; that he claimed some lien or title. Jim knew when he came face to face with the impassable. He put his option in his pocket and returned to Diversity.

Neither magazine nor newspaper could hold his attention on the train. His mind could not be made to forget the weight that lay upon it; his heart could not be numbed to pain by anæsthetic. Jim was young. Suffering was new to him, and experience had not showed him how best to endure it.

It was not the ruin that hung over his business that clouded with anguish the eyes he fixed on the scudding landscape. It was not the knowledge that he was in a corner, fighting for his financial life with his back to the wall. It was Marie—only Marie. Youth can look forward to the building of another fortune; the losses of to-day will be wiped out in the gains of to-morrow. But when love crashes down in sordid ruin there is no to-morrow. Youth cannot see that the unguent of time will close the wound; it can see only that hope, the sweet anticipations which make of the future a magical realm almost within the grasp of the extending hand, has been swept away beyond recall.



He Ran Toward the Hotel to Intercept Marie

Marie was not true, steadfast, as he had believed; her soul did not shine clearly, purely, with the guiding light he thought he had seen. Marie, the wonderful, the womanly, was erased from the picture; replaced by one sordid, despicable, treacherous even. Perhaps the bitterest pain is rending asunder of the trust of youth.

What remained? Work, feverish exertion, the comfort of facing an antagonist, of straining breast to breast with him.

At the junction Jim changed to the Diversity railroad. In the smoker when he entered was a sprinkling of Diversity folk, who, as the train got in motion, edged together to talk politics. Politics in Diversity was a topic of conversation as it had not been for twenty years. Zaanan Frame had taken the zest from it. He had been the county's politics so long. In the eyes of the inhabitants the present condition assumed almost the importance of a revolution.

"Zaanan's beat, and he knows it," was an opinion boldly expressed. "He hain't even makin' a fight for it. Calc'late he's too old."

"Calc'late," replied a gesticulating individual, "he's plum disgusted. Who's the best friend Diversity folks has had, eh? Zaanan Frame; that's who. And now, because a dollar for a vote is easy money to earn, men that ought to think shame is turnin' against him. It hain't that he can't fight. Don't git sich an idee into your head. It's that he's too disgusted to fight."

"He's run things long enough. Nobody kin call his soul his own. He comes perty clost to sayin' who shall marry who, and which kind of a baby they'll have after they're married. We hain't goin' to stand that kind of thing much longer. No, sir; we're agoin' to run our own affairs like we want to ——"

"You're agoin' to swap Zaanan Frame for Michael Moran, that's what you're goin' to do—and you're welcome to your bargain. Wait till Moran gits the power Zaanan's got now. See how he uses it. Has any feller here got a word to say agin Zaanan's honesty? Eh?"

Nobody replied.

"Kin anybody here lay his hand on a wrong Zaanan's done? Kin anybody p'int to a case in court that hain't come out as near fair and just as human men kin make it? No, you can't. But wait. Why d'you calc'late Moran is reachin' out for Zaanan's place? It's so he can chase the law out and put Mike Moran's will in. That's why. It's so he kin make of Diversity what Quartus Hembly made of Owasco a few years back. He'll rob you and git his courts to back him up; there'll be wrongs done and nobody punished. Diversity is run by Zaanan Frame, because we've turned over the job to him. But it's run like an American town. Moran'll run it like a town in Roosian Siberier. Mark me."

"I call to mind the times 'fore Zaanan got his office first," piped up a toothless octogenarian. "Diversity and Hell was first cousins. Sich things as I've seen! Wa-al, Zaanan he turned to, and 'twa'n't long 'fore there wa'n't a quieter, better-behaved town in the timber. He's deserved a heap of this town."

"He's gone too far. Kind of figgers he's king, or somethin' like that. We hain't goin' to stand for it no more."

"Go ahead," squeaked the old man; "whatever you git is what's comin' to you. 'Twon't be a year 'fore you're on your knees prayin' for Zaanan Frame to come back, and it'll be too late, 'cause this Moran'll have the power and nobody'll git it away from him."

"Zaanan's beat," repeated the first speaker.

"Looks so," admitted the old man; "but money done it. Votes has been bought, lies has been told. He hain't beat fair."

Jim was interested in spite of himself. Here was a fight, one more fight for him to get into. He, clearer than these men, saw what it would mean to the town and county for Moran to become its dictator. He welcomed another task; it would coax his mind away from Marie. If the new task was also a high duty of citizenship it was so much the more welcome. He sat erect in his seat; again he was Sudden Jim.

He addressed the men within hearing.

"Zaanan Frame isn't beaten," he said. "Maybe he won't fight for himself, but there are folks who will fight for him, and I'm one of them. The time's short, but you men who are against him, take this thought away with you: If you've taken money for your votes or influence begin to worry. If there has been crookedness you may carry word from me to the man who is to blame for it that he shall answer for his crookedness. The time's short, as I said, but a lot of fighting can be done in a short time. It isn't too late."

"And you're some fighter, Mr. Ashe," grinned a little Irishman. "When you come into the car I says to my friend, says I: 'There's an illigant lad wid knuckles to his fists.'"

"Thanks, O'Toole. Tell the boys I'm against the man who robs his woodsmen in the wanigans. Tell them I'm against the man who would steal away their chance to get justice. Tell them I know Zaanan Frame is their best friend, and beg them to vote for him."

"Have no worries about the b'ys wid corked boots," said O'Toole. "Think ye we don't know Mike Moran?"

"But Zaanan won't help himself," said the old man.

"I'll see Zaanan the minute we get to town," promised Jim.

He kept his word. From the train he walked straight to Zaanan's office. Dolf Springer sat on the doorstep, his head hunched down between his shoulders, a very picture of disconsolation. He scarcely looked up as Jim passed him.

Zaanan, as always in his leisure moments, was reading Tiffany's Justices' Guide. Jim fancied that the old man's figure was less erect than formerly, that it drooped with discouragement, with disappointment over the crumbling of the work of his life. Jim could mark on Zaanan's face the effects of the blow he had received when it became plain his people were turning against him. To realize their ingratitude, how little they appreciated the expenditure of his life in their behalf, must have grieved the old justice sorely.

He greeted Jim in his usual brief phrase: "Howdy?"

"Judge," said Jim, breaking impetuously into the subject of his coming, wasting no time in preliminaries, "we've got to get up and stir ourselves."

"Um! What's been happenin' to you now? Worried 'cause you couldn't sell your option?"

Jim was a bit startled at Zaanan's knowledge of the failure of his errand, but brushed aside his curiosity to know how the old justice came by his information.

"It's not myself I'm worrying about; it's you, Judge, and Diversity. Even your friends admit you're beaten. They say you admit it yourself. They think you're too old to get out and fight."

"Heard me admittin' I was beat, Jim, eh? Heard me sayin' any sich thing?"

"No."

"Think I'm too old, Jim, eh? Past my usefulness?"

"You're the best man of all of us. That's why ——"

Zaanan's eyes twinkled for a moment, then he bent his head in an attitude of weariness. "Folks is tired of me, Jim. They calc'late I've outstayed my welcome. Noticed that, Jim, eh?"

"They've been bamboozled into thinking it, or paid to think it."

"But they think it, all the same. Any reason I shouldn't give 'em a chance to run their logs without me? See why I shouldn't git a minnit's peace and quiet at the tail end of my life, eh? Specially when folks is anxious I should?"

"Yes, Judge, I do see a reason. These are your people. You've made them what they are. You've looked after them for years and, maybe, because you've looked after them so thoroughly and well, they are less able to look after themselves than they should be. You're responsible for them. Nobody but you can save them and this town from passing into a condition that will be intolerable. You aren't entitled to rest. You've got to get into this fight—and win."

"Perty late, hain't it, Jim? Perty late in the day?"

"We'll just have to work that much harder."

"Dunno's I kin agree with you, Jim. Seems to me time's too short. Maybe I should 'a' fought, but there wa'n't much encouragement. Folks was flockin' to Peleg. Shouldn't wonder if a dose of Peleg 'ud be the thing to cure 'em."

"You mustn't leave them in the lurch. It's natural you should feel hard against them, but they—they've been fooled. It's not their fault."

"Somehow, Jim, I don't feel as able to undertake things as I did once." Zaanan's voice was weary, old. "Looks to me like it would be wastin' time to stir things up now. Calc'late I'm done for, Jim."

"All your friends haven't left you. But they need you to lead them. They don't know what to do."

"There hain't nothin' to do, Jim, against Moran and all his money."

"But won't you come out and try? Go down fighting, anyhow."

"Hain't no occasion for it, Jim. Better save up what strength I've got left. No use wastin' it in vain efforts."

A surge of sympathy for the old man welled up in Jim. Sitting there in the latter end of his days, deserted by friends, abandoned by those for whom he had striven for a score of years, he could not be contemplated unmoved. In his discouragement he was pitiful indeed.

"Judge," Jim said impulsively, "I wish I could drop everything and jump into this thing for you. I can't do that, but I can do something. Until caucus day I'm going to give every possible minute to this election, whether you help or not."

"Much obleeged," said Zaanan without enthusiasm. "What's your special int'rest in this thing, eh? Seems to me like you was consid'able wrought up over it."

Jim hesitated.

What was his interest? Was it merely hatred for Moran, or was it something worthier? He paused to search his soul for the answer.

"Before my father induced me to take over this business I had other plans. I had been a newspaper man in the city. I had seen things, and it seemed to me that there was room for somebody who wanted to help. The people—the people at the bottom of the heap—need help, Judge. They don't belong. They pay their dues in money or labor, but they're not members. They have none of the privileges. Perhaps they aren't entitled to the privileges; perhaps they wouldn't know what to do with them if they got them, but they're entitled to something. Our Declaration of Independence says something about all men being born free and equal. In theory that may be true. In practice only those are free and equal who are strong enough to force others to recognize their freedom and equality. I wanted to do something—one man could do only a little—toward helping the bottom of the heap out from under to where the weight of the top of the heap wouldn't crush them."

"Um! One of them newfangled socialists, eh?"

"I don't know. I don't know just what a socialist is, but if what I've said makes me one, then I'm guilty of the charge."

"Hain't jest normal for a feller employin' men and women like you do."

"That is one of the things that moved me to accept father's proposition when he turned things over to me. I could do my small part here. I could at least see that my bottom-heapers got a fair trade from me, who was their top-heaper. And I guess that's why I'm interested in this election. You've kept things spread out so the bottom was not smashed by the top. Moran wants to take your place so he can crush the bottom as he wants to."

"Um! No pers'nal spite?"

Jim flushed.

"I hate Moran."

"Not astonished to hear it. Now, abandonin' the election for a minute and takin' up your affairs: I bought me a couple shares in the Diversity Hardwood Company t'other day. Had the chance. Thought maybe you'd be wantin' to take 'em off my hands. Figgered you might find a use for 'em. Think you kin, eh? Annual meetin' of that corporation comes day follerin' caucus. Better git them shares properly transferred on the company's books right off. Here they be."

"But ——" began Jim.

"Hain't I said them shares might come in handy? Paid two hunderd dollars for 'em. Gimme check."

Zaanan's methods were now more or less familiar to Jim. He knew the justice would not have bought this stock for him without some good reason. He scented some plan that Zaanan was working out.

"All right, Judge."

"Git that transfer made right off."

"Without fail," said Jim.

"G'by, Jim."

"Good afternoon, Judge. But I wish you ——"

"G'by, Jim," repeated Zaanan with a convincing tone of finality.

From that day for the week that remained before the caucus Jim talked, argued, pleaded with the voters of Diversity. He even essayed public speaking; hired the local opera house for the purpose, and there publicly denounced Peleg Goodwin as Moran's cat's-paw; publicly excoriated Moran. But he came to perceive his was a hopeless task.

He could not arouse the people. Zaanan himself might have stirred them, but no stranger could. Especially no stranger could stir them to fight for Zaanan when Zaanan himself acknowledged defeat.

Some there were who fought shoulder to shoulder with Jim. Dolf Springer did what was in him, and when he saw the futility of it his watery eyes grew more watery still. Dolf was faithful; Zaanan was his great man. His faith in the goodness of God was shaken.

Moran did not abate his exertions. He himself, his agents, his hirelings, traversed the township, the county. Ceaselessly they worked, and tirelessly, efficiently. Their faces wore no looks of discouragement; their bearing was jaunty. Any man with half a political eye could see the victory was theirs. On the eve of the caucus Jim grudgingly admitted it too.

That night, the hour was not quite nine, the young man who was Grierson's assistant in the bookkeeping realm—his name was Newell—rushed up to Jim on the hotel piazza. Obviously he was in a state of high excitement.

"Mr. Ashe! Mr. Ashe!" he panted.

Jim drew him aside.

"What is it, Newell?" he asked.

"Crab Creek Trestle, Mr. Ashe. They're going to burn it to-night—so you can't get any more logs."

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"I don't know the man—tall, carried a gun under his arm."

"Gilders," said Jim to himself. It was sufficient verification for him if the warning came from that man. "All right, Newell. Go along about your business and keep your mouth shut."

Jim did not pause to determine the best course to follow. For him there was but one course—instant action. Without halt, without plan, without aid, he set out for Crab Creek. It was a trip to be taken afoot. No road led to the spot. Jim made for the railroad, sped down it toward the threatened spot.

"Somehow, Jim, I Don't Feel as Able to Undertake Things as I Did Once"

XXII

MARIE DUCHARME was expecting Michael Moran. He had sent word he would see her that evening, and she, her heart numbed by the blow it had received, was inclined to welcome him. Her mood was one of recklessness, bred and nurtured by days and nights of brooding over the injustice of which she was the victim. She had spent her night of agony and struggle; had come down from the moonlit knoll strengthened, lifted up by a surrender to love, exalted by victory won over sordid temptations. She had come down with soul renewed, purified, with fresh aspirations, with tender hopes, with a sort of pitiful pride. The gates of her heart had not been opened to the love that gained admittance. She had heard it clamoring without, had striven to exclude it; but it had won past her barriers. Once within, she had fought with it, opposed it with all the strength of her will. When her capitulation came it was complete. And Jim Ashe's cruel accusation had been its reward.

Her moment of hysteria in the garden passed, gave place to sullenness, to dull, throbbing pain, to revolt. At first there had been amazed grief, terror, unbelief in the possibility of such a thing. It could not be true. Such a thing could not happen to her. Realization followed. That it had happened was past denial. In her supreme moment, her moment of confession to Jim, he had rejected her love, responded to it with scorn. She had laid low her pride for his sake, and he had trampled on it. There were moments when she fancied she hated him. These moments recurred more frequently. Grief gave way to anger. He had prated of love, of the trust, the beauty of love, and at the first shadow his love had not been trustful. He had denied her a hearing, condemned her before she could make defense; and as she had come to understand love, defenses were abhorrent to it. His heart, his instinct, should have held him steadfast in his faith. It had failed, so his love had failed. Then love was not what she had come to believe.

She had told Jim her love would be a fiery thing, jealous, demanding. She had seen it so; but now she knew love was not of that warp and woof. The joy of love was in service, in surrender. It lay not in compelling service of its object, but in rendering service to him. In that spirit she had gone to Jim; and how had he received her?

So she believed she hated him. Also, as she tried to peer ahead, she saw a future without peace, troubled, dark. If it were to be so, what was the use of further struggle? In the old days she had contemplated without abhorrence a deliberate choice of the lower course. Now she fondled the suggestion. If that way had pleasure, life, joys, no matter how spurious, why should she not take them? Life owed her something. Hitherto it

(Continued on Page 37)

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Stopping the Stop Watch

A BILL that recently passed the House by a large majority forbids holding a stop watch over any artisan engaged on work for the Government or making a time study of his operations by any other device. It also forbids paying a workman premiums or bonuses in addition to his regular day's wage. In short, it banishes—in respect of labor—what is known as scientific management from its last-ditch stand in Government work.

Advocates of scientific management say it discovers the most skillful, energetic workmen, and by means of bonuses or premiums over and above the regular day's wage compensates them for their skill and energy; that thereby it encourages all workmen to become as skillful and energetic as possible; whereas the old system of so many dollars for so many hours' work, irrespective of the product, contains no encouragement to develop skill and energy.

But union labor, generally speaking, does not like scientific management. It says the net effect of the stop-watch system is simply to speed up the working force to a pace that only the most skillful and hardy can stand; and then, finally, to pay that selected force no more than the old, unweeded force would have got. It says employers like the system just because it finally gives them more labor for the same money.

On one hand, you have the system praised as an obvious means of benefiting labor. On the other hand, you have it denounced as an obvious means of exploiting labor—illustrating the inveterate suspicion of labor toward capital and of capital toward labor which constitutes the kernel of the whole capital-and-labor trouble.

That the House voted, by a hundred and ninety-seven against a hundred and fifteen, to banish scientific management from Government work means nothing, of course, as to the merits of the controversy. It merely registers the political pressure.

Government by Theory

IF POLITICS were taught as a science the elementary course would probably consist of selections from American and French Revolutionary literature—for example, Tom Paine's Rights of Man. According to that literature, most of the ills that afflict mankind, except bodily infirmity, were to be exorcised by setting up a democratic form of government. Monarchy produced oppression, war, poverty, ignorance; republicanism produced freedom, peace, prosperity, enlightenment.

Paine wrote about the latter institution in much the same glowing terms with which Single-taxers and Socialists now recommend their programs. He showed incontrovertibly that of all governmental devices hereditary monarchy is the most contemptible—for what can be more absurd than to attach great importance to the office of king, and then say that any dull ignoramus or half-witted young debauchee who happens to be in the line of succession is competent to fill the office? The only answer is that, in practice, hereditary monarchy may work out very well, as in England; while a republic may work out very badly, as in Mexico.

Nowadays nobody, broadly speaking, would go to any great pains for the mere purpose of changing a hereditary monarchy into a republic; for all that is really worth while in a republic may be had under a monarchic form; while everything that is objectionable in a monarchy may exist under the form of a republic.

Paper reforms are politics' great handicap—schemes that look well enough in print, but remain all on the surface.

Trade War

THE recent economic conference of the Allies at Paris proposed to fix a period after the termination of the war during which goods originating in enemy countries "will be subjected to prohibitions or to a special régime of an effective character," and "to take the necessary steps to render themselves independent of enemy countries as regards raw materials and manufactured articles."

This apparently amounts to a declaration of nonintercourse and looks backward to the Middle Ages. No claim to second sight is involved in the prophecy that such a program will be short-lived. Crippling the Central Powers by shutting their goods out of Ally markets may sound plausible; but there is another side of the account. Normally the Central Powers buy from the Allies goods to the value of a billion and a quarter dollars a year, and sell to them goods valued at a billion. Of course, if Germany cannot sell to the Allies she cannot buy from them, and their own market for a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of products will be cut off.

True, this is to a considerable extent raw material that might be manufactured at home. But if Germany cannot sell manufactured goods to the Allies she will turn elsewhere with increased energy; and in every free market Ally goods will meet intensified German competition. Every barrier they set up will react upon their own trade, and no extensive experience will be needed to demonstrate that trade war is nearly as wasteful as war with arms.

But the economic conference also implies a closer commercial union among the Allies than has yet been set up between independent nations—something apparently almost as close as the tariff union among the German states that preceded the Empire. That is the hopeful thing about it, for it points in the direction of a federation of European states.

On the other hand, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the Allies may assume mutual commercial obligations that would react most unfavorably upon the trade of neutral nations.

Why Women Lose Time

AN INVESTIGATION by the Department of Labor among women regularly employed in retail stores in Boston—excluding those only incidentally so employed as extras during bargain sales, the holiday season, and so on—shows that they lost, on an average, about six and a half weeks of working time during a year, which again excludes time when they were absent from the store, with pay, on vacation or sick leave. This obviously makes a considerable hole in a meager yearly income. More than two-fifths of this lost time was due to sickness—thirty per cent of it to sickness of the employee and ten per cent to sickness of some member of her family, which required her presence at home.

This would mean for all the women an average of nearly two weeks in a year of incapacity to work through bodily infirmity. The report says: "Whether the wage-earning woman's liability to fall ill is greater than the wage-earning man's remains to be determined." If it is not, the question of national health has not begun to receive the attention it deserves, for a general average of two weeks' incapacity a year would be an appalling toll to pay to unsound health.

Nearly half of the lost time was due to enforced lay-offs and to the intervals between losing one job and finding the next.

On the whole, the report suggests a precarious position for women employed in retail stores.

A National Ailment

TWENTY years ago the farm price of wheat was under fifty cents a bushel. For three years the price averaged not far from fifty cents. The wheat country was pretty thoroughly broken then, and flour sold for export under three dollars and a half a barrel. We don't recall anybody at that time seriously proposing that the Federal Government should step in and redress the balance. If there was any conspicuous movement then to put a bounty on wheat and to make workmen pay more for their bread in order that farmers might get more for their grain it has escaped our memory.

Now, owing partly to war and partly to an extraordinary shortage in foreign wheat supplies, the scale has tipped as decidedly in the other direction. In thirty weeks all countries, except the United States and Canada, exported only fifty million bushels of wheat against nearly two hundred million bushels in the corresponding period last year. Naturally American wheat is selling round a dollar and a half a bushel and flour is correspondingly high. And we have a right clamorous demand that Uncle Sam immediately intervene to stop it; he must say to farmers, "You are getting more for your wheat than you have any right to," and to urban folk, "You shall have your white bread cheaper than any other people are getting it."

This has become a national habit and ailment. Whatever condition afflicts us, we fly immediately to old Uncle Fixit at Washington for relief. Many Southern cotton growers wanted him to prevent their staple from falling below twelve cents a pound, and that appeal was rejected. But the cotton growers were only losing money, and that is a spectacle which we can contemplate with considerable equanimity. On the other hand the wheat growers are making a great deal of money, and there are patriots who can't see anybody making much money without intense pain.

Shift in Revenue

THE Government collected half a billion dollars of internal revenue in the fiscal year that closed with June. This compares with a little less than a quarter of a billion in 1909. The bills Congress is now shaping will certainly add greatly to internal receipts in the next fiscal year. It would not be surprising, in view of possible naval and military appropriations, if taxes of this nature were increased a couple of hundred millions.

For a long time customs receipts and internal revenue ran about neck and neck—between them virtually supporting the Government. But whether Republicans or Democrats win next November, and whatever either of them does about the tariff, we have, no doubt, left that condition definitely behind. With ever-growing Federal appropriations, internal taxes are going to be far and away the big item.

Meantime there is no sign anywhere that the pork barrel is going to cut a less conspicuous figure in expenditures.

An Organized Orient

THE Chinese appear to be poor politicians, but good business men. On the latter point testimony is unanimous. Ever since white men really got acquainted with the Celestial Empire it has presented the spectacle of political incompetence alongside of great, flourishing, ably conducted businesses.

Such hints of Japan's drift with respect to China as come to light raise a suggestion that her ambition is to supply the politics while taking China into partnership on the business end.

Companies are formed with government concessions to build railways, develop mines, establish manufactures, and so on, in which both Japanese and Chinese capital and business talent participate. That, in developing China, Japan proposes to enlist both the capital and business talent of that country seems clear.

American attempts to mix in Chinese finance have not always met with gratifying success. Take, for example, the five per cent loan to the Chinese Government for the use of the Hu-kuan Railways. These bonds were brought out in 1911, at 97. Shortly after issue they sold up to 99; but they are now offered at 72, with few buyers.

Apparently the Japanese are the only Oriental people with a genius for comprehensive organization. They know China much better than any Occidental nation does. The subtle and manifold processes of benevolent absorption that are now going on aim, no doubt, at a pretty extensive domination of the country.

Stupid Censorship

CONGRESS appears to be seriously considering the bill to set up a censorship of moving pictures. Censorship and stupidity are practically synonymous and interchangeable terms. It is only the dull, dim mind that itches to impose its personal tastes by force of law upon its neighbors.

We read somewhere not long ago that a sapient board of censors had forbidden the exhibition of a film dealing with Mexico because Villa appeared in it; and Villa is a murderer. We presume it is true, because that would be exactly typical of censorship.

There is as much reason for establishing a censorship of the spoken drama as of moving pictures; as much reason for censoring newspapers, magazines, books, music, painting, sculpture—and conversation.

By any of those means evil may be communicated quite as readily as on the screen. Concerning any of them there will be wide differences of opinion as to what is and what is not evil. Under a censorship the stupidest opinion would prevail. That is inevitable.

Free speech, under the established penalties of the criminal law, is of the inner spirit of this Government. It seems odd to lay an official hand upon a mode of speech—by pictures—because it happens to have been newly invented. If we are going to start on that road there is no good reason why we should not go the whole way back to the Spanish Inquisition.

BUYING MONEY

By Roger W. Babson

WHEN I was in Europe, before the war broke out, the English pound was worth $4 8665 of our money; the French franc was worth 19.4 of our cents; the Italian lira, about the same; and the Russian ruble, 51.5 cents. These were then the values of the different moneys of the Allies. Since then the pound has declined as low as $4.50; the franc has fallen below seventeen cents; while the Italian lira and the Russian ruble are at about fifteen and thirty cents respectively.

Considering the Central Powers, the German mark has dropped from a value of 23.8 cents before the war to 18 cents at the present writing. The Austrian krone has declined from a value of 20.3 cents before the war to a present value of only 12 cents. The drop in Turkish and Bulgarian money is, of course, even greater. The real truth is that in this country, and even in England and France, there is hardly any market whatever for the moneys of the Central Powers. In these comparisons it is the price of exchange that I quote, not the value of the gold coins of the respective nations.

Hence, it will be seen that, though England and the Allies may to-day rule the seas, or Germany and the Central Powers may be succeeding in their campaigns, both sides are losing in the eyes of the world's keenest financiers; for let me tell you that the headlines in your daily papers do not tell the real story of the war. Rather is it the two or three lines of fine type at the end of the financial column, which give the prices of the Anglo-French bonds and the various other foreign securities there quoted, that tell the real story.

For over a year almost every week has shown a decline in the bonds of some of these great nations. In plain English this means that all the belligerents have lost thus far. Furthermore, until the bonds of one side or the other begin to go up in price you may know that both sides are still losing.

Are Bank Notes Safer Than Bonds?

THERE is about the same difference between the bonds of a country and its money as between your unsecured note, which you hope to pay sometime—but could not possibly pay to-day—and a check drawn by a bank. Government bonds are usually unsecured promises to pay; but bank notes are almost the same as checks. I will even go further, and say that, in the case of France and certain other countries, these bank notes are really cashiers' checks, drawn by the biggest and strongest banks in the country.

As a matter of interest, just take a five-dollar bill from your pocket and examine it. You will find that it is practically a cashier's check, drawn by some national bank, payable on demand. It is even more than this; for, in addition to being secured by all the assets of the bank, as are the regular cashier's checks, this five-dollar bank note is further "Secured by United States Bonds or Other Securities" deposited in Washington. To a greater or less degree the same is true relative to the money of Europe—or, at least, was true before the war. Whether the money is merely government money or bank money, there usually is a definite amount of gold and other securities deposited to secure it. Of course this special fund of reserve is never equal to the amount of bank notes outstanding, but it is always considerable.

What has happened to these reserves since the war began is difficult to ascertain. We know that much English and French gold has been sent over here to pay for food and munitions of war; but Germany must have almost as much gold to-day as she had a year ago. Being unable to buy from outside, she has not been obliged to ship away gold. Hence, the English blockade policy in many ways has been financially a very good thing for Germany.

Moreover, the English have succeeded in forcing the Germans to economize, though they have not been very successful in their efforts to get their own people to give up the luxuries of life.

Furthermore, dietetic experts claim that if the English force the Germans to live on two meals a day, instead of three, they will really be making the Germans healthier as well as richer. All of which adds to the present overwhelming evidence of the foolishness of war. On the other hand, Germany has increased her paper money since July, 1914, about threefold, and her gold reserve only twofold; and the rest of the nations have done the same more or less.

Another reason why the currency of Europe should be better than the bonds is that the currency is held by the masses and the bonds by the classes. If this great war succeeds in nothing else it will succeed in getting for the people more power than ever before. When the war is over, and the masses have the power and the classes have the bonds, what will happen? Will the masses vote to tax themselves to pay a high rate of interest to the classes? Will the present rates of interest on the huge bond issues which are being put out daily be continued? Perhaps they will and perhaps they will not. One thing, however, is a pretty sure guess: If the interest on these bonds is not cut down the European holders of them will be very severely taxed.

One who has made a study of this question writes me concerning it as follows:

"My thesis regarding the possible effects of the war on bonds and currency may or may not be correct; but it seems to me that it is impossible to forecast what is going to happen in that direction. Personally knowing the European peoples, and having lived for many years in various European countries, my mental attitude is such that I cannot imagine that the leading European nations would, under any circumstances, repudiate debts legally contracted by their governments. The bonds in question are internal bonds, free from present and future taxation. Therefore, they cannot be subjected to taxation in the future, which means that the only way in which they can suffer is principal or interest reduction, which is a form of repudiation; and this is a phase that, as regards the leading European peoples, will, up to the present, not penetrate my thick skull.

"So far as the currency is concerned, a line should be drawn as to the value of currency in its native denominations and the value of the same paper abroad. In other words, lire will remain lire, but their purchasing power as compared with gold will diminish; and eventually inflation of this sort is bound to drive gold reserves, and later silver, out of the country. During a period of war artificial conditions such as exist just now are easily maintained, because martial law exists and people are just forced to do as they are told. When peace comes this will all change.

"To my mind, the first duty of the various governments will then be to put their houses in order financially, an end which can only be attained by a gradual but forcible decrease of the inflated currencies and the general encouragement of thrift among the people. If this is not done the financial situation will become such as to hamper absolutely the international trade of the countries, on which they are mainly dependent."

Intrinsic Values of Foreign Moneys

BUT how about the intrinsic value of the money of these countries? Well, for instance, it seems to me that the marks of Germany are in an entirely different class from the bonds of Germany. The same statement will apply to all the other countries engaged in the conflict. The actual paper money of Germany is pretty well distributed among all the people. Very few of the people of Europe—statisticians say less than three per cent—hold government bonds; but fully ninety per cent always have marks, francs, lire or rubles in their pockets. Will the people legislate, after the war, to repudiate this money? A mark, a ruble or a franc is a real, live thing. It is a dear friend. Everybody has pieces of money and everybody loves them. Whatever else is repudiated or abused, the dear old shilling will be protected if possible.

The next time you meet John D. Rockefeller, just ask him how much money he has in his pocket. Ask him how much he has in the safe at his house or in the safe-deposit box at his bank. I mean real, old-fashioned bank notes and dollar bills. Let me tell you that if at this very moment you and John D. Rockefeller should swap pocketbooks, you would likely get stung. Mr. Rockefeller probably has not one cent more of real money in his pocket to-day than you have. In a general way this applies to all peoples, all over the world. In many communities the workpeople carry more money about with them than the rich.

I well remember that once, at my summer home on the coast of Massachusetts, where real money is scarcer than fresh eggs, a very rich man who was visiting us asked me to cash a check for him as he was leaving for New York. On looking into his pocketbook he discovered he had only seven dollars and thirteen cents! Well, I was even worse off, having only a five-dollar bill and a few pennies. Even Mrs. Babson could dig up only a few dollars, as we have everything charged and pay by check. We were just on the point of breaking open a child's bank when a painter working about the house overheard the conversation and suggested that perhaps he could cash a check for fifty dollars! This workman had on him a roll of several hundred dollars in bills.

Now then, whatever is done to depreciate government bonds, railroad securities, or any other kinds of investment, this man cares little. You can, however, depend upon it that any politician who votes to depreciate the value of this

workman's roll of bills will be put out of office in short order. Did you ever think why savings-bank deposits are guarded and protected by government officials, while other forms of investment are not? Is it because the legislators love the poor man more than they do the rich man? No. The reason is simply because the masses have demanded that their investments be protected, while the rich people have never had the sand or the numbers to secure protection for their stocks and bonds.

Hence, it seems to me—unless something unforeseen happens—such legislation as is enacted in Europe after the war is over will be to protect, so far as possible, the value of the marks, francs and lire the voters of those countries will then be carrying in their pockets. Certainly the chances are very strong in favor of such a result. If so, this means that after the war these foreign paper moneys will again sell higher than they do to-day, though it may be some time before they reach their old-time values.

But, if all the above is true, you naturally wonder why it is that these foreign moneys are now so cheap. If Russian rubles are good, why is ruble exchange selling at thirty cents instead of fifty-one and a half cents? This is a fair and sensible question, and I will give you the answer. Before doing so, however, I must explain foreign exchange.

A Mystery Explained

Up to this time I have refrained from mentioning this dreaded expression for fear it would scare you so you would not read this article. I do not know why it is, but to the average man foreign exchange is a strange and weird thing. Some people actually class it with death and taxes. They seem to have a mortal fear of it, as if it were something for only the bankers to touch or deal in. And yet foreign exchange is a very simple thing.

Foreign exchange is simply checks payable in a foreign country in foreign money. If the foreign bankers told you in plain English that French francs could be bought to-day for sixteen and two-thirds cents each, you might buy some. Instead, they tell you: "Exchange on Paris is 6.00." Both statements mean the same thing—that you can get six francs for a dollar. That is all there is to foreign exchange.

Of course it complicates things to have rubles quoted in a different way. Instead of quoting Russian exchange in accordance with the number of rubles you can buy for one dollar, bankers say: "Exchange on Petrograd is 31.20." This simply means, however, that you can buy ruble exchange for thirty-one and two-tenths cents a ruble. Of course it mixes you up still more to have Berlin exchange quoted by giving the price of four marks. At this writing Berlin exchange is quoted at 76½—that is to say, you will have to pay 76½ cents for a draft on Berlin for four marks.

In the case of sterling exchange, London is referred to.

They talk to you about "bankers' cables," "sight drafts," "thirty-day drafts," and so on. These, however, are ordinary things, like what you handle every day in your own business. If Paris exchange is now 6.00, a banker's cable for a hundred francs would cost to-day, say, $16.67—plus cost of cabling—where it would have cost twenty dollars before the war. If you would be satisfied with a banker's check drawn on Paris—drafts and checks are practically the same thing—then you could get it a little cheaper, as the banker could save the interest for a week or ten days by giving you a check—that being the time necessary for the check to get over to Paris and be cashed. If you were willing to take a check on Paris payable in thirty days you could buy exchange still cheaper, for the banker selling it to you would then have the use of it for thirty days before you could cash it. In this last case you would be buying thirty-day bills.

Foreign exchange seems hard to understand only because the foreign bankers use, in referring to it, different terms from those you are accustomed to hear. They call checks, "drafts"; the price of money, "exchange"; and then they use different methods of figuring for different countries. It is probably on the same principle as when your doctor looks wise and writes you a prescription in Latin, for which you pay two dollars; and the druggist looks sad and tells you it will take an hour to fill it.

How is buying of foreign exchange done? Here again the answer is quite simple if you will think in everyday language. The large New York banks carry balances in the leading European banks, just as you carry a balance in your local bank. The European banks carry similar balances in this country. When merchants export or import goods they arrange with their bankers for a credit or a debit with some corresponding bank in a foreign country. When the exports, imports, interest payments, and so on, of the different countries balance, then it is necessary for these bankers only to send checks one to another and debit one another on their respective books.

The bankers accept from exporters the credits they receive from foreign banks, and give to importers their own checks, drawn on these foreign banks. These checks the importers mail abroad. So far, this is very simple, and is done practically the same as you would go to your local bank to get a cashier's check on New York, in order to pay for a large order of goods in New York.

Instead, however, of the banks having a regular commission for the acceptance and issuing of checks to use between different countries, as is the custom when buying and selling securities, they buy and sell foreign exchange on their own account.

For instance, if a New York shoe dealer should sell five thousand dollars' worth of goods in England the Englishman would take to his London bank his own check for approximately one thousand pounds and ask for a check on New York for five thousand dollars. Instead of the London bank charging a definite commission of one-tenth of one per cent, or some other amount, for this work, it sells to the London merchant a check on New York in dollars, for a given price, depending upon what was paid some other Englishman for a check in dollars just before. When the demand in this country for pounds sterling equals the demand in England for dollars, then sterling exchange is said to be at par. Then an English pound is worth approximately $4.8665 in our money, and exchange between the two countries is sold at practically this price.

If England owes more to the United States than we do to England, then the demand for dollar exchange exceeds the demand for sterling exchange. The bankers properly take advantage of this, buying the sterling exchange as cheaply as possible and selling the dollar exchange as high as possible, although of course their profit can never exceed what it will cost to get actual gold coin and ship it across the ocean. As this demand for dollar exchange by English importers exceeds the demand for pounds—or sterling exchange—by American importers, then in London exchange on the United States goes up, while in New York sterling exchange goes down.

Sterling Exchange

This means that under such conditions, instead of the various parties exchanging pounds and dollars on a basis of $4.8665 a pound, the Englishman would be obliged to pay a premium in order to get dollars; while the New Yorker would be able to get pounds at a rate less than $4.8665. Since the war broke out, pounds have fallen to $4.50, and to-day are about $4.76.

The same system is used in remittances between London and all the other countries; in fact, London has become a sort of center for this kind of business, serving the countries as a central telephone office serves a number of different exchanges, or as a central cashier's office in a department store makes change for all the different departments.

Hence, when the Russian Government buys shoes of a Boston manufacturer, instead of sending a check in rubles to Boston or endeavoring to buy dollar exchange in Petrograd the Russian Government first buys sterling exchange in London, which, in turn, is changed to dollar exchange for remittance to Boston.

In normal times Russian exchange is traded in on the basis of fifty-one and a half cents. To-day, however, in the English market, so few people want Russian ruble exchange that the English bankers have continually offered less and less for the Russian checks, and the price of a ruble has gradually dropped from fifty-one and a half to about thirty cents.

You see that since the war started Russia has ceased to export goods to Germany and other of her good customers, while she has been heavily buying war supplies from England, Japan and the United States. However, if the war should stop to-day Russia would immediately cease importing so much and would begin again to export. Then the Russian demand for sterling exchange would decrease and the demand of other countries for ruble exchange would increase. Consequently the price of ruble exchange should then stop declining and gradually go up.

I say, if the war should stop to-day. Of course that is a big "if." If we knew when the war was to stop there are a hundred things we could buy or sell with a sure prospect of making a big profit. The trouble is that if we bought Russian exchange to-day at thirty, with the idea of holding it until the war is over and selling it at a profit, the war might last a couple of years more and this same exchange decline to twenty-five cents, or even less.

The rise and fall of exchange itself is the only thing in which the speculator is interested; but for the merchant who buys or sells foreign goods the problem is much more important. He must consider the rate of exchange in making a price for his goods. If sterling exchange on London at New York is at a premium, then the goods New York people import really cost them more than the London price. If, however, sterling exchange is at a discount in New York—that is, less than $4.8665—then the goods really cost the New York importer less than the London price.

In large transactions, which are figured on close profits, this exchange item becomes very important. Owing to this fact, certain successful exporters and importers carefully study the foreign-exchange situation. If possible they arrange their purchases and sales so that they can buy goods abroad when sterling exchange is low and sell goods abroad when exchange is high. The principal thing for readers to keep in mind is that when sterling exchange at New York is high, dollar exchange in London is low, and vice versa.

Foreseeing Future Values

It is impossible for any individual to change the trend of the exchange market. This rises and falls, as I have explained, in accordance with supply and demand for the moneys of the different countries.

Readers who do business abroad—and especially farmers whose crops go abroad—can perhaps some day plan their purchases and sales so as to take advantage of this ebb and flow in the exchange tide. The man who buys and sells abroad without any reference to the foreign exchange market is just as apt to row against the tide as with it. In many instances, with a little care, this can be avoided. For example, if you know that after the war you must buy a large quantity of goods in Russia, France, or some other European country the exchange upon which is now very low, would it not be good business to buy some of this exchange before the war ends, instead of waiting until peace is declared, when everyone will make a stampede to get it?

On the other hand, if you can wait until after the war is over before buying goods of Holland, or some other neutral state, then it is good business to do so, as exchange on these neutral countries will surely decline after the war is over. Of course here again the possible duration of the war must be considered. If you are convinced that the war will last a couple of years longer, then you do not want to buy exchange now.

You will see that the foreign-exchange bankers really do not care whether exchange goes up or down, so long as it moves so slowly that they can keep covered. The banks want only their profit as they go along. Of course our banks prefer to have exchange on some foreign city in which they have a deposit go up rather than down. When exchange goes up they make a speculator's profit on their bank account in addition. As a rule, however, their foreign-bank accounts are small, and by making one hand wash the other they can depend almost wholly on their trader's profit. Foreign-exchange dealers are happy whichever way the cat jumps.

By the way, if you are really interested in knowing how much profit there is in the foreign-exchange business just compare, on any day, the quoted bid prices for rubles, as given in a New York commercial or financial paper, with the price a foreign-money exchanger will charge you for rubles. There is much profit in this foreign-exchange business when the volume is sufficiently large and the fluctuations are normal. But it is a very necessary business and all connected with it perform a much-needed service.

I am writing this article while on a farm in Virginia, where I am spending a few days. This morning the owner, a most genial and generous individual, took me over the place. The buildings were veritable storehouses. The barns were full of hay; the cellars were full of vegetables; fine large hams hung from the ceilings; and in the yard were great mounds of earth under which were buried cabbages, celery, and the like.

It has been my good—or ill—fortune to meet many very rich men, and every such new acquaintance impresses me with his apparent poverty. In other words, their wealth is not evident. You could travel for days with men like Morgan, Frick, Carnegie or Du Pont without thinking of them as multimillionaires. Even when visiting their offices I see little to indicate great wealth.

I suppose the reason is because a stock certificate for ten thousand shares of United States Steel is no larger than a certificate for ten shares, and does not look different. Moreover, it is happiness that makes wealth; it is not responsibility.

But when this Virginia farmer took me over his place and showed me his fruits and vegetables, his hams and sausages, and all his other good things laid up for winter, he seemed like a truly rich man—yes, richer than Rockefeller or Du Pont.

"What has this to do with foreign exchange?" you ask. I will tell you. Some persons store up bank deposits in England, France, Germany and other countries when the supply of foreign checks exceeds the demand, just as the successful farmer stores up in advance, for the same reason, winter vegetables, meats and fruits. During the season when Europe is buying much of us and exchange is cheap, certain big New York merchants buy up this foreign exchange, as the big commission houses buy up potatoes when they are cheap. When the season comes in which the big New York merchants buy much from Europe they use their foreign deposits to pay for foreign goods.

It is said that some of the greatest merchants, like Marshall Field, made such great savings by doing this that they were able to secure much-increased profits. I even have been told that the success of certain great importing houses has been partly due to their knowledge of foreign exchange and their economy in handling it. Instead of selling these foreign checks as they received them, and as the careless farmer sells all his vegetables during the summer season, successful concerns send them to Europe for deposit and later use them during the season when foreign exchange is in demand.

Simple and Safe

"The greater profits in business come from doing something that others do not know how to do. When a line is new few understand it, and it offers good opportunities for profit. As it becomes generally understood, the profits decrease. In the early days of importing great profits were secured, but as the business became better known the profits became smaller. Though people quickly seemed to learn buying and selling of woolens, yet the buying and selling of foreign drafts still remains a mystery. Hence, many of the importers have become foreign-exchange bankers." Thus spoke a big importer.

"How long will these firms remain in the foreign-exchange business?" I asked.

"Well," replied my friend, "these firms will continue as foreign-exchange bankers so long as the public is in ignorance regarding the business of buying and selling foreign drafts. Really it is a simple and safe business; but for some unknown reason it has always been shrouded in mystery in the minds of most business men. Of course the foreign-exchange bankers do not attempt to clear it up or make it appear simpler, recognizing that the greater the public's ignorance concerning foreign exchange, the greater is the banker's opportunity for profit. In other words these bankers handle their business the same as you and I handle ours. We are all human."

I had a most interesting demonstration of this a while ago. Having sold certain stocks that showed me a good profit, I determined to buy foreign exchange and deposit the money in foreign banks until the war

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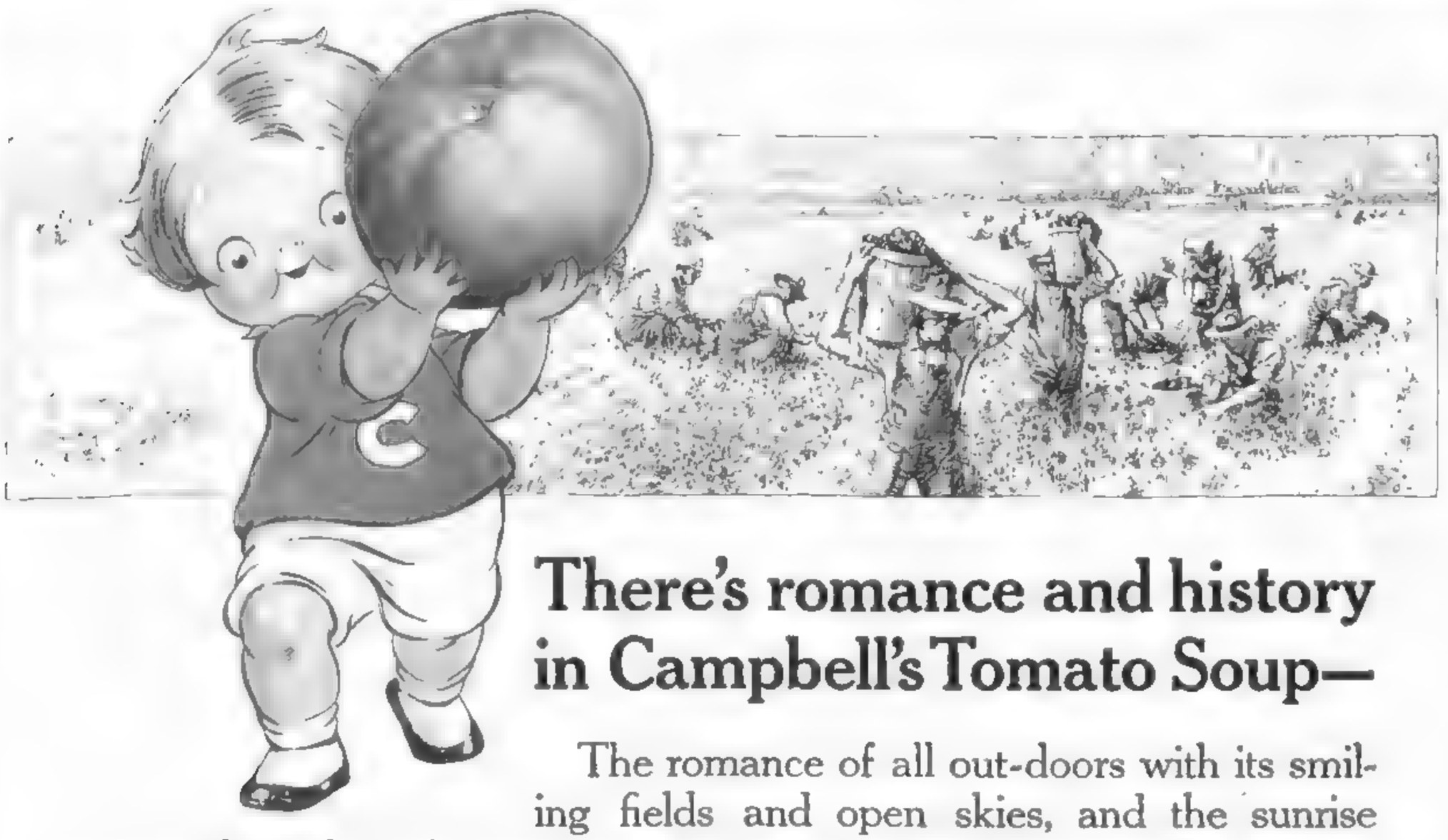


There's romance and history in Campbell's Tomato Soup—

The romance of all out-doors with its smiling fields and open skies, and the sunrise striking through cool green vines to paint its own colors on the clustering fruit. A history of tireless perseverance and painstaking vigilance in maintaining a high ideal.

Nature and man together produce this perfect soup

Only nature can create the delicious flavor of the red-ripe juicy tomato fresh from the vine. But the curious fact is that we must train nature to do her perfect work.

Our experimental farms and green-houses are located in the heart of the famous tomato-growing district of Southern New Jersey, where the climate and soil are ideal for this crop.

Here, by cross-breeding hundreds of different varieties of tomato plants, we combine the most desirable features and obtain parent-plants and seed for producing the choicest tomatoes.

The Campbell establishment in Camden, N. J. is in the same territory and within easy reach of the fields. The tomatoes are ripened naturally on the vines, and received by us without delay and in fresh and perfect condition.

Every ingredient in this delightful soup is of the highest quality that can be obtained. The creamery butter we use is equal to the best that you would select for your table. We use the highest-grade granulated sugar, the finest celery, parsley and spices.

A good soup should be eaten once a day at least. There is no food better adapted for summer use than Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Prepared as a Cream of Tomato according to the simple directions on the label, this favorite Campbell "kind" is especially tempting.

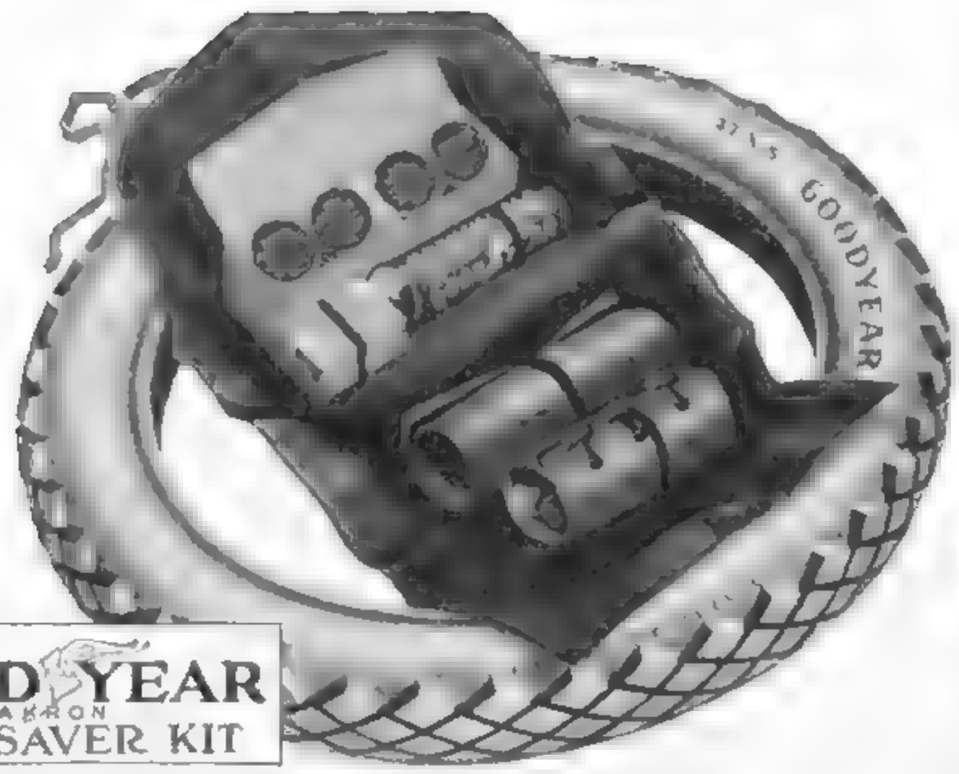
If you don't know how good this is you'll find it a pleasing surprise.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



GOODYEAR AKRON TIRE SAVER KIT

First Aid to Injured Tires

This Goodyear Tire Saver Kit is to motorists what a completely equipped emergency case is to a surgeon.

It provides efficient first aid for anything and everything that can happen to a tire on the road.

Self-cure patches, patching cement, and friction tape to repair punctures.

Inside and outside patches to repair a blown-out casing.

French talc, with which to dust a tube when placing it in a casing; and a tire tester to tell you when you have proper inflation.

Tire Putty to seal tread cuts and prevent sand and water from cutting and rotting the fabric.

Keep a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit in your car, ready for use when mishaps occur. It will enable you to reach home, or a service station where permanent repairs can be made, without ruining casing and tube. Thus it will save you money by prolonging the life and the mileage of your tires.

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire Sheet Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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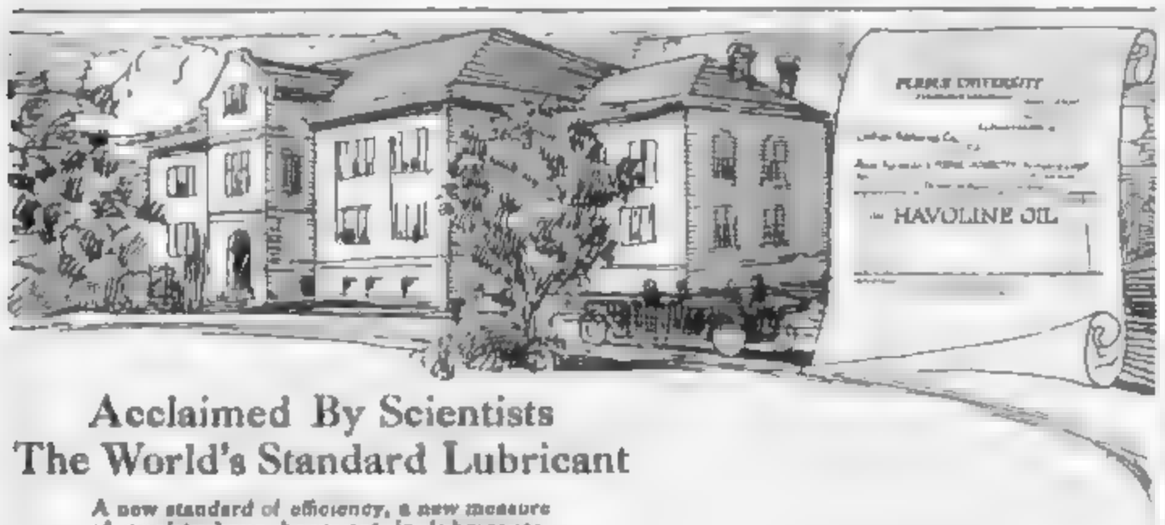

Acclaimed By Scientists
The World's Standard Lubricant

A new standard of efficiency, a new measure of quality have been set in lubricants.

AT Purdue University, Indiana's famous institution of higher learning, the World's leading lubricants have been compared in physical tests. The competition was held solely in the interests of science. We did not know that it was taking place.

HAVOLINE OIL

emerged triumphant. The oil that "makes a difference" tested out highest, not in merely *one*, but in every element by which lubricant value is measured.

"It Makes A Difference"

Havoline Oil means a big saving in up-keep. It means minimum engine wear. By easing the strain on the car, it saves the tires. It means smooth, silent, uninterrupted motoring. It means the satisfaction of knowing that you are getting the best oil that money can buy—the only oil good enough for your car. Why pay an equal price for the *next best*

The Sign of A Square Dealer

THE Havoline Oil sign identifies a dependable dealer. You'll find Havoline Oil and Havoline dealers wherever a car will go—garages, supply stations and village grocery stores.

Send for booklet, "Havoline Oil Goes To College." Read the whole story of the remarkable scientific tests which established Havoline Oil as the World's standard lubricant.

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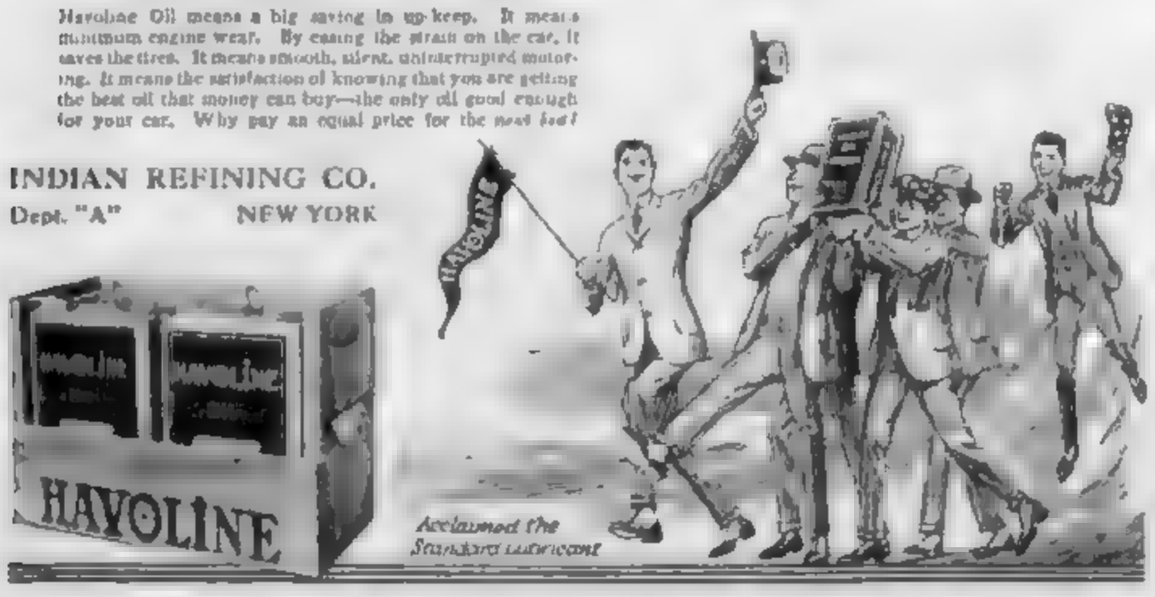

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is over. Thereupon I went to one of the biggest banks in the United States and asked the foreign-exchange clerk for a draft on Genoa. He quoted me 5.85. This price is five lire and eighty-five centimes for one of our dollars. I replied that I expected to do better, and went over to another large bank.

The second bank quoted me 5.75 to start with; but, finding out who I was, quickly dropped to 6.10.

Out of curiosity I visited six banks that day and obtained six different quotations. In each case the foreign-exchange clerk sized me up and quoted to me accordingly. The reason I say this is because one usually obtains the best rate where he is best known, and the poorest rate where he is least known. In other words, buying and selling foreign exchange is much like trading horses.

The seller asks more than he expects to get and gauges his final price in accordance with the ignorance of the buyer. On the other hand, the experienced buyer of foreign exchange pays no attention to what the seller asks, but calmly bids what he thinks it is worth; in fact, he bids less, in anticipation of being obliged to compromise later at some halfway figure.

I do not say this in criticism of any bank. We would do the same thing. All were justified in their quotations.

In the case mentioned above, if I had gone back to the first bank, which had quoted me 5.85, and had bid them 6.50 for a ten-thousand-dollar draft on Genoa, the clerk would have pricked up his ears and replied:

"Oh! I thought you wanted only a little money for traveling in Italy. Why, certainly, I will gladly sell you a ten-thousand-dollar draft at your own rate!"

Thereupon he would have figured out the exchange and drawn me a check on some good bank in Genoa, written in lire. Then I should have asked him to forward this money abroad for deposit in the best bank in Italy, giving me the letter in which the Italian bank would acknowledge its receipt. This I could put in my safe-deposit box as I would a stock certificate. It should be fully as safe as most nondividend-paying stock certificates, and now offers a much better opportunity for profit. Even if the Italian bank does not want to give up the deposit at once after the war is over, the interest will run on at a good rate and some day should show a good profit.

When the War Ends

Of course, whether the lira will be worth more or less than it is at present three months hence is another question. They will probably continue to decline in price until there are some definite signs of peace and our merchants can again buy goods in Italy. Then these lire, which now nobody wants, will again be in demand, and we shall be able to cash our accounts back into good United States money at a good profit. Much depends on the duration of the war. If it continues long enough exchange on Italy will drop to seven or eight lire to the dollar.

I want to impress on you that the entire foreign-exchange game is very simple. There is little difference between a foreign-exchange draft, which the biggest bank in New York would sell you on Paris, and the ordinary check you would draw on your local bank to pay your butcher. Moreover, remember that the price of these drafts—foreign-exchange quotations—depends mainly on demand and supply, the same as does the price of copper or coal. During a season when our farmers are selling huge quantities of grain to Europe the supply of these foreign drafts is much greater than the demand, and the price for them drops off. Then foreign exchange is said to decline. Contrariwise, during a season when little wheat is being shipped to Europe and our merchants are buying great quantities of goods from Europe, these European drafts are in great demand, and the price for them goes up. Then foreign exchange is said to strengthen.

In ordinary times there are maximum and minimum prices at which foreign exchange between any two countries can sell. These prices are fixed by the ability of the merchants to obtain gold and the cost of shipping the same. For instance, it would be foolish for any merchant in New York to pay more for exchange than par, plus the cost of shipping and insuring gold to Italy, in payment of his bill. Gold is plentiful in this country, and, hence, this places a maximum price on what any foreign exchange will sell for in this country after the war, even under the best conditions. This maximum approximately would be the existing quotation in July, 1914.

Prices Governed by Demand

The same principle should apply to the reverse transactions, or the maximum which foreign merchants would pay for exchange on the United States, except that they are limited in their supply of gold. In other words, in Italy to-day not only is the cost of shipping gold to New York very high but gold itself now sells at a premium in Italy, and many merchants cannot obtain it at any price. Hence, they are absolutely dependent on selling their drafts for whatever they can get. The foreign-exchange dealers, knowing this, naturally take advantage of it and pay for lire just as little as possible.

This is another reason why exchange on Italy, Austria and Russia is so especially low at the present time.

When gold flows freely from one country to another, as it did between the United States and Germany before the war, the price can fluctuate only between narrow limits. Consequently if gold again flows freely between these countries after the war foreign exchange will quickly jump back to the old figures.

On the other hand, if after the war is over the present European embargo on gold still continues, and the Europeans must still depend on selling their drafts to pay for their purchases in this country, then exchange on these countries may all sell at a discount.

This explains why exchange on some of the South American countries is always at a discount. The merchants in some parts of South America cannot get gold to ship. Hence, they can pay for purchases made in the United States only as they can sell their drafts to New York foreign-exchange dealers. But the New York dealers will buy these drafts drawn by South Americans only as they are wanted by United States merchants to pay for goods purchased by us in South America. This means that, in order to sell to South America, we must first buy from there. It is simply the law of action and reaction applied to money instead of mechanics.

In this article I have endeavored to interest readers in the general subject of foreign exchange. I want you to know that it is very simple and easily understood by anyone who will give it a little thought. It consists simply in buying and selling checks on foreign countries. The quotation for exchange on Petrograd, for instance, is governed by the same law of supply and demand that governs the quotations for potatoes, copper, or United States Steel Common.

Written by Tom Botterill, Hudson Super-Six Distributor at Denver, and published as an advertisement in Denver newspapers. We reproduce it here because of its unusual interest to all who enjoy motoring. What Mr. Botterill did can be done with equal comfort and enjoyment by any owner of the 10,000 Super-Sixes now on the road.

I have just driven a HUDSON Super-Six from Detroit to Denver, 1,530 miles, thru rain, mud and sand

—without putting in a drop of water from the time we started, without lifting the hood except to oil, without touching a wrench to any part of the machine except to replace one small wheel bearing, without stopping the motor except to give my companion a chance to eat again, without the engine missing a single shot, without a puncture, without a rattle, and without finding a single car in the whole 1,500 miles whose driver didn't let us pass him sooner or later.

I went to Detroit to drive this car back for two reasons.

First, I wanted the fun of the trip.

Second, I wanted to find out at first-hand just how this Super-Six will behave for an owner when he starts on a long cross-country trip with it.

Mr. McIntosh of our sales force accompanied me, and we were in no hurry and after no records; we drove as we thought the average owner would drive.

* * *

My honest conclusion at the end of this trip is that the man who buys a Hudson Super-Six gets three times as much automobile as he pays for.

I never had so amazing a trip in any car in my life.

This Super-Six had been taken from the Hudson factory by the manager of our Detroit office only two days before I got there, and it had had only 480 miles limbering up when we started back with it.

It had had no special attention of any kind and I thought it only reasonable to expect to have to do more or less adjusting as we came along.

But we did no adjusting whatever. We never took a wrench from the tool kit except once near Belle Plaine, Iowa, when we broke a small bearing in one of the front wheels.

We left Detroit in a rain and we had mud for hundreds of miles through the East. Often we were in to our hubs. Three times we covered pieces of road on high we had been told we couldn't get over at all.

The Super-Six motor puzzled me the first time I ever drove one last January, and I confess that it puzzles me even more today. It responds with a lightness that has always made me think of a greyhound. But on this trip, time after time it settled itself to long, steady strains with an evenness, sturdiness and freedom from distress that were more suggestive of a good draft horse trained to pull.

No piece of road anywhere stopped us. For two days and a half we had so much rain that the storm curtains were never lifted. But we came straight on through, stopping only at towns that interested us, or where there were good meals.

You men with jaded appetites should have been with us. I myself ate with new eagerness and relish, and as for Mr. McIntosh, he left a trail of complete desolation and famine across five states, the waitresses numbed at the elbows and the cooks prostrate with exhaustion.

Why is it, I wonder, that many fagged, town-weary business men still take their vacations in crowded sleepers and crowded city hotels, monotonous in their sameness, when they could make such a drive as I have just made, and have the thrill of combating the out-of-doors—a thing that always puts an edge on the appetite and makes nine hours on the Ostermoor none too much?

We had rain, mud and sand to contend with, but we never had to climb out of the car, and as we rolled down from Cheyenne to Denver Thursday morning through the Colorado sunshine, we felt like schoolboys finishing a vacation—we came back to business with a pep and fresh fitness that no man ever felt at the end of 1,500 miles in a Pullman.

Our first afternoon we drove from Detroit to Kalamazoo, 151 miles. Our second forenoon from Kalamazoo to Chicago, 179 miles. We spent most of the third day in Chicago, driving that afternoon to Rochelle, 84 miles. The next day we drove from Rochelle to Belle Plaine, 199 miles. The next day from Belle Plaine to Omaha, 263 miles. The next day from Omaha to Lexington, 239 miles. Wednesday from Lexington to Cheyenne, 310 miles. Thursday morning from Cheyenne to Denver, 112 miles, in two hours and fifty minutes.

We got as high as 16 miles to the gallon of gasoline and the average for the trip was 12.6 miles.

We were making the trip leisurely, and with little interest in the time consumed between any two points, but when we got into Chicago, it suddenly came to us that we had passed every car going our way on every part of the road; the thought was fatal. We got interested in the thing. I will confess that when we again took the road we both had the same secret sporting curiosity. We wondered how long we could keep it up.

We kept it up clear into Denver.

This Hudson Super-Six, which left the factory less than two weeks ago, passed every automobile we came in sight of from Detroit to Denver—1,540 miles!

We were raced time and again on muddy roads and on good roads, but every car we tackled was finally dropped behind.

I have an idea that this mud-caked car, just as it stands on our salesroom floor, can go out tomorrow and do seventy-five miles an hour without a whimper.

That much speed is not necessary; it is not even important. But you gentlemen who own Super-Sixes probably feel just as we do—that it's rather satisfying to know that you have a car that could clean up the road if you wanted it to.

* * *

And there is one other thing that I believe will interest all owners of the Super-Six. It is the fact that in Detroit, the center of the automobile industry, the Super-Six now stands in a class by itself. On this visit I was surprised to find how unanimously its position is conceded. Even the livery men along the curb are now hanging fancy brass plates on all their Hudson cars to catch the public's eye with the magic of the name.

The Super-Six motor is the great achievement of the year.

10,000 Hudson Super-Sixes are now in daily road use. Owners of these cars are selling the factory output of 150 cars per day.

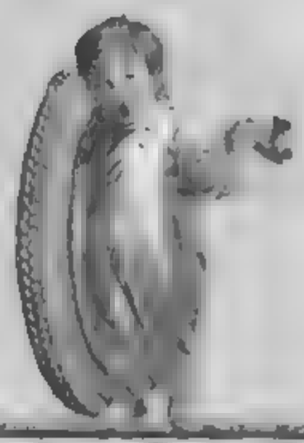
I found also that the Hudson factory is being visited by an average of twenty-five Hudson dealers per day, trying to get more deliveries. The Sales Department's waiting room is full constantly; the men who are handling the allotment of cars have had to box themselves in to get time to carry on their work.

These things sound like exaggeration, but they are the sober truth. The Hudson Super-Six is not only the **achievement** of the year; it is the **sensation** of the year. I wondered at its excellence before I made this trip. I wonder still more now.

7 Passenger, $1475 at Detroit

Seven other Styles of Bodies, Including Touring Sedan

Buy a FISK Red Top Tire



Time to Re-tire? (Buy Fisk)

THE AGONY COLUMN

(Continued from Page 18)

is the business of life more, the breath of life—to me. I have made many; and perhaps you have followed some of them, on Broadway. Perhaps you have seen a play of mine announced for early production in London. There was mention of it in the program at the Palace. That was the business which kept me in England. The project has been abandoned now and I am free to go back home.

Thus you see that when you granted me the privilege of those seven letters you played into my hands. So, said I, she longs for mystery and romance. Then, by the Lord Harry, she shall have them!

And it was the tramp of Captain Fraser-Freer's boots above my head that showed me the way. A fine, stalwart, cordial fellow—the captain—who has been very kind to me since I presented my letter of introduction from his cousin, Archibald Enwright. Poor Archie! A meek, correct little soul, who would be horrified beyond expression if he knew that of him I had made a spy and a frequenter of Limehouse!

The dim beginnings of the plot were in my mind when I wrote that first letter, suggesting that all was not regular in the matter of Archie's note of introduction. Before I wrote my second, I knew that nothing but the death of Fraser-Freer would do me. I recalled that Indian knife I had seen upon his desk, and from that moment he was doomed. At that time I had no idea how I should solve the mystery. But I had read and wondered at those four strange messages in the Mail, and I resolved that they must figure in the scheme of things.

The fourth letter presented difficulties until I returned from dinner that night and saw a taxi waiting before our quiet house. Hence the visit of the woman with the lilac perfume. I am afraid the Wilhelmstrasse would have little use for a lady spy who advertised herself in so foolish a manner. Time for writing the fifth letter arrived. I felt that I should now be placed under arrest. I had a faint little hope that you would be sorry about that. Oh, I'm a brute, I know!

Early in the game I had told the captain of the cruel way in which I had disposed of him. He was much amused; but he insisted, absolutely, that he must be vindicated before the close of the series, and I was with him there. He had been so bully about it all! A chance remark of his gave me my solution. He said he had it on good authority that the chief of the Czar's bureau for capturing spies in Russia was himself a spy. And so—why not a spy in Scotland Yard?

I assure you, I am most contrite as I set all this down here. You must remember that when I began my story there was no idea of war. Now all Europe is aflame; and in the face of the great conflict, the awful suffering to come, I and my little plot begin to look—well, I fancy you know just how we look.

Forgive me. I am afraid I can never find the words to tell you how important it seemed to interest you in my letters—to make you feel that I am an entertaining person worthy of your notice. That morning when you entered the Carlton breakfast room was really the biggest in my life. I felt as though you had brought with you through that doorway —— But I have no right to say it. I have the right to say nothing save that now—it is all left to you. If I have offended, then I shall never hear from you again.

The captain will be here in a moment. It is near the hour set and he is never late. He is not to return to India, but expects to be drafted for the Expeditionary Force that will be sent to the Continent. I hope the German Army will be kinder to him than I was!

My name is Geoffrey West. I live at 19 Adelphi Terrace—in rooms that look down on the most wonderful garden in London. That, at least, is real. It is very quiet there to-night, with the city and its continuous hum of war and terror seemingly a million miles away.

Shall we meet at last? The answer rests entirely with you. But, believe me, I shall be anxiously waiting to know; and if you decide to give me a chance to explain—to denounce myself to you in person—then a happy man will say good-by to this garden and these dim, dusty rooms and follow you to the ends of the earth—aye, to Texas itself!

Captain Fraser-Freer is coming down the stairs. Is this good-by forever, my lady? With all my soul, I hope not.

YOUR CONTRITE STRAWBERRY MAN.

Words are futile things with which to attempt a description of the feelings of the girl at the Carlton as she read this, the last letter of seven written to her through the medium of her maid, Sadie Haight. Turning the pages of the dictionary casually, one might enlist a few—for example, amazement, anger, unbelief, wonder. Perhaps, to go back to the letter *a*, even amusement. We may leave her with the solution to the puzzle in her hand, the Saronia little more than a day away, and a weirdly mixed company of emotions struggling in her soul.

And leaving her thus, let us go back to Adelphi Terrace and a young man exceedingly worried.

Once he knew that his letter was delivered, Mr. Geoffrey West took his place most humbly on the anxious seat. There he writhed through the long hours of Wednesday morning. Not to prolong this painful picture, let us hasten to add that at three o'clock that same afternoon came a telegram that was to end suspense. He tore it open and read:

Strawberry Man: I shall never, never forgive you. But we are sailing to-morrow on the Saronia. Were you thinking of going home soon? MARIAN A. LARNED.

Thus it happened that, a few minutes later, to the crowd of troubled Americans in a certain steamship booking office there was added a wild-eyed young man who further upset all who saw him. To weary clerks he proclaimed in fiery tones that he must sail on the Saronia. There seemed to be no way of appeasing him. The offer of a private liner would not have interested him.

He raved and tore his hair. He ranted. All to no avail. There was, in plain American, "nothing doing!"

Damp but determined, he sought among the crowd for one who had bookings on the Saronia. He could find, at first, no one so lucky; but finally he ran across Tommy Gray. Gray, an old friend, admitted when pressed that he had passage on that most desirable boat. But the offer of all the king's horses and all the king's gold left him unmoved. Much, he said, as he would have liked to oblige, he and his wife were determined. They would sail.

It was then that Geoffrey West made a compact with his friend. He secured from him the necessary steamer labels and it was arranged that his baggage was to go aboard the Saronia as the property of Gray.

"But," protested Gray, "even suppose you do put this through; suppose you do manage to sail without a ticket—where will you sleep? In chains somewhere below, I fancy."

"No matter!" bubbled West. "I'll sleep in the dining saloon, in a lifeboat, on the lee scuppers—whatever they are. I'll sleep in the air, without any visible support! I'll sleep anywhere—nowhere—but I'll sail! And as for irons—they don't make 'em strong enough to hold me."

At five o'clock on Thursday afternoon the Saronia slipped smoothly away from a Liverpool dock. Twenty-five hundred Americans—about twice the number of people the boat could comfortably carry—stood on her decks and cheered. Some of those in that crowd who had millions of money were booked for the steerage. All of them were destined to experience during that crossing hunger, annoyance, discomfort. They were to be stepped on, sat on, crowded and jostled. They suspected as much when the boat left the dock. Yet they cheered!

Gayest among them was Geoffrey West, triumphant amid the confusion. He was safely aboard; the boat was on its way! Little did it trouble him that he went as a stowaway, since he had no ticket; nothing but an overwhelming determination to be on the good ship Saronia.

That night, as the Saronia stole along with all deck lights out and every porthole curtained, West saw on the dim deck the slight figure of a girl who meant much to him. She was standing staring out over the black waters; and, with wildly beating heart, he approached her, not knowing what to say, but feeling that a start must be made somehow.

"Please pardon me for addressing you," he began. "But I want to tell you —"

She turned, startled; and then smiled an odd little smile, which he could not see in the dark.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I haven't met you, that I recall ——"

"I know," he answered. "That's going to be arranged to-morrow. Mrs. Tommy Gray says you crossed with them ——"

"Mere steamer acquaintances," the girl replied coldly.

"Of course! But Mrs. Gray is a darling—she'll fix that all right. I just want to say, before to-morrow comes ——"

"Wouldn't it be better to wait?"

"I can't! I'm on this ship without a ticket. I've got to go down in a minute and tell the purser that. Maybe he'll throw me overboard; maybe he'll lock me up. I don't know what they do with people like me. Maybe they'll make a stoker of me. And then I shall have to stoke, with no chance of seeing you again. So that's why I want to say now—I'm sorry I have such a keen imagination. It carried me away—really it did! I didn't mean to deceive you with those letters; but, once I got started —— You know, don't you, that I love you with all my heart? From the moment you came into the Carlton that morning I ——"

"Really—Mr.—Mr.——"

"West—Geoffrey West. I adore you! What can I do to prove it? I'm going to prove it—before this ship docks in the North River. Perhaps I'd better talk to your father, and tell him about the Agony Column and those seven letters ——"

"You'd better not! He's in a terribly bad humor. The dinner was awful, and the steward said we'd be looking back to it and calling it a banquet before the voyage ends. Then, too, poor dad says he simply cannot sleep in the stateroom they've given him ——"

"All the better! I'll see him at once. If he stands for me now he'll stand for me any time! And, before I go down and beard a harsh-looking purser in his den, won't you believe me when I say I'm deeply in love ——"

"In love with mystery and romance! In love with your own remarkable powers of invention! Really, I can't take you seriously ——"

"Before this voyage is ended you'll have to. I'll prove to you that I care. If the purser lets me go free ——"

"You have much to prove," the girl smiled. "To-morrow—when Mrs. Tommy Gray introduces us—I may accept you—as a builder of plots. I happen to know you are good. But as—as —— It's too silly! Better go and have it out with that purser."

Reluctantly he went. In five minutes he was back. The girl was still standing by the rail.

"It's all right!" West said. "I thought I was doing something original, but there were eleven other people in the same fix. One of them is a billionaire from Wall Street. The purser collected some money from us and told us to sleep on the deck—if we could find room."

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "I rather fancied you in the rôle of stoker." She glanced about her at the dim deck. "Isn't this exciting? I'm sure this voyage is going to be filled with mystery and romance."

"I know it will be full of romance," West answered. "And the mystery will be—can I convince you ——"

"Hush!" broke in the girl. "Here comes father! I shall be very happy to meet you—to-morrow. Poor dad! He's looking for a place to sleep."

Five days later poor dad, having slept each night on deck in his clothes while the ship plowed through a cold drizzle, and having starved in a sadly depleted dining saloon, was a sight to move the heart of a political opponent. Immediately after a dinner that had scarcely satisfied a healthy Texas appetite he lounged gloomily in the deck chair which was now his stateroom. Jauntily Geoffrey West came and sat at his side.

"Mr. Larned," he said, "I've got something for you."

And, with a kindly smile, he took from his pocket and handed over a large, warm baked potato. The Texan eagerly accepted the gift.

"Where'd you get it?" he demanded, breaking open his treasure.

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Don't bother
to remember these letters—you can't forget them.

"That's a secret," West answered. "But I can get as many as I want. Mr. Larned, I can say this—you will not go hungry any longer. And there's something else I ought to speak of. I am sort of aiming to marry your daughter."

Deep in his potato the Congressman spoke:

"What does she say about it?"

"Oh, she says there isn't a chance. But ——"

"Then look out, my boy! She's made up her mind to have you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I really ought to tell you who I am. Also, I want you to know that, before your daughter and I had met, I wrote her seven letters ——"

"One minute," broke in the Texan. "Before you go into all that, won't you be a good fellow and tell me where you got this potato?"

West nodded.

"Sure!" he said; and, leaning over, he whispered.

For the first time in days a smile appeared on the face of the older man.

"My boy," he said, "I feel I'm going to like you. Never mind the rest. I heard all about you from your friend Gray; and as for those letters—they were the only thing that made the first part of this trip bearable. Marian gave them to me to read the night we came on board."

Suddenly from out of the clouds a long-lost moon appeared, and bathed that overcrowded ocean liner in a flood of silver. West left the old man to his potato and went to find the daughter.

She was standing in the moonlight by the rail of the forward deck, her eyes staring dreamily ahead toward the great country that had sent her forth light-heartedly for to adventure and to see. She turned as West came up.

"I have just been talking with your father," he said. "He tells me he thinks you mean to take me, after all."

She laughed.

"To-morrow night," she answered, "will be our last on board. I shall give you my final decision then."

"But that is twenty-four hours away! Must I wait so long as that?"

"A little suspense won't hurt you. I can't forget those long days when I waited for your letters ——"

"I know! But can't you give me—just a little hint—here—to-night?"

"I am without mercy—absolutely without mercy!"

And then, as West's fingers closed over her hand, she added softly: "Not even the suspicion of a hint, my dear—except to tell you that—my answer will be—yes."

(THE END)

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Fly Outfit—How to Choose It

YOU may pick up odds and ends of more or less useless information almost any place where outdoor men assemble. For instance, the other day in a sporting-goods store a few of us were talking over the question of landing nets. We agreed that the landing net of commerce, as such—the wide-bowed, short-handled net, with the rubber cord to go over your shoulder—was about as useless a contrivance as could be found. So then and there I invented a landing net. It is not patented and any maker who cares to do so may produce it.

Almost any angler has found that about as good a landing net as you need can be made out of a piece of telegraph wire. Just bend the bow to suit yourself, twist the two free ends together for the handle of the net, and wrap it round with cord. Such a net bow will not break in use or in transportation. It will sink if it falls in the water, will fold up and go into a pocket, and in general is quite practical. The usual trouble about a landing net is that you cannot pack it very easily. Next to your trout creel it is about the hardest thing to carry.

We contrived our landing net in this instance out of a piece of brass wire. We made the bow not round, but a long and gentle oval, so narrow that you could put the net into the side pocket of a shooting coat. The ends we brought back and brazed together, the two wires that made the handle being an inch or so apart. At the base of the bow a little cross-piece was brazed in. We therefore had a neat and compact net with a handle about as long as your hand. The total length of the net was from the middle of your upper arm to the end of your middle finger. Of course it was intended only for a wading net.

Now, one feature of this net is worth remembering. We did not put any rubber cord or cord of any kind on it—that is a nuisance. If you carry your net on a rubber cord it is always hanging round your feet when you wade and catching in the bushes when you walk. No net ought to be carried at your side.

The Flat-Bowed Net

For our net we used a little leather loop, attached not at the end of the handle but at the opposite end of the net. This little loop goes over a button fastened at the back of your neck on a coat, waistcoat or shirt—a bachelor's button can be clamped on in a moment. Thus the net hangs down the middle of the back, entirely out of the way of the fly when casting, and it never snags up in the bushes when you walk through. It is just as obtainable as when carried on a cord and is far less trouble.

One of the most practical nets for use where you need a longer handle than when wading for trout was invented by a friend of mine some years ago for use on his own private trout stream. Here the banks were high, and a short-handled net would not reach the fish. This was a metal-bowed affair with a telescopic handle made of small brass tubing. This net was arranged with a loop, as I have above described, and was the first one thus equipped that I ever saw. The angler carried his net at the back of his neck until he needed it; then with one hand he released it, put the end of the bow on the ground, put his foot into the bow and gave a pull on the handle, which had three joints. This caused it to expand into about three or four feet. Thus one could reach a trout at a considerable distance, and yet the net itself was never in the way when not in use.

Another friend of mine carries somewhat the same sort of landing net which you may see in use on some of the bolder streams of England or Scotland. It is a round, flat-metal bow, which screws into the head of a bamboo staff about five feet in length. The lower part of this staff is shod with a spike. In some of the heavy streams of lower Michigan, such as the Père Marquette, and perhaps in other parts of the country, anglers carry these shod staffs for assistance and protection in wading. The net is held under the left arm, and one soon gets used to its presence there. When you are wading waist-deep or in heavy water this sort of net is better than the short-handled one. It is then, if ever, that the automatic reel is desirable or tolerable—a great many friends of mine disapprove of the fact that I do not like anything automatic in sport. Certainly they can put up a very strong argument for the automatic shotgun, the automatic reel or the many-ganged artificial minnow, and all of these things have, no doubt, come to stay because of their efficiency. If you have bad water to fish in, this long-handled, spike-shod landing net is a mighty good thing to have along.

But now that we are provided with landing nets, let us consider the needs of one amateur trout angler in search of a complete outfit. There is really no occupation in the world so pleasant as buying trout tackle, and it is far pleasanter when you know that some other fellow is going to pay all the bills. Our victim was entirely amenable to our suggestions. He said he wanted a good outfit for fishing for trout in the Middle West, possibly for bass, and possibly later on in some of the streams of the West or in Canada. He wanted to know at the start about how much his outfit would cost him, but he soon got past that stage of his education.

In the first place, we figured that there was no use in buying a cheap fly rod for him. There is nothing in the world so unsatisfactory as a cheap fly rod, for the pleasure and comfort, the joy and delight of fly casting depend on the rod primarily. Moreover, a cheap rod, although it may look well at the start, does not wear. That is the test, and that is the real difference between a poor rod and a good one—the good one will be good years from now if you take care of it, whereas the poor one will last only a season or so, and then go to pieces.

We could get imported English rods at forty, forty-five or fifty dollars each, with agate tip and rear guide and very good workmanship throughout. One of our party thought that these English rods were well made, but that in all likelihood the ferrules would need resetting in the second season, because our climate is different from that of England, and also because the sea voyage might have affected the rods themselves. In any case, we found that for thirty or thirty-five dollars we could get the highest class American rods, so we decided to advise buying the American fly rod, which for a given unit of power is less in weight than the English rod.

For an all-round rod we concluded that something about nine and a half feet long and five and three-quarters ounces in weight would be good, offering power enough for trout fishing as well as bass fishing. A ten-foot, six-ounce rod of tournament model is very powerful, but it is hard to fish with all day because of the extreme strain on the wrist. Such a rod requires a very heavy line, and lifting a long, heavy line all day somewhat spoils the delight of angling.

Choosing Lines and Reels

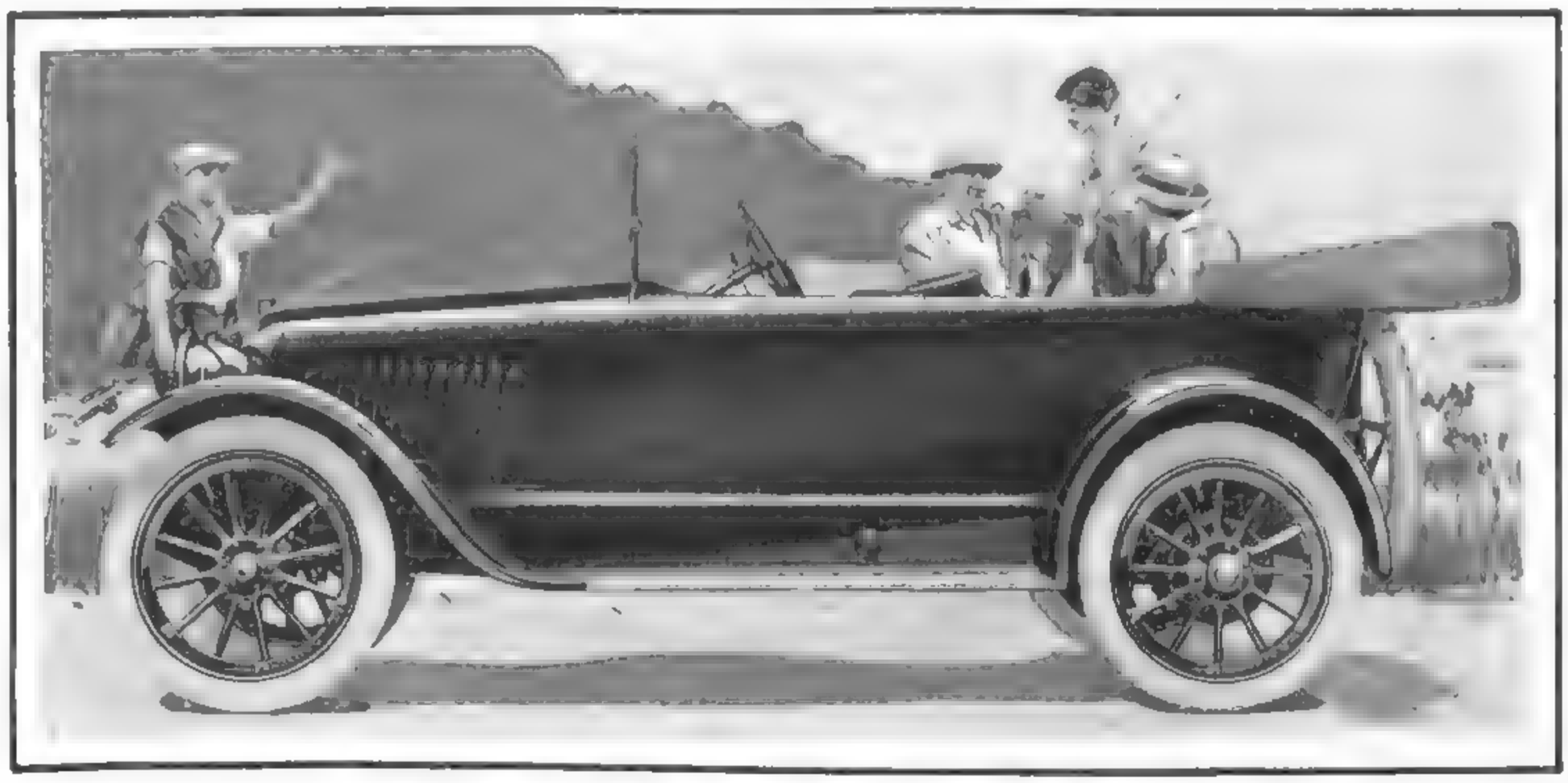
We told our dealers at the start—for we combed out the stock of more than one dealer in our search for the best rod in town—that there was no use in trying to sell us a fly rod, except with the privilege of taking it out and actually trying it on the water. For a time we were undecided between the two rods which we sifted out of a stock of fifty or sixty; but when we got the two rods together at the side of a park lagoon there was no hesitation whatever remaining. One of them was a good rod; the other was a better—indeed, one of those freak rods which you see once in a while and are so hard to duplicate. In short, it laid out a perfectly straight line comfortably and easily. It would keep on putting out the line as fast as one cared to fish, and yet it would lay its line straight and accurately, even at short distances. It was a comfortable rod and yet a powerful one—a combination by no means easy to find.

Of course in testing out the rods we took along different lines. We found that for this rod an E line, double tapered and of English make, was the best. The next best was an American-made level line. Either of these gave the rod all the action it required. We got a little box of deer fat and a leather pad for dressing the line now and then to keep it smooth and pliable and so more apt to float well in dry-fly work.

Time was when we used to think that any sort of a single-click reel would do for trout fishing; and so it will, in one fashion of speech, because the reel is useful only in carrying the line. I advised my friend, however, to get one of the big-barreled English reels, with the wide agate ring in front for the passage of the line and the set screw on the rim of the reel. Such a reel, so far as I know, is not made in America at present, but I cannot see why this should remain the case.

This English reel we found to be big enough to carry the full length of the heaviest line needed. It had a big barrel, so that it recovered the line rapidly enough. The sides were perforated, so that the line would dry quickly. Above all, the set screw on the rim would enable the angler in dry-fly fishing, with extremely light leaders, to strike "on the reel," and hence prevent the

(Continued on Page 33)



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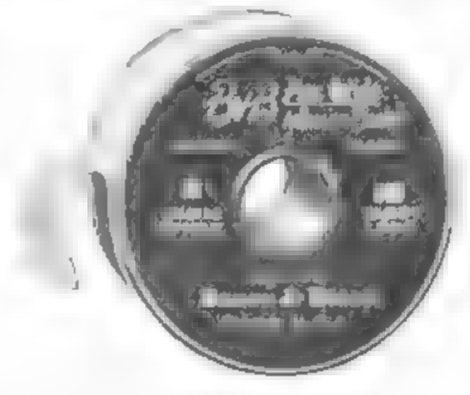

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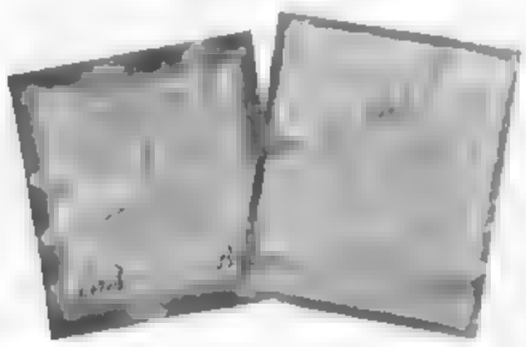

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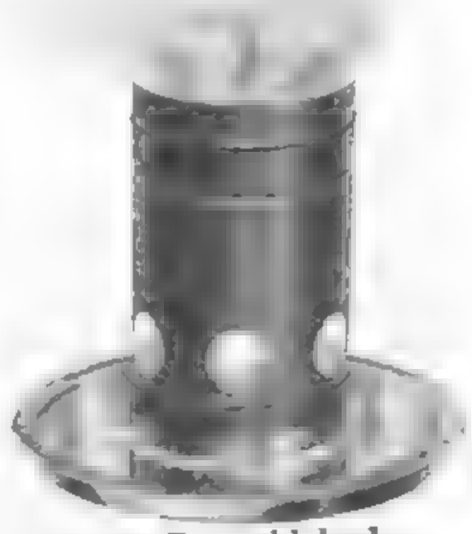

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigator

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings*, Chicago and New York

(Continued from Page 30)

not infrequent calamity of breaking the leader on a good fish. There is really no reason why a trout fisherman should not strike on the reel sometimes at least, the same as a salmon fisher—it will save many a good fish on light tackle. The reel is set just stiff enough to hook a fish, and just light enough to save the leader when the strike is made.

This particular reel was heavier than the old American type known as the click reel. It did not, however, add to the feeling of weight in the rod, but rather detracted from it—a goodish bit of reel at the butt of a rod makes it easier, not harder, to handle.

Next came the question of leaders. We allowed our amateur to have half a dozen nine-foot tapered leaders for dry-fly fishing, but we counseled him to get a dozen tapered six-foot leaders, with no dropper-loops tied in, and another dozen of medium-stout six-foot leaders, level, for practical all-round fishing.

We did not counsel him to buy any snelled flies whatever, but to stick to the single fly and the eyed hook. This advice indicates the most recent trend in trout angling in part of the country. A few men like to fish with two or three flies, but a great many believe that they will kill just as many trout and fish more comfortably with but a single fly. Moreover, the eyed fly is a better piece of property. There is no gut snell to deteriorate and drop off at the end of a year or so.

As all these goods were of the best possible class, they cost a pretty penny; and we could see a gentle perspiration coming out on the face of our friend, but he remained game. Of course he had to have some round metal leader boxes, with pads, to keep his leaders moist. Of course also he had to have a leader case, with chamois pockets in it, to keep his leaders from deterioration during the winter season. Then, just after we had bought all these things, we found something yet better: a little flat leader case filled with celluloid pockets to hold the different sizes of leaders—all dry and compact and offering a plain sight of the size of the leader within. So we ordered one of these as well. It also was made in England.

In rods we beat England, and in lines we equal England. The rest of our tackle, especially of the finer sorts, still has to be imported. This seems a wholly unnecessary and undesirable state of affairs. It is not to be said, of course, that splendid flies are not made in this country, but in parts of England and Scotland the hereditary art of making the minute flies for dry-fly work obtains, which seems not yet to be the case in America.

Selecting the Flies

We came now to the question of flies—and the eyes of our amateur glittered when he looked into the cases of innumerable patterns. We counseled him, however, to use moderation, and selected for him only half a dozen each of some of the patterns staple for his district: Professor, Coachman, Queen, Reuben Wood, McGinty, Parmachene Belle, Cowdung, Wickham's Fancy, Hare's Ear, Whirling Dun, Stone, Blackgnat, and the several hackles—black, gray and brown. We told him to get a dozen Cahills, a very useful fly in Wisconsin and Michigan, where he intended to fish. All these flies were selected in sizes eight and ten, and most of them tied on the long-shanked hooks of light wire in what is called the stream pattern, which I personally like very much. We counseled him to get some dry flies, sizes twelve and fourteen—some of the beautiful Scotch patterns; Hare's Ear, March Brown, Evening Dun, Wickham's Fancy and Coachman, as well as gray and brown hackles—by no means a typical or large assortment. Lastly I put our friend in possession of half a dozen handmade bucktails, tied on No. 6 hook—the bucktail being very practical in most of Wisconsin and in some parts of Michigan.

Very well thus far, and any trout angler will admit that we had been strictly moderate in our suggestions. As our beginner purposed to take a full course, dry-fly fishing and all, we got for him a little bottle of the fine paraffin oil which the dry-fly fisherman must have. Then we undertook to get for him something which you cannot buy in a sporting-goods store, but which you may find in a bonbon shop—a little flat tin box, with a lid, about two inches by three in size, big enough to carry a couple of oiled pieces of felt. Such a little box goes into the vest pocket tidily. Between the pieces of felt, which you have soaked with paraffin oil, you can carry two or three dry flies, which will be ready at the time you wish to change. This little box is by some anglers thought to be better than the squirt-gun, with which you can spray a fly with oil, and better than the little paint brush, with which you can put on a drop. The trouble with the glass bottle is that it is always getting broken. The oil on the pads in your little tin box will stay there for a long, long while and always be ready. Moreover, it is easy to pack when you go out on a trip.

Also, of course, we had our friend buy a pair of blunt-nose scissors, to hang on a cord from his coat button—an implement in continual use on the stream. To this we added a little bodkin or darning needle, likewise to be retained on a string for ready reference, and always useful in opening up a clogged eye on a fly or in picking out a knot.

By this time it became necessary to buy two or three of the metal fly boxes for eyed flies—more imported stuff which ought to be made here in America, but which, so far as I know, is not made by any of our factories. These metal fly books with little clips offered room for an increasing stock of flies—which we knew would increase from year to year, quite beyond the amateur's present expectations.

More Gear for the Carryall

By this time he was getting quite a little bunch of loose stuff together. We explained to him that he now needed a carryall bag, after the English fashion of carrying gear on the stream. The English angling bag is made of pigskin. In America we make a sort of imitation out of canvas, sometimes water-proofed. More and more of our anglers carry these bags now when they fish, and these receptacles are very handy indeed. So we got one, at a cost of about a dollar or so, for our friend, and showed him that he could put his odd leader books, fly books, lunch, match box, and so forth, in this little bag. We had him also put therein a little bottle of shellac, a cylinder of ferrule cement, two or three spools of silk, two or three pieces of bucktail, an additional box of matches, a tube of rubber cement, and some strips of pure rubber with which to mend his waders—all things that would be needed almost any time along the stream—and also a tin of mosquito paste. His bag kept these well assembled, and he agreed it was quite an institution.

It came then to the question of waders—an important question too. After consideration we decided against the heavy boot-footed wader, whether of American or of English make. They are very practical, but they are heavy, and a great many practical anglers have learned that part of their day's work is done on the ground and not in the water, so that the light wader, in which one can walk, is very often desirable. We selected a pair of breast-high waders of the lightest possible material obtainable and made with the soft or stocking foot. We fitted these on our beginner in such shape that he could wear two pairs of stout wool stockings inside of them. Of course these had to be bought, and also another pair of short-legged wool stockings to go outside of the waders. Moreover, he had to have two flannel shirts and a pair of well-cut, roomy trousers, with tie-strings at the ankle; also he had to have a pair of tipless gauntlet gloves, as defense against insects. This brought us up to the question of wading shoes.

There are several kinds of good wading shoes made in this country and imported from England. We hit upon an American-made shoe with a stiffish sole, well supplied with hobnails. The soft-headed nails are best for this, as they slip less on rocks. We saw to it that there were two or three nails in the shank of the shoe—if there are none one slips often on a wet cedar root when passing through the woods.

The pile of angling material now began to assume decidedly large proportions, but we were not yet done with our beginner. Next he must have a wading coat of canvas, cut short, with a big pocket in which to carry his light rubber cape—a thing which trout anglers like to have along in case of sudden showers. The coat offered us was like so many things offered sportsmen, made to sell and not to use. We insisted on having the pockets made larger, so that two or more fly books would go into them. Then grudgingly we accepted the garment

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as good enough, although we all thought that a much better coat could be devised.

As for the wading cape, we did not buy one of the highly colored diaphanous silk things which weigh so little, but took instead a light rubber cape, with snaps at the neck and gathering strings at the wrists—a more manly-looking garment than these silk things, and one more durable, yet still portable enough to go into a coat pocket.

We were now up to the question of a creel, and in all the stock we could not find what we called a good creel. We fell upon one of about twelve pounds' capacity—equipped, of course, with the more or less worthless straps which come with the average cheap creel. We counseled our friend to buy a real carrying strap made with a pad on the shoulder, knowing that some day he was going to catch a good creel of fish that would pull into a string the average webbing shoulder strap. Of course this creel harness is made so that the weight will be suspended from the left shoulder, and there is a buckling strap of light weight which goes round the body to hold the carrying strap in place.

There was one thing in the tackle cases which seemed good to us—a hatband with little slits cut in it for the carrying of flies not in actual use. We counseled the purchase of this hatband, each of us having ruined more than one woven hatband by making it a general receptacle for flies that had to be torn out.

Now, by the time our beginner had bought for himself a good compass—sometimes useful in strange trout country as well as in strange hunting country—he had some of the more essential ingredients of a trout outfit. Of course this outfit was more or less primitive and incomplete, although he did not think so at the time. He was not aware that from year to year he will plunge more and more madly into the dissipation of buying angling stuff—all sorts of things which at the time will seem to him imperatively needful: Extraordinary patterns of flies, thousands of flies, new sorts of leaders of different colors, more fly books, more leader books and, above all, more rods—no trout angler ever stops with one rod. This man will have a dozen rods in a dozen years, although he does not know it now. Very soon he will be tying his own flies—he even threatened to tie his own leaders, so we allowed him to get two or three hanks of drawn gut, of best importation, so that he could tie his own tapered leaders when he had learned the knots.

It was just at this juncture that our beginner showed certain qualities which marked him as a good, shrewd business man.

"Send all this stuff round to my office and not to my home," said he to the tackle dealer. "And you be almighty sure to send the bill for this to my office, too, and not to my house."

Which of us, let me ask, has not laid that very same injunction on the obliging dealer? And which of us has ever got away with it?

Feather-Duster Luck

If you are in a real trout country you never need despair! I recall now also one of the most curious and laughable proofs of this assertion that ever came within my own observation. It happened last summer, out at Santa Cruz, California, in a country highly civilized in every way—indeed, in front of the clubhouse on the wonderful Santa Cruz golf links. Mr. E. O. McCormick, vice president of the Southern Pacific Company, will vouch for the truth of the story, as he was along at the time.

We were passing the little pond which lies in front of the clubhouse—the overflow from the water system makes a pool perhaps one or two hundred yards in length and a few feet in depth. This pool had been stocked with trout, and although there had been no attempt to angle for them, so far as we knew, Mr. McCormick laughingly suggested that we could get a couple of trout for breakfast if we had any tackle along. I told him there never was a place where tackle could not be found good enough to kill trout on the fly; and accordingly we strolled into the clubhouse to see what might be done.

When queried, the clubkeeper confessed there was no such thing as a rod about the place. Crowded very closely, he guiltily produced, none the less, the broken end of an old bamboo pole, about eight feet in length and thicker than a lead pencil at the tip. It had absolutely no spring whatever to it and was as stiff as a poker. Round this implement of torture there was wound a piece of linen line perhaps four or five feet longer than the pole. There was a curled and twisted leader at the end of the line, and at the end of that a minnow hook. We suspected very much that the keeper sometimes used a piece of raw meat to sneak himself a trout either there or elsewhere.

I asked the keeper for a piece of rubber band with which to straighten the leader—it was now growing dusk very rapidly, and we had not time to soak it. He could not find a rubber band, but gave me the rubber stopper out of a bottle. With a few strokes of this I straightened out the leader nicely and cleanly, much to the surprise of such observers as did not know the effect of rubber on a dry leader.

Now we had rod, line and leader, but no fly and no bait for the hook. I asked the keeper if there was any kind of artificial fly in the place, and he said there was not. His wife would have refused to give up her hat, I presume, so as a last resort I asked him if there was a feather duster.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we've got one of those, at least."

From the end of the duster I tore off a strip of turkey feather an inch or two in length and tried to tie it fast to the hook. We could not get any silk of any sort, and the line was too heavy and we were in a hurry; so I simply made a loop in the leader itself and stuck the end of the feather into it, then tightening it up in the familiar half-hitch known to all anglers.

Unhappily the knot did not tighten close to the end of the hook. The result was that my fly stood upright at a distance of a couple of inches above the little hook. None the less it was the best we could do, and amid the laughter of my friends I started out to make good my boast.

Try the Carpet Sweeper!

There were trout, and nice ones, rising all round the edge of the little lagoon, and the only question was how to get out to them. I tried again and again to cast with the stiff piece of cane, and it would not work. At last I discovered that by holding the lower end of it firmly, with my thumb nail pressed tightly against it as a fulcrum, I could manage to pitch the line out at full length part of the time at least. Then I began to drag the fly, if such it could be called, over the top of the water. Jeers greeted this work for a time—until all at once I felt a savage tug which showed that a trout had struck not only the feather but the hook, although the fish had broken away. That was all I wanted to know—I was sure then that I would get some of those trout.

At about the third or fourth cast after this a fish struck full and fair, and I flung him out on the bank—a rainbow trout a little over half a pound in weight. My exultant cry brought my friend out from the clubhouse, and he was not willing to believe his own eyes.

I walked on entirely round the pond and had, as I remember, eight or ten rises to my fly, some of which struck the feather and did not strike the hook, and some of which I was not able to fasten. I saved, however, four handsome trout, and we took them home and ate them for breakfast the next morning as Mr. McCormick had suggested.

"Well," said he, "that was the worst thing I ever saw in my life! But tell me: if you can do that with a feather duster, what couldn't you do with a carpet sweeper for a fly?"

We learned afterward that the keeper of the golf club was the son of an old Scotchman who used to make fly rods himself, and the keeper solemnly promised to make a rod for both Mr. McCormick and myself, if we would get him the green heartwood with which he was familiar as a boy. "I used to make them until I got tired of seeing them in my father's shop," said he.

Oh, very well, if he will make those two rods for us we shall say nothing to the board of directors about the piece of cane pole we found—not so very far from the club lagoon. But, no matter how good a green-heart rod he may make, and no matter how good a split-bamboo rod I may ever own, I doubt if any will give me more fun, any keener and more actual sport, than that piece of stiff cane did on the California golf links that evening just at dark.

You never can tell about trout—usually they don't want what they ought to want, and sometimes it is just the other way about. If you have no feather duster try them on the carpet sweeper!

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$1085

SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 21)

had withheld; latterly it had ruthlessly heaped woe upon her. Why not reach out and seize whatever the world had to give? It would entail pain perhaps. But would that be harder to bear than what lay ahead if she held steadfast in the course she had chosen? Love had come—and gone. It would not renew its coming. Such was her judgment.

Moran came, sat beside her. He was agitated, not wholly by his feeling for her, but by rage, jealousy, vindictiveness which he burned to vent on Jim Ashe. When he spoke, that gentler note which he had used in talking to her on former occasions was absent from his voice; it was harsh, strained. Marie sat numb, silent, shivering a trifle. She was conscious of a physical repulsion for the man; conscious she would be compelled to pay a price exorbitant for the toys she hoped to buy.

"Marie," said Moran, "you've dallied with me. You've held me off. You've pretended not to understand me when I knew you understood, when it was plain you did understand. And I've been patient—because a man must be a fool when he deals with women. You're no child. You know what you want. You know I can give it to you. When are you going to make up your mind?"

"When I am ready to make up my mind. When I know what I want."

"You know now. It's just the infernal woman in you that wants to toy with a man. I'm no man to be toyed with—past a safe point. I'd have been contented to play your game a little longer if it hadn't been for old Frame's meddling."

"Judge Frame? What meddling?"

Moran shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"Don't talk as if you thought I was an imbecile. What meddling? Don't you suppose I knew why old Frame sent that man Ashe here?" At mention of Jim's name Marie winced.

"Why did Judge Frame ——"

"To marry you," said Moran, his tone brutal as a blow. "And you knew it. You've been playing Ashe against me—to see which of us you could get the most from. You've landed Ashe high and dry—anybody can see that. It's my business to see Ashe doesn't land you."

Jealousy showed there. Marie flinched as though Moran touched an exposed nerve.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she cried.

"Hate him or love him, it don't matter. He shan't have you. I've fixed that. After to-night—to-morrow—you won't want him if you want him now. Maybe you hate him. I'm not fool enough to believe it because you say so. It don't matter. I don't care who you love or hate so long as I have you. I'd have smashed him anyhow. That was business. But he's shoved in between you and me, and I'll smash him and stamp on him. It's as good as done. And Frame—he'll be disposed of to-morrow." His voice was rising, becoming shrill as he fanned his passion.

Marie felt the stirring of some emotion within her. It was apprehension, fear. Even in that moment she could scrutinize it as something outside herself, wonder at it. Why was she apprehensive? She was not afraid for herself. For whom was she afraid? She must be afraid for Jim Ashe, for he was the threatened man. It was unbelievable. She told herself she did not, could not, care what befell Jim Ashe. She hated him, despised him.

"You may as well cast Ashe out of your reckoning," Moran went on. "There'll be nothing to reckon on. I know what you want—money. Money to buy excitement, movement, money to throw away, money to buy for you everything Diversity can't give. I know. Well, Ashe will have trouble giving you a decent meal in another twenty-four hours."

"I do hate him," Marie said aloud, but to herself: "I do! I do!"

"Then you'll be glad to hear his stay in Diversity is coming to a sudden end."

Here was a threat which it seemed to her touched Jim's own person, his safety. Marie uttered a scarce audible gasp. "Jim?" she whispered. "No. . . . No. . . . Not that. Not Jim." In that instant she knew her fear was for Jim, a living, chilling fear. If fear lived, then love must live too. She did not hate him; she had lied to herself, deceived herself. No matter how he had wronged her, no matter how he had judged her, she loved him. And she was glad, glad, for it rekindled her faith in human love. Love should forgive all, suffer all. And she loved with such a love. It was good.

"I'm through waiting for your whims," Moran said. "What I want I take. I've put him out of the way. I've made it necessary for you to come to me. To-morrow you'll be told you aren't needed here any more."

"What?" said Marie.

"You'll teach no more school in Diversity. You've hated it. Well, I saw to that."

She did not know if what he said were fact or threat.

It did not matter. Moran had made his big mistake, for hers was not a will to brook threat. If more was needed to array her actively against him he had contributed what was needed.

In the gloom of the porch he could not see the transformation that took place in her; could not see that a different woman sat opposite him—a woman alert, full of the wiles that from time immemorable have been the weapon of women, a woman to fear. The numbness that had clung to her, oppressed her—a heavy fog obscuring the world—was wafted away in an instant, as a fog on her own Lake Michigan dissipated, disappeared before morning breeze and morning sun. She sat there, not Marie Ducharme crushed, ready for any fate that promised a measure of kindliness, but Marie Ducharme with youth and love in her heart—youth and love, and fear for the man she loved.

And there was something else. There was the will to fight for the love that was hers; the will to win again what she had lost. It was not right, fair, that she should lose. It was error. She did not even blame Jim now. She was given to see that the words he had spoken to her lacerated his own heart more than they lacerated hers. Opposite Michael Moran sat Marie Ducharme, fighting with all the force and the gifts that were in her for the man she loved.

She moved forward in her chair, leaned a little toward Moran.

"You—you have a will," she said.

Moran saw her weakening. It had been a perfect thing, not too apparent, convincing.

"You're through backing and filling," he said, stating it as a fact, not asking it as a question.

"And you're sure—sure you can do what you say, to him?" He glanced at her quickly, astonished at the vindictiveness that cut through her words.

"What's he been doing to you?" he asked jocularly.

"Enough. No matter. He—he can't avoid it? You know you can do as you say—crush him?"

"I wouldn't care to have you get a spite against me, young lady. Yes, I've got him—so." He closed his hand tightly. "It's a matter of business, with you added to make it more interesting. I'm here to make money, and I'm going to make some of it out of Ashe—so much, in fact, that he won't have any left. And that's interesting to you, isn't it? From now on he's going to learn something about business."

"But," she said, "he's had the best of you, hasn't he?"

"He bragged of that, eh? I'll admit he had more gumption than I figured on, but he's gone his limit. I'm taking personal charge now. He's in deep water, Marie. He's up against a hard fight in his own line, bucking a combination. They've put prices down to where he loses money on every clothespin he makes.

"He's in deep—borrowed money all over the shop, and no way to pay it. To-night will end his thrashing round. Can't run without logs."

"Yes," Marie said, setting a thorn into Moran's skin, "but he's getting logs. Didn't he take your logging road away from you?"

"But he won't run it any longer. You know where Crab Creek Trestle is? Well, the logs are all on the other side of it. And they're going to stay there. The Diversity Hardwood Company is going to have the misfortune to lose its trestle by fire to-night. He'll have to shut down. Then creditors will get worried. They'll be down on him, but I'll be there a little ahead."

"How?" said Marie breathlessly.

"I'm a director of the Diversity Bank," he chuckled. "Ashe borrowed thirty thousand dollars of us, and gave a demand note. You know what that is?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow the note will be presented. He'll have to raise that amount of money inside of three days—and he can't do it. Oh, it won't be long before a man named Michael Moran will be manufacturing clothespins with Ashe's machinery."

"But if you should fail about the trestle, if it shouldn't burn, would he be able to beat you and keep his mill?"

Moran shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly, but there's no use thinking about that. The trestle is as good as gone."

"Oh!" said Marie, and sank back in her chair.

It was so complete, so perfect. Jim was beaten. He had worked so hard, so faithfully; had builded such high hopes to go down in ruin! Jim! And nothing she could do or say would stay the disaster, would postpone it an instant. She shivered, coughed

"It's cold. A moment while I get my shawl."

She stepped into the house. Moran waited, warmed by a feeling of complete satisfaction. She was his; at last she had surrendered. And Ashe was in the hollow of his hand. Zaanan Frame, too, was beaten.

From first to last the thing had been handled efficiently, as an able business man should handle it. He leaned back and lighted a cigar.

For a few moments he puffed contentedly. Marie did not return. Presently he grew impatient. Another few minutes, and he leaped up to tramp the length of the porch.

Still she did not come. He stepped to the door and called:

"Marie! Marie! What's keeping you all this time?"

There was no answer. He called again, went inside. Marie was not downstairs. He called Mrs. Stickney. The widow answered from above.

"Is Marie up there?" Moran called.

"Hain't seen her," said the widow.

"Didn't she just come up there?"

"Not unless she's quieter'n a spook. Nobody's passed my door."

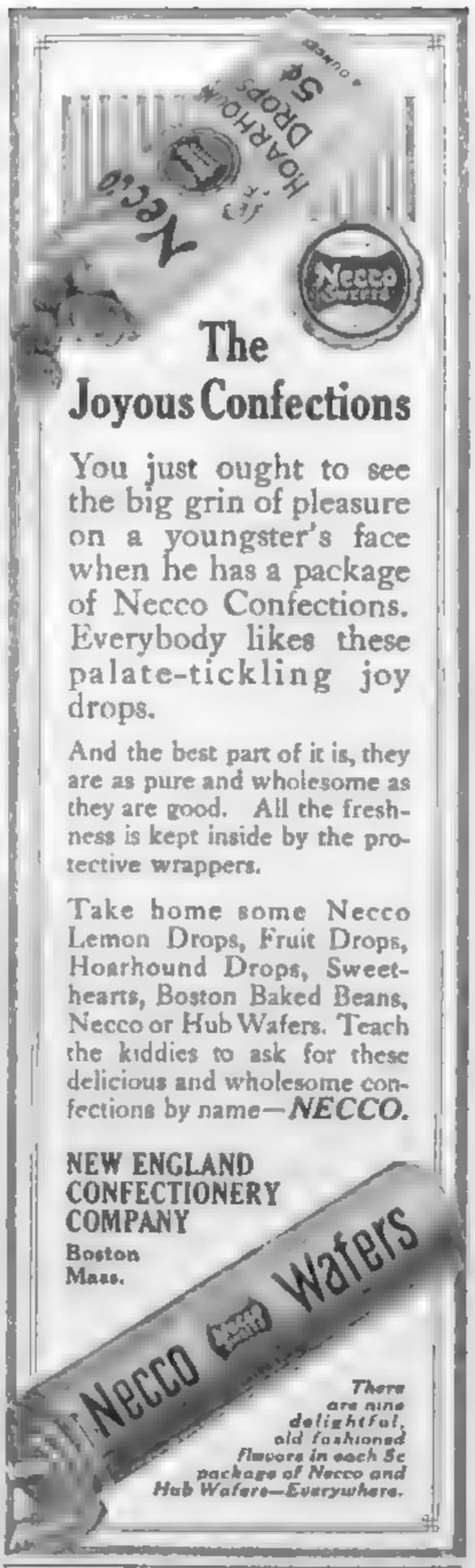
"Where is she then?" He was in a rage now. "Where's she gone to?"

"I hain't no idee," said the widow sharply, "but if she's where you don't know where she is I calc'late I'm satisfied."

Her door slammed. Moran stood an instant. The suspicion that had been germinating within him became certainty. The girl had played him like a fish. She was gone to warn Ashe.

He pulled his hat on furiously and ran—ran toward the hotel to intercept Marie.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)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THE GAUTAMA BUDDHA

(Continued from Page 11)

"I thought I'd pay you a surprise visit," she exclaimed, offering her rosy cheek to her uncle and at the same time giving her left hand to Mr. Yorke. "I drove over to see my dressmaker and you must give me some tea. Do say you are pleased to see me!"

"Of course—of course," replied Lord Louis. "Sit down here," offering her a chair which would have screened the Buddha from her view. "You must be tired."

"I am never tired when I come to see you," she rattled on, then exclaimed: "Oh! You have got it!"

"What?" said Lord Louis innocently.

"My Buddha. What a beauty!"

"Ah," said Lord Louis hastily. "Yes, that is the Buddha, but I don't think I shall give it to you, after all. You see—you see—er—well, I doubt if I ought to part with it. No."

"Well!" said Sarah, shaking her head gravely. "If anyone had told me you would do a thing like that I should never have believed them. You like it so much that you won't give it to me."

"No such matter," protested the nobleman hotly. "I have a very different reason for my decision. Two days ago, when I bought it at Murray's, I expressly intended it for you, and I have only changed my mind because ——"

Sarah broke in excitedly:

"It's not the one which was sold at the Indian sale the day before yesterday? When the auctioneer died and the other gentleman couldn't go on bidding?"

"The same," said Mr. Yorke. "But how did you know?"

"There's an article in this morning's Chronicle. Oh, how exciting! I simply must have it."

"I would very much prefer you shouldn't," pleaded her uncle. "I have no superstitions, but undoubtedly this image has a sinister record."

"That is only because the poor thing has never found a happy home," said Sarah. "I am sure when it comes to me it will be the happiest little Buddha in the land. I shall make up to it for all its troubles in the past."

"My dear Sarah," replied Lord Louis, "the daughters of Marah made up to Buddha to their own undoing. Let that be a lesson for you."

"Who was Marah?" demanded Sarah. "Was he an Irishman?"

"He was a devil," replied Lord Louis.

"Well, anyhow," declared Sarah, "I am going to take my Buddha away with me. I may, mayn't I?"

And she looked at him wistfully, like a dog begging

Lord Louis tried to be unconscious of the look, but there was no escaping it. His determination to refuse melted before those appealing eyes.

"Very well, Sarah," he said, "but understand I take no responsibility whatever."

Sarah clapped her hands and pranced from the room.

"Where are you going?" cried Lord Louis.

"You'll see!" she replied, and disappeared from view.

Two minutes later she returned, followed by her chauffeur and Lord Louis' valet.

"That's it!" she said, pointing at the figure. "Pick it up and put it in the limousine! Carefully!"

Under her generalship the heavy figure was brought forth and placed in the waiting automobile. This done, Sarah jumped in beside it and drew the rug over her knees.

"Where are you off to?" demanded Lord Louis, who had followed the procession to the door.

"Home," she responded, answering him and giving the order to the chauffeur at the same time.

"But aren't you going to have some tea?"

"Nope! I am going to take my little Buddha away before you change your mind." And with a wave of the hand she was gone.

Now this conversation took place on Wednesday, and on the following Friday afternoon, at about five-thirty, Lord Louis received a telegram which ran:

"Come at once. You must. Sarah."

Without a moment's hesitation he ordered the car, and ten minutes later was traversing the twenty-odd miles which separated his abode from the estate of his nephew. He had instructed his man to set at defiance all the speed regulations, and nobly had his commands been observed, for the distance was covered in something less than three-quarters of an hour.

Lord Louis demanded that the news of his arrival should be conveyed at once to Mrs. Milwood. He was shown into her cushiony boudoir and invited to wait. For the first few moments he paced up and down anxiously, subconsciously fearing the malevolent influences of the Buddha were already at work. Then he sat on the edge of a divan and rapped his foot nervously on the thick pile of the black carpet. Ten minutes passed, and still no Sarah. A horrible doubt oppressed him that some ill had befallen her. He rose and touched the bell and a man servant replied to the summons.

"Did you tell your mistress I was here?" he asked.

"I gave the message to her maid, my lord."

"Her maid? Is Mrs. Milwood ill, then?"

"No, my lord—dressing."

"Ah," said Lord Louis. "Thank you—thanks!"

The man had no sooner withdrawn than Sarah, divinely dressed in the most diaphanous of confections, came into the room. She crossed impulsively with outstretched hands and a face wreathed in dimpling smiles.

"You got my wire all right? How sweet of you to come," she said.

Lord Louis pressed her hands.

"I started immediately on receiving it," he said. "Tell me, my dear Sarah, what has happened?"

"Happened," repeated Sarah with a puzzled look. "I don't understand."

"But from your wire, I feared you were in trouble."

"Oh, no! I only wanted you to come over and spend the evening."

Lord Louis passed a hand over his brow.

"I ought to be cross with you, Sarah," he declared with an effort to be severe. "I am sure Cedric would never have allowed you to telegraph such a startling appeal."

"Cedric is away at his mother's place. That's why I sent for you."

"You sent for me?" repeated Lord Louis hazily.

"Yes, because I was lonely," came the reply. "Aren't you glad?"

"And was this Cedric's idea?"

"No; he doesn't know anything about it. I just thought it would be nice."

Lord Louis rose.

"My dear Sarah," he exclaimed, "I see I shall have to speak to you very seriously. To begin with, you must realize that such an invitation, in your husband's absence, is most unconventional."

Sarah looked contrite.

"Is it?" she said. "I thought it would be all right with an uncle."

"Well, conceding that point," he continued, "you are surely aware that to receive such a message as the one you sent is, to say the least, disquieting."

"Did you think something awful had happened to me?"

"I confess that I was apprehensive."

"Uncle Louis! I believe you thought the old Buddha had got going again. Did you? Did you?"

But Lord Louis merely shrugged his shoulders and Sarah continued:

"Well, you were quite right. It has!"

"What!" he exclaimed.

"All sorts of dreadful things have happened since it came. Cedric's mother has been taken ill; two of the maids have given notice; Smoke, my beautiful blue Persian cat, has been behaving in the oddest way; the stained-glass window on the stairs was smashed when they were bringing it up; and all four tires of my motor burst soon after I left you on Wednesday. There! What do you think of that?" And she broke into a merry peal of laughter.

But there was no echoing laugh from Lord Louis.

"Sarah, Sarah," he said, "these are not matters to treat lightly. Please allow me to take this Buddha away with me now."

"Shouldn't dream of consenting," she responded. "Besides, you are not going now. You are stopping to dinner and spending the evening afterward."

Lord Louis was about to refuse both propositions when the door opened and the butler announced that dinner was served.

Realizing the Fates were against his virtuous resolves, he offered his arm to his charming niece and conducted her to the dining room.

It was a very well-chosen little meal which Sarah had prepared, and he was bound to confess that his unspoken intention of departing immediately after its conclusion caused him to devote more time to the dessert than was his usual habit. The subject of the Buddha had not been reverted to, and Sarah's conversation, which consisted of a frank exposition of her premarital love affairs, was at once amusing and original. Lord Louis was on the point of pouring out a second glass of port when a footman entered, with rather a scared expression, and asked permission to say something.

"Yes. What is it?" demanded Sarah.

"The chambermaid has just come down from upstairs and she says something dreadful's goin' on up there. Your Persian cat, madam—gone mad, she says. The cat was dashing herself against that—that Indian figure you brought. Tearing at it with her claws."

Lord Louis and Sarah rose simultaneously.

"Smoke has been behaving queerly all day," said Sarah with a little tremor in her voice. "Where is she now, Lindsay?"

"Still there, madam, I believe."

"You believe? Didn't you go and fetch her?"

"We—we none of us liked to, madam."

"Why not?"

"Louisa said—it looked as if the figure was moving. She thought she saw it move."

But Sarah listened to no more and, followed by Lord Louis, ran from the room and up the wide staircase.

"It's at the end of the long corridor," she cried, then called "Smoke! Smokey!" but there was no answering miaul.

Sarah halted at the beginning of the long corridor, which brought Lord Louis abreast of her. The place, with the exception of a faint light which came up the well of the staircase from the hall below, was in absolute darkness.

"There is a switch by the door," pointed Sarah.

Lord Louis crossed and pressed it down, but nothing happened.

"There is something the matter with it," he said.

Sarah moved to the banisters and called over.

"Lindsay, the fuse has gone up here! Put in a new one at once!"

"Yes, madam," came the answer from below.

"Come on," said Sarah. "We won't wait. There's a candle on the table half way down the passage."

Together they groped forward in the dark. "Creak! Creak!" came from the complaining floor boards, for they were in that part of the house whose antiquity was beyond recollection.

"Here we are," announced Sarah. "Can you find it?"

Lord Louis was fumbling over the surface of the table, when from a short distance away a thin, hair-raising wail assailed their ears.

It grew in volume, to break off sharp in a hard, coughing gasp.

"What's that?" Sarah clutched Lord Louis' arm and, straining their eyes into the blackness, they automatically moved toward the sound.

They were now not more than a few feet from where the Buddha had been placed, immediately beside which was a little window. The night, however, was so dark that no light percolated through its diamond panes; but as the two moved forward a cloud must have passed from the face of the moon, for a shaft of silver iridescence broke through, revealing the ebon figure of the idol in harsh contrasts of black and white. But that was not all—the long, tapering forefinger of the left hand pointed downward to where, lying on its back with all four feet thrust starkly upward, was the dead body of Smoke, the blue Persian.

Neither Sarah nor Lord Louis uttered a sound, but they drew closer together, watching, wide-eyed, the horrible tableau confronting them. And as they looked the grim figure jerked first to one side, then to the other. There was a straining creak—a tearing sound—and the body of the cat was flung up against the breast of the idol. Something struck Lord Louis' outstretched hand a sharp blow; then Buddha, cat and everything, lit up for a fraction of time by a yellow glow, utterly disappeared from view. There was a splitting crash—and all was silent.

The next thing Lord Louis knew was that Sarah's white arms were round his neck and her breath was coming against his cheek in short gasps.

"Hold me—hold me! I'm terrified," she was crying—and before he knew what he was doing he had clasped her frail body tightly to his and was covering her quivering face with kisses. In between the kisses he heard himself saying, in a voice he could hardly recognize as his own:

"There—there, it's all right, my dear! I won't leave you, Sarah! Oh, my dear, darling little Sarah!"

The lights went up and the corridor was filled with a bright radiance.

A few feet away, where the Buddha had been standing, was a black gaping hole. Lord Louis saw the hole, and with the sight came enlightenment. Sarah saw it, too, and extricated herself from his embrace.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "The floor gave way. That explains everything."

But Lord Louis' face was scarlet.

"It does not explain—everything," he stammered. "That figure was possessed of an evil genius—a devil from the East. I know it was—I am certain. Otherwise—otherwise——" But the sentence was never completed, for the butler, followed by Lindsay, came hurrying down the passage.

"Are you all right, madam?" inquired the butler.

Sarah nodded.

"It came through into my pantry and broke to bits," he continued. "I meant to tell you, when we put the figure there, that it wasn't safe. The floor boards had shrunk away from the skirting." He stepped forward to examine the hole. "You see, my lord, the weight of the figure levered up the boards and drew the nails at the other end, then pushed through the old lath and plaster of the pantry ceiling."

"And poor Smoke?" demanded Sarah.

"She came through as well, madam. I'm afraid she's dead."

Lord Louis clutched at the straw and looked over at Sarah.

"A sacrifice to Buddha," he said.

"I have been expecting her to die these last few days," said the butler tactlessly. "She's been ailing for some time."

"Yes," said Sarah. "There is a natural explanation for everything." And she looked over at Lord Louis.

Lord Louis swallowed audibly.

"I think I will go and see the extent of the damage," he muttered.

On the floor of the pantry lay the fallen idol. It had broken away from its heavy hexagonal base and, as he closed the door behind him, he noticed the head was fractured in three places. He stooped and picked up one of the pieces and carried it to the light.

To his amazement it was not of wood, but hollow and of a material resembling common papier-mâché.

Lord Louis looked round nervously, to be sure that he was alone. Then he drew his penknife from his pocket and scratched up a flake of the substance from the inside of the cranium. The adhesiveness of the paste had long since vanished and a long strip of papery substance came off in his hand. He reversed it, rubbed away some of the caked paste and revealed, in block-type printing, the words:

MATTHEW PORTER
90 ST——E ST.
TO—T——AM C——RT ROA—.

The horrible truth dawned on him in a flash: The figure was not Indian at all. He, Lord Louis Lewis, the eminent connoisseur, had been deceived by a trumpery fraud. He crushed the telltale paper into the outer pocket of his coat. He, Lord Louis, had been cheated, by a chain of easily explained events, into attributing supernatural powers to a false god. A hot blush of shame suffused his features when he recalled how far he had allowed himself to believe the Buddha was to blame. One thing was clear—the truth must be kept from Sarah at all costs. Snatching up a tablecloth, he wrapped up the broken pieces of the head, then went to the door and called. His own chauffeur, who was in the kitchen, answered the summons.

"Come along," said Lord Louis, picking up the heavy base. "Help me to get these pieces to the car."

On their last journey they met Sarah.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

(Concluded on Page 44)

"The Play's the thing"

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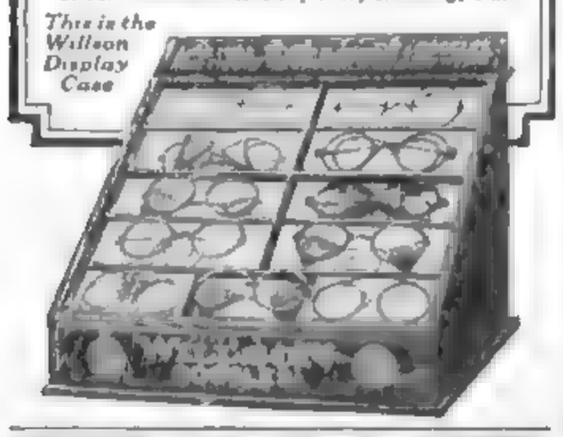

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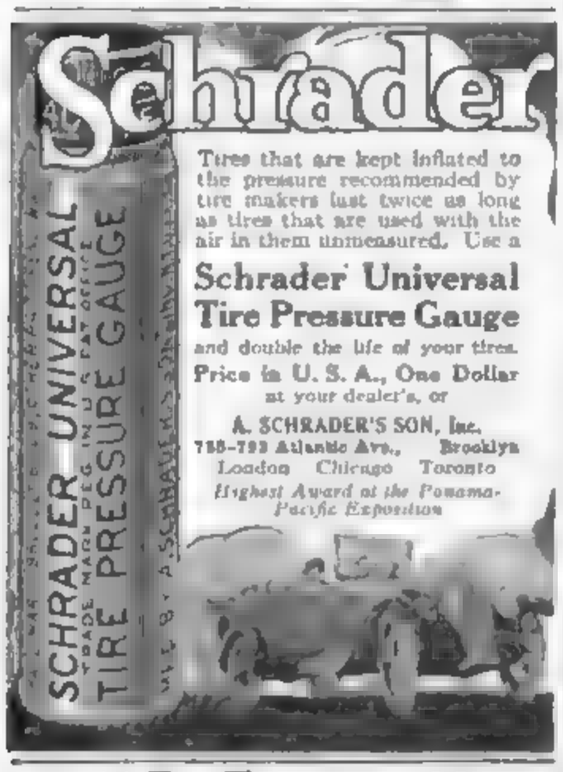

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This picture symbolizes a force that could lift the Pyramids or the Himalayas.

(Concluded from Page 41)

"I am taking it away with me now," he answered. "Start up the car, Wilton. I shall be with you in a moment." And he took his overcoat from the stand.

There was a twinkle in Sarah's eyes as she said: "Are you going, Uncle Louis?"

"At once," he replied. Then: "Sarah, you will naturally tell Cedric of to-night's events."

She nodded.

"If I might suggest I think it would be unwise to alarm him unnecessarily. You and I know that some inexplainable, spiritual forces were at work; but on the other hand, as you so faithfully remarked, everything that occurred can be traced to perfectly natural causes."

"I think so," said Sarah. "Everything! Good night."

And Lord Louis shook hands with his niece in his most formal manner.

There was a letter awaiting him, on his return, which ran as follows:

"*Dear Sir:* Knowing you are interested in reproductions of the antique, may I solicit a visit from you to inspect my stock, at any time you should find yourself in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court Road?

"Yours faithfully,
"MATTHEW PORTER,
"90 Store Street, W. C."

The next morning Lord Louis sent a wire to Matthew Porter, offering him ten pounds and expenses to call at his abode during the course of the day.

At about eleven o'clock Mr. Yorke looked in, and to his lasting credit be it said that he expressed nothing but indignation at learning that his conjecture had proved correct. Neither then nor afterward did he display the slightest tendency to gloat over his more accurate judgment.

Mr. Porter arrived during the afternoon and proved to be none other than the gentleman who had rushed from the building at the moment the Buddha was exhibited for sale.

"I couldn't help laughing," he said, "when I saw it. What? Oh, I carved it about ten years ago. Not a bad copy. Did it from memory and a sketch I made when I was stopping at a South Coast hotel. They told me the history of it and that gave me the idea. So I made the figure and borrowed the history. Mr. Purvis wanted a Buddha and, as he was took in by it, I let him have it as being genuine."

Lord Louis controlled himself as best he could.

"One thing puzzles me," he said: "How did you procure the theetsee lacquer with which the figure was covered? I believed that to be unreproducible."

Mr. Porter smiled.

"It was only a stain rubbed down," he replied. "You couldn't never tell the difference."

Lord Louis silently handed him a check and opened the door.

"Thank you, Mr. Porter," he said. "Good day!"

"Much obliged," said that gentleman.

"One moment," said Lord Louis. "Where is the real Buddha that you copied this from?"

Mr. Porter shook his head.

"I wouldn't give away the name," he said; "but there was no doubt about that one being a tartar. Last I heard of it was that they was going to send it to the Victoria and Albert. It gave their place a bad name, you see. Old customers wouldn't go back. Women saw it walk at night, and so forth."

There are two things which will always be a mystery to Lord Louis Lewis. The first: How he ever came to have been taken in by an imitation; and the second: Whether it would be possible for a spirit from the East to possess a body from the Tottenham Court Road and to possess it with such potency that a gentleman of absolute moral integrity could so far be disordered as to embrace his nephew's wife in a dark corner and call her "darling."

NOTE—At the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, about two-thirds of the way down the long main gallery, there stand two Gautama Buddhas. The one on the left has a sinister history, a history which much resembles the one printed on the card which Mr. Yorke read to Lord Louis. This figure is the one from which, before its accession to the museum, Matthew Porter made his copy.

If you are fortunate it is possible you may get into conversation with the erudite gentleman who is in charge of that section, and he will be able to give you the whole strange story, with a wealth of detail which the author's poor pen cannot attempt to emulate.

ROLAND PERTWEE.
7, Pembroke Villas, W

PERSONA AU GRATIN

(Continued from Page 14)

tawny-green streak, out of an open window at some convenient target. So fast he worked and so well, it seemed as though a constant stream of citrus was being discharged through that particular window. An orange spattered against a signpost marking the limits of the yard. Two oranges in instantaneous succession struck the rounded belly of a water tank, making twin yellow asterisks where they hit. A fourth, driven as though by a piston, whizzed past the nappy head of a darky pedestrian who had halted to watch the train go by. That darky ducked just in time.

Mr. Birdseye lunged forward to pay tribute to the sharpshooter.

Beyond peradventure there could be but one set of muscles on this continent capable of such marksmanship. But another confronted him, barring his way, a stockily built personage with a wide, humorous face, and yet with authority in all its contour and lines.

"Well, see who's here!" he clarioned, and literally he embraced Mr. Birdseye, pinning that gentleman's arms to his sides. He bent his head and put his lips close to Mr. Birdseye's flattered ear, the better to be heard above the uproar dinning about them. "What was the name?" he inquired.

"Birdseye—J. Henry Birdseye."

Continuing to maintain a firm grasp upon Mr. Birdseye's coat sleeve the stocky individual swung about and called for attention:

"Gentlemen, one moment—one moment, if you please."

Plainly he had unquestioned dominion over this mad and pranksome crew. His fellows paused in whatever they were doing to give heed unto his words.

"Boys, it gives me joy to introduce to you Colonel Birdshot."

"Birdseye," corrected his prisoner, overcome with gratification not unmixed with embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," said the master of ceremonies. Then more loudly again: "I should have said Col. Birdseye Maple."

"Three cheers for the walking bedroom set!" This timely suggestion emanated from a wiry skylarker who had drawn nigh and was endeavoring to find Mr. Birdseye's hand with a view to shaking it.

Three cheers they were, and right heartily given too.

"And to what, may I ask—to what are we indebted for the pleasure of this unexpected but nevertheless happy meeting?" asked the blocky man. One instant he suggested the prime minister; the next, the court jester. And was not that as it should be too? It was, if one might credit what one had read of the kingpin of managers.

"Why—why, I just ran over from Anneburg to meet you and ride in with you—and sort of put you onto the ropes and everything," vouchsafed Mr. Birdseye.

"Well, isn't that splendid—we never expected it!" Once more he addressed his attentive fellows:

"Gentlemen, you'll never guess it until I tell you. It is none other than the official reception committee bearing with it the keys of the corporation. I shrewdly suspect the Colonel has the words 'Welcome to Our City' tattooed upon his chest."

"Let's undress him and see."

The idea was advanced by the same wire-drawn youngster who had called for the cheers. He laid hold on Mr. Birdseye's collar, but instantly the happy captive was plucked from his grasp and passed from one to another of the clustering group. They squeezed Mr. Birdseye's fingers with painfully affectionate force; they dealt him cordially violent slaps upon the back. They inquired regarding his own health and the health of his little ones, and in less than no time at all, it seemed to him, he, somewhat jostled and disheveled, confused but filled with a tingling bliss, had been propelled the length of the aisle and back again, and found himself sitting so he faced the directing genius of this exuberant coterie of athletes. The rest, sensing that their leader desired conference with the newcomer, resumed their diversions, and so in a small eddy of calm on the edge of a typhoon of clamor these two—Birdseye and the great manager—conversed together as man to man.

"And so you ran down to meet us—that was bully," said the blocky man. His mood was now serious, and Mr. Birdseye set himself to reply in the same spirit. "What's the prospects for a crowd over in Anneburg?"

"Couldn't be better," Mr. Birdseye told him. "Everybody in town that can walk, ride or crawl will be out to see you fellows play."

"To see us play—that's good!"

"The Mayor is going to be there, and ex-Governor Featherston—he's about the biggest man we've got in Anneburg—and oh, just everybody."

"Whosoever will, let him come, that's our motto," stated his vis-à-vis; "entertainment for man and beast. You'll be there of course?"

"In a front seat—rooting my head off," promised Mr. Birdseye, forgetting in the supreme joy of this supreme moment that he owed first duty to Anneburg's own puny contenders. "Say, you fellows are just exactly like I thought you'd be—regular hellions. Well, it's the old pep that counts."

"You said it—the old pep is the thing."

"What kind of a trip did you have coming up?"

"Fine—fine from the start."

"And where do you go from Anneburg?"

"Asheville, then Richmond. Anneburg is the smallest town we play."

"Don't think we don't appreciate it, Swifty. Say, the Big Fellow certainly can pitch, can't he?" Mr. Birdseye pointed toward the flinger of oranges who, having exhausted his ammunition, was now half out of a window, contemplating the flitting landscape. "How's his arm going to be this year?"

"Better than ever—better than ever. I guess you know about the no-hit game he pitched last year—the last game he played?"

"Tell me something about that kid I don't know," boasted Mr. Birdseye. "I've followed him from the time he first broke in."

"Then you know he's there with the pipes?"

"The pipes?"

"Sure—the educated larynx, the talented tonsils, the silver-lined throat—in other words, the gift of song."

"Why, I didn't know he sang," owned Mr. Birdseye, a mite puzzled.

"That's it—let a fellow do one thing better than anybody else, and they forget his other accomplishments. Sing? Well, rather! And punish old John J. Mandolin, too, if anybody should ask you."

So saying, the speaker drew forth a bulldog pipe and proceeded to load it from a leather tobacco case.

"I don't have to keep in condition, seeing as I'm merely running things," he explained. "But you bet I make my flock keep in condition—no boozing and mighty little cigarette smoking for them while their little papa's eye is on them."

"I've always heard you were strong for discipline," said Mr. Birdseye, plastering the flattering unction on thickly.

"I have to be, with a rowdy outfit like this one. Look yonder—that's a sample of the way they carry on when the bridle is off."

Three of these temporarily unhaltered colts had captured the car porter. Two held him fast while the third massaged his woolly scalp with hard knuckles. Half a dozen more shouted advice to the operator. The porter broke away and fled, his expression betraying that he hardly knew whether to feel indignant or complimented. Mr. Birdseye saw that the volunteer masseur, now approaching them, had coal-black hair and snapping black eyes, and a skin the color of polished cherry.

"That's the Chief coming, of course?" opined Mr. Birdseye. His tone was filled with reverence.

"Sh-h, don't let him hear you. If I had a big Indian whatyoumaycallim for a grandfather I'd advertise it, but he's a little touchy on the subject. Great boy though—one of the best."

"Part Pawnee, ain't he?"

"No; Parsee, I think."

Mr. Birdseye was going to ask where that tribe lived, but skylarking broke out in a fresh quarter and he forgot it. They talked averages then, or started to. Mr. Birdseye

(Concluded on Page 48)

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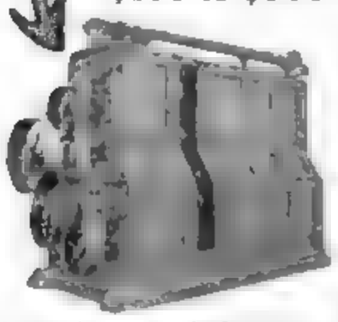

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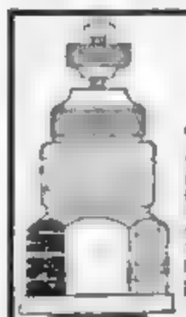

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(Concluded from Page 44)

was made proud to find his companion agreed with him that Tris Speaker undoubtedly had a shade on Lee Magee, and then was just about to take up the question of Honus Wagner's ability to come back after his 1914 slump—a vital issue and one upon which he entertained decided views in the affirmative—when something occurred. Without being able to comprehend exactly how it came about, he discovered himself all of a sudden forming one link in a human chain of which six or eight more were likewise component parts. With arms intertwined and heads bent toward a common center, they all mingled their lusty voices in snatches of song and glee and roundelay, and he—he perforce joined with them. One moment Merrily They Rolled Along, Rolled Along, Rolled Along—indeed they did; the next, From Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party they were Seeing Nell-l-l-i-e Home. Then a single minstrel advanced the duly credited assertion of parties unnamed that A Nigger Won't Steal, whereupon several others instantly and melodiously responded to the effect that be this as it may, I Caught Three in My Cornfield; One Had a Shovel and One Had a Hoe and if That Ain't Stealing I Don't Know! And so on without cessation for many fleeting, glorious, golden minutes. Once Mr. Birdseye, feeling certain he recognized the blithesome tenor whose wide shoulders his right arm encompassed, broke off his caroling long enough to say:

"Some doings, eh, Flying Jenny?"

Whereat the singer, thus jovially addressed, conferred a wink and a grin upon him and shouted back: "Don't be so blamed formal—just call me Jane!" and then skillfully picked up the tune again and kept right on tenoring. They were all still enmeshed and in all unison enriching the pent-up confines of their car with close harmonies when the train began to check up bumpingly, and advised by familiar objects beginning to pass the windows Mr. Birdseye was informed that they approached their destination. It didn't seem humanly possible that so much time had elapsed with such miraculous rapidity, but there was the indisputable evidence in Langford's Real Estate Division and the track-side warehouses of Brazzell Brothers' Pride of Dixie fertilizer works. From a chosen and accepted comrade he now became also a guide.

"Fellows!" he announced, breaking out of the ring, "we'll be in in a minute—this is Anneburg!"

Coincidentally with this announcement the conductor appeared at the forward end of the car and in a word gave confirmatory evidence. Of the car porter there was no sign. Duty called him to be present, but prudence bade him nay. He had discretion, that porter.

The song that was being sung at that particular moment—whatever it was—was suffered to languish and die midway of a long-drawn refrain. There was a scattering of the minstrels to snatch up suit cases, bags and other portable impedimenta.

"I'll ride up to the hotel with you," suggested Mr. Birdseye, laying a detaining hand upon the master's elbow. "If I get a chance there's something I want to tell you on the way." He was just remembering he had forgotten to mention that treacherous soft spot back of center field.

"You bet your blameless young life you'll ride with us!" answered back the other, reaching for a valise.

"What? Lose our reception committee now? Not a chance!" confirmed an enormous youth whose bass tones fitted him for the life of a troubadour, but whose breadth of frame qualified him for piano-moving or center-rushing. With a great bear-hug he lifted Mr. Birdseye in his arms, roughly fondling him.

"You're going to the Hotel Balboa, of course," added Mr. Birdseye, regaining his feet and his breath as the caressing grip of the giant relaxed.

"Hotel Balboa is right, old Pathfinder."

"Then we'd all better take the hotel bus uptown, hadn't we?"

"Just watch us take it."

"I'll lay eight to five that bus has never been properly taken before now."

"But it's about to be." He that uttered this prophecy was the brisk youngster who had objected to being designated by so elaborated a title as Flying Jenny.

"All out!"

Like a chip on the crest of a mountain torrent Mr. Birdseye was borne down the car steps as the train halted beneath the shed of the Anneburg Union Depot. Across the intervening tracks, through the gate and the station and out again at the far side of the waiting room the living freshet poured. As he was carried along with it, the Indian being at his right hand, the orange thrower at his left, and behind him irresistible forces ramping and roaring, Mr. Birdseye was aware of a large crowd, of Nick Cornwall, of others locally associated with the destinies of the Anneburg team, of many known to him personally or by name, all staring hard, with puzzled looks, as he went whirling on by. Their faces were visible a fleeting moment, then vanished like faces seen in a fitful dream, and now the human tidal wave had surrounded and inundated a large motorbus, property of the Hotel Balboa.

Strong arms reached upward and, as though he had been a child, plucked from his perch the dumfounded driver of this vehicle, with a swing depositing him ten feet distant, well out of harm's way. A youth who plainly understood the mystery of motors clambered up, nimble as a monkey, taking seat and wheel. Another mounted alongside of him and rolled up a magazine to make a coaching horn of it. Another and yet another followed, until a cushioned space designed for two only held four. As pirates aforetime have boarded a wallowing galleon the rest of the crew boarded the body of the bus. They entered by door or by window, whichever chanced to be handier, first firing their hand baggage in with a splendid disregard of consequences.

In less than no time at all, to tallyho tootings, to whoops and to yells and to snatches of melody, the Hotel Balboa bus was rolling through a startled business district, bearing in it, upon it and overflowing from it full twice as many fares as its builder had imagined it conceivably would ever contain when he planned its design and its accommodations. Side by side on the floor at its back door with their feet out in space, were jammed together Mr. J. Henry Birdseye and the aforesaid blocky chieftain of the band. Teams checked up as the caravan rolled on. Foot travelers froze in their tracks to stare at the spectacle. He saw them. They saw him. And he saw that they saw and felt—that be the future what it might, life for him could never bring a greater, more triumphant, more exultant moment than this.

"Is that the opera house right ahead?" inquired his illustrious mate as the bus jounced round the corner of Lattimer Street.

"No, that's the new Second National Bank," explained Mr. Birdseye between jolts. "The opera house is four doors further down—see, right there—just next to where that sign says 'Tascott & Nutt, Hardware.'"

Simultaneously those who rode in front and atop must likewise have read the sign of Tascott & Nutt. For the bus, as though on signal, swerved to the curb before this establishment and stopped dead short, and in chorus a dozen strong voices called for Mr. Nutt, continuing to call until a plump, middle-aged gentleman in his shirt sleeves issued from the interior and crossed the sidewalk, surprise being writ large upon his face. When he had drawn near enough, sinewy hands stretched forth and pounced upon him, and as the bus resumed its journey he most unwillingly was dragged at an undignified dogtrot alongside a rear wheel while strange, tormenting questions were shouted down at him:

"Oh, Mr. Nutt, how's your dear old coco?"

"And how's your daughter Hazel?—charming girl, Hazel!"

"And your son, Philip Bertram? Don't tell me the squirrels have been after that dear Phil Bert again!"

"You'll be careful about the chipmunks this summer, won't you, Mr. Nutt—for our sakes?"

"Old Man Nutt is a good old soul."

But this last was part of a song, and not a question at all.

The victim wrested himself free at last and stood in the highroad speechless with indignation. Lack of breath was likewise a contributing factor. Mr. Birdseye observed, as they drew away from the panting figure, that the starting eyes of Mr. Nutt were fixed upon him recognizingly and accusingly, and realized that he was in some way being blamed for the discomfiture of that solid man and that he had made a sincere enemy for life. But what cared he? Meadow larks, golden breasted, sat in his short ribs and sang to his soul.

And now they had drawn up at the Hotel Balboa, and with Birdseye still in the van they had piled off and were swirling through the lobby to splash up against the bulkhead of the clerk's desk, behind which, with a wide professional smile of hospitality on his lips, Head Clerk Ollie Bates awaited their coming and their pleasure.

"You got our wire?" demanded of him the young manager. "Rooms all ready?"

"Rooms all ready, Mister ——"

"Fine and dandy! We'll go right up and wash up for lunch. Here's the list—copy the names into the register yourself. Where's the elevator? Oh, there it is. All aboard, boys! No, wait a minute," countermanded this young commander who forgot nothing, as he turned and confronted Mr. Birdseye. "Before parting, we will give three cheers for our dear friend, guide and well-wisher, Colonel Birdseye Maple. All together:

"Whee! *Whee!* WHEE!"

The last and loudest Whee died away; the troupe charged through and over a skirmish line of darky bell hops; they stormed the elevator cage. Half in and half out of it their chief paused to wave a hand to him whom they had just honored.

"See you later, Colonel," he called across the intervening space. "You said you'd be there when we open up, you know."

"I'll be there, Swifty, on a front seat!" pledged Mr. Birdseye happily.

The overloaded elevator strained and started and vanished upward, vocal to the last. In the comparative calm which ensued Mr. Birdseye, head well up, chest well out, and thumbs in the arm openings of a distended waistcoat, lounged easily but with the obvious air of a conqueror back toward the desk and Mr. Ollie Bates.

"Some noisy bunch!" said Mr. Bates admiringly. "Say, J. Henry, where did they pick you up?"

"They didn't pick me up, I picked them up—met 'em over at Barstow and rode in with 'em."

"Seems like it didn't take you long to make friends with 'em," commented Mr. Bates.

"It didn't take me half a minute. Easiest bunch to get acquainted with you ever saw in your life, Ollie. And kidders? Well, they wrote kidding—that's all—words and music. I wish you could a-seen them stringing old man 'Lonzo Nutt down the street! I like to died!" He unbent a trifle; after all, Mr. Bates was an old friend. "Say, Ollie, that gang won't do a thing to our little old scrub team this afternoon, with Long Leaf Pinderson pitching. I saw him in action—with oranges. He ——"

"Say, listen, J. Henry," broke in Mr. Bates. "Who in thunder do you think that gang is you've been associating with?"

"Think it is? Who would it be but the Moguls?"

"Moguls?"

A convulsion seized and overcame Mr. Bates. He bent double, his distorted face in his hands, his shoulders heaving, weird sounds issuing from his throat. Then lifting his head, he opened that big mouth of his, afflicting the adjacent air with raucous and discordant laughter.

"Moguls! Moguls! Say, you need to have your head looked into. Why, J. Henry, the Moguls came in on the twelve-forty-five and Nick Cornwall and the crowd met 'em and they're down to the Hotel Esplanade right this minute, I reckon. We tried to land 'em for the Balboa, but it seemed they wanted a quiet hotel. Well, they'll have their wish at the Esplanade!"

"Then who—then who are these?"

It was the broken, faltering accent of Mr. Birdseye, sounded wanly and as from a long way off.

"These? Why, it's the College Glee Club from Chickasaw Tech., down in Alabama, that's going to give a concert at the opera house to-night. And you thought all the time you were with the Moguls? Well, you poor simp!"

In addition to "simp" Mr. Bates also used the words "boob," "sucker," "chunk of Camembert" and "dub" in this connection. But it is doubtful if Mr. Birdseye heard him now. A great roaring, as of dashing cataracts and swirling rapids, filled his ears as he fled away, blindly seeking some sanctuary wherein to hide himself from the gaze of mortal man.

Remaining to be told is but little; but that little looms important as tending to prove that truth sometimes is stranger than fiction. With Swifty Megrue coaching, with Magnus, the Big Chief, backstopping, with Pinderson, master of the spitball in the box, twirling, nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, the Anneburg team that day mopped up, the score standing:

	R	H	E
Anneburg	6	9	1
Moguls	4	7	2

United States "Balanced" Tires
Tenacious as the Grip of a Bulldog
The big thick knobs on the 'Nobby' Tread may fairly be likened to a bulldog's teeth.
They take a grip of the ground that will not be denied.
They were put on the tread, not as a pretty pattern, but as a real anti-skid.
'Nobby' Treads were the first successful anti-skid tires built.
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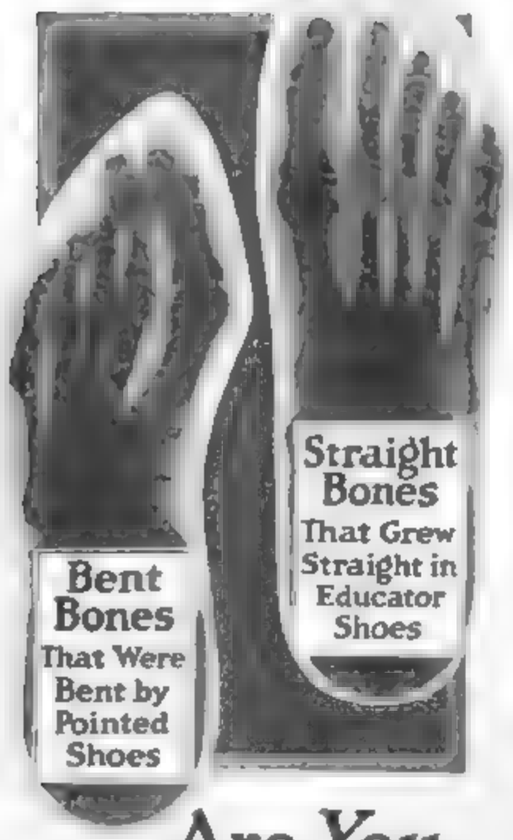

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NATURE never intended your feet to be crowded into narrow, pointed shoes. She exacts, as penalty, bent bones, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat-foot, etc.

Slip your feet into roomy, long-wearing Educators and Nature will restore your comfort by giving each toe all the space it needs.

Your children in Educators are insured life-long comfort.

But see that EDUCATOR is branded on the sole. Otherwise it's not the correct Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should".

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a free booklet that tells "How to Walk Right; How to Have Healthy, Straight Boned Feet, etc."—startling facts by orthopaedic authorities. Send for copy today.

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14 High St., Boston, Mass.

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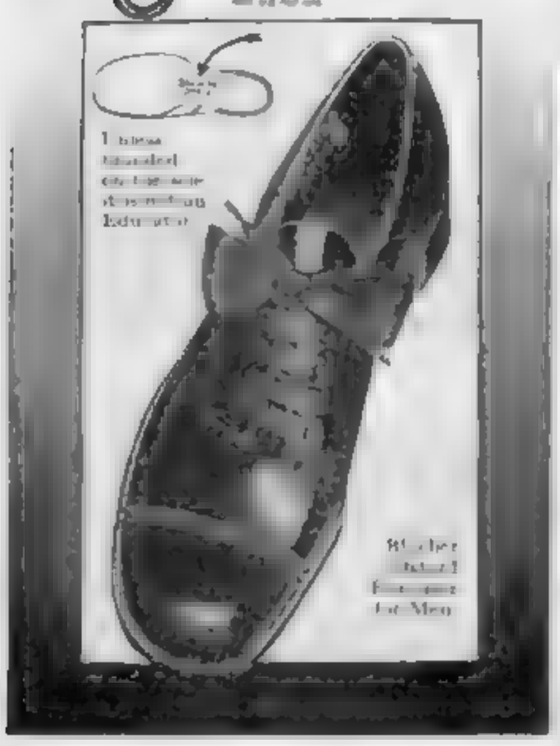


TRADING YOU UP

(Concluded from Page 16)

heard her say to an airy young thing before a mirror:

"Up in the Millinery on Saturday they are going to show some wonderful imported hats at five and ten dollars. They are models that have been selling as high as seventy-five dollars! They will not be advertised, but I happen to know that they are really going to be 'some' hats for the money!"

And so they were. Undoubtedly they were all the store claimed for them, for misrepresentation is taboo in this establishment. But, to me, the interesting thing was the fact that Rosa Swarzburg and perhaps a hundred other clerks in that store were putting over that little piece of acting time after time all day long. More interesting still was the reflection that somewhere above them was an unseen stage manager who had planned it all and put the very words in their mouths.

You see no evidence of all this finesse of modern merchandising when you go into the store. The wires are laid cunningly, where you can't see them. You've got to get back of the scenes to discover these wires, where they emerge from between the walls and find their switchboard in the brains of clever men.

Perhaps you wonder where the incentive comes in—how these parrotlike salespeople are induced to play their rôles. Well, in the first place, human nature, as a rule, responds to discipline and does what it is told more or less successfully. But the larger incentive is the common hope of gain. Whatever benefits the whole store adds to the salaries and commissions of the salesforce.

I shall not attempt to describe the mechanism by which these things are accomplished. To follow through in detail the workings of these constantly shifting selling schemes would involve the story of endless originality, conferences, records, blank forms and accounting—analogous to the things that happen out of sight on the stage. But perhaps I ought to suggest to you young men and women who contemplate merchandising as a career that your salary and advancement will come chiefly from your invention and executive ability behind the scenery.

In this connection it may help you to know in which direction the best opportunities lie; so, incidentally, let me whisper some further secrets I discovered in this particular store, through the grace of the merchandise manager.

The Lemon Departments

As a general rule, you will not stand much chance of ever getting a high salary in the Books, China, Furs, Groceries, Notions, Toys, Art Needlework, Silverware, Domestics, Drugs, and some other departments. Last year this Book department netted only 1.6 per cent on the sales. The Groceries returned 2.4 per cent. In the Fur department the store lost 1.1 per cent, and in the Silverware it went in the hole 8.9 per cent.

On the other hand, some of the profitable departments were the Silks, Ready-to-Wear, Carpets, Furniture, Millinery, Waists and Negligee, Hosiery, Gloves, Clothing, Shoes, Knit Goods, and Flowers and Feathers. The profit in this last-named department was 18.8 per cent, after deducting all expenses. In the other departments of this group the net profit ranged mostly from six to twelve per cent on the sales. The Millinery was an exception, showing about four per cent profit, while the Oriental Rugs netted only three per cent.

On the whole the store paid a profit of 10.5 per cent net, on a total business of several million dollars.

Now it stands to reason that if you want to get a share in the fruit of these earnings you should be on the right side of the fence. You may not know at the time you first go into a store which side of the fence you are on; and some people stay on the wrong side all their lives and never discover it. They stick by the "lemon" departments. They never have enough information-getting initiative to find out how the land lies.

In general, the less profitable branches of a department store are those that deal in staples, which require steady plugging, but not a large amount of gray matter, to sell. The departments that show the big earnings are those where the imagination and judgment have more play, where the artistic and executive faculties are needed, and where fashions necessitate knowledge of markets, and daring.

I know of one store where the buyer in the Ready-to-Wear draws a salary of ten thousand dollars and a commission of as much more. In a city of fifty thousand people the buyer in this same department gets three thousand dollars and a commission of two per cent on his sales in excess of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Last year the department sold two hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars. In a town of fifteen thousand the buyer for all departments except the Ready-to-Wear has a salary of fifty dollars a week.

Women buyers almost invariably get much less than the men buyers, partly because they are willing—even eager—to work for less. There is another reason, as given to me in strict confidence by the merchandise chief. I disclaim all responsibility for this statement, but merely quote him:

"Women buyers are usually all right in the mere selection of goods, but they haven't head enough to sell the stuff."

So it seems that these inside doings about which I am telling are originated and carried out chiefly by men.

Young Jones' Plan

A year ago the merchandise manager in this store ruefully confronted unsatisfactory conditions in several departments that normally should have been profitable. Thus, in the Flannels the net profit was only 4.4 per cent. The volume of sales was so low that the so-called selling cost, or clerk hire, ran up to 9.6 per cent, though it should not have been over 5.5 per cent of the sales. The average number of sales by each clerk was 327 a month, instead of the fixed standard of 500.

In this department seven clerks were employed, and one night at the closing hour they were all asked to go to the merchandise manager's office. Here they found the buyer of the department and several other executives.

"Somehow or other," said the merchandise man to his glum little audience, "we have got to pull this department out of the mire. It will not do simply to fire half of you people and let the Flannels sink out of sight. We need that department to help round out our earnings. Has anybody here a suggestion to offer?"

Then up rose a young chap, whom I may call Enterprise Jones. I have seen him since, and he looks like a mere boy, with only a slight knowledge of razors.

"I, for one," he said, "am willing to go outside the store and drag in some new customers for the Flannels. I'll guarantee to bring in an average of at least one new customer a day for a year."

This caused a sensation among those salespersons. The idea violated all traditions of retail salesmanship, but, nevertheless, it hit the merchandise manager squarely on his bump of originality.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Every one of you people must do the same, and we'll keep a record of your results."

Thus put on their mettle, the seven clerks fell to. Every night they went out among their acquaintances and talked flannels and blankets, and things of that sort; and within three months the cumulative effect had raised the profits of the department from 4.4 to 9.8 per cent.

That was the beginning of a more general scheme of the same sort. Whenever a department shows signs of lagging in an alarming manner the order is issued that every clerk in it is expected to bring in a new customer a day. The results are very noticeable. The new customers, in turn, bring in others, like an endless chain.

"There is no reason why a clerk should be a clam outside the store," the merchandise man said to me. "Everybody has to buy goods, and most people buy many things at random. All that is necessary is to give them a hint about some attractive 'buy.' In this store we have many hundreds of clerks, and most of them, under the systematic pressure we put on them, are doing good outside work."

Enterprise Jones is now assistant buyer in the Wash Goods.

I got a glimpse, too, into another field of activity behind the scenes. In technical language it is called "trading up"; but you never hear that expression, except in secret. Its lure is thrown over you, however, every time you go into that store. There is a monster conspiracy afoot to "trade you up," and in these days of plenty of cash few people escape; yet, withal, you are happy over it, so no crime is done.

Suppose you are a young man and you go down to that store to buy a shirt. A dollar and a half is your limit, and a dollar would suit you better. Miss Gracie Prettygirl meets you at the shirt counter with a sweet little smile. It is part of the scheme of things in the Shirts to have attractive young women. The modern merchant is just foxy enough to figure out the psychology of good looks in relation to the different departments; and that is why you find, in this store, the good-lookers grouped at specific places. In the Hardware and House Furnishings you will find the fat and homely ones, but not in the Candy or Ribbons. You may find ordinary girls in the Notions, and half-and-half-lookers in the Trunks; but in the Shirts —— Well, Miss Gracie Prettygirl is a stunner!

"A shirt—size fifteen—at a dollar and a half," you hint.

"Certainly; we have some very good ones at that price," says Miss Gracie; and she trots out some sober-looking garments with sickly purple stripes. Then: "Here is a real lovely shirt at two dollars! The pattern is charming, isn't it?"

Hang it all, so it is—a real creation! In a few minutes, under the spell of the girl and the shirt, you give up two dollars. Thus the ice is broken and you are a convert to two-dollar shirts.

There is a whole set of secret rules in this store telling the salespeople how to trade up with true diplomacy and skill. It is a real art and its results are carefully checked on the records. In every department there is kept the serial story of average sales. In the Umbrellas and Parasols two years ago the average sale was $1.46; to-day it is $2.20. In the Neckwear, 56 cents; now 72. In the Waists, $1.44; now $2.32. In the Knit Goods, $4.81; now $5.16. In the Corsets, $1.65; now $2.40. In the Men's Clothing, $10.11; now $14.95.

Speeding Up Clerks and Buyers

Not only is the average sale of the department kept on the records, but the average sale of every clerk. If Jennie Johnson makes sales that average $3.20 in the Black Dress Goods, while Betty Jackson, in the same department, averages $4.01, Miss Jennie will get a little letter, unscented:

"Kindly step into the superintendent's office at closing time."

Then the frightened Jennie will get a lesson in how to get more of the customers' cash.

You see how all these things are matters of information. No store that does not understand the real science of merchandising can do them. There are records in this store of so many breeds and varieties that you get a headache by just looking them over.

You call it red tape, but every one of those intricate records has its answer in bigger sales. Take the case of Miss Lizzie O'Brien: She works in the Cloaks and Wraps. In March she sold $2796, and her average sale was $15.27—very good, I believe; but not quite good enough.

"Miss Lizzie," says the merchandise man, "I want you to beat your own record."

Then he gives her a card bearing a transcript of that record and offers her a prize if she will beat it. If all the clerks in the department beat their records the buyer gets a prize too.

Yes; and the buyer gets a still bigger reward if he beats the former record as to the average weekly selling salaries, average number of stock people employed, general cost of selling, percentage of advertising, gross profit, net profit, and other items.

If he doesn't do all these things he doesn't show up well when the merchandise manager and the proprietors take the comparative records and cast their knowing eyes over them.

"We had to can four buyers last year," observed the merchandise tyrant reflectively.

When you get behind the scenes you realize the relentless necessities of this strenuous era of merchandising.

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off

Neōlin Makes Any Shoe a Better Shoe

Neōlin Soles wear much longer than leather soles. How much longer?

That 'depends somewhat on the sort of leather Neōlin Soles are called upon to compete with.

They will outwear the very best of leather.

So scarce is all leather now, and so high in price the very best, that few of us get really fine leather soles.

That is one reason why Neōlin Soles have proven such a godsend.

They give longer service than the best of leather soles—and they are always the same.

There is only one quality of Neōlin.

Wherever you see that word Neōlin stamped on the sole—and be sure that you do see it—no matter whether the shoe be high or moderate in price, you're getting the same high grade of sole.

A lower priced shoe does not mean a lower quality of Neōlin. A higher priced shoe does not mean a higher quality of Neōlin.

You'll find Neōlin Soles on shoes of several grades and many prices.

And the shoe is always a better shoe because of the Neōlin Soles.

Besides, Neōlin is waterproof, which the best of leather is not.

Shoes with Neōlin Soles do not need to be broken in—they are yielding and flexible from the very first. And Neōlin Soles are good for weak foot muscles—they strengthen, by exercising them.

For youngsters, Neōlin Soles are not merely desirable—they are indispensable.

The shoe bill grows beautifully less the day that Neōlin Soles come into the home.

The nation is still crowding us for a bigger and bigger quantity of Neōlin Soles every day. We are still crowding toward a greater and greater output.

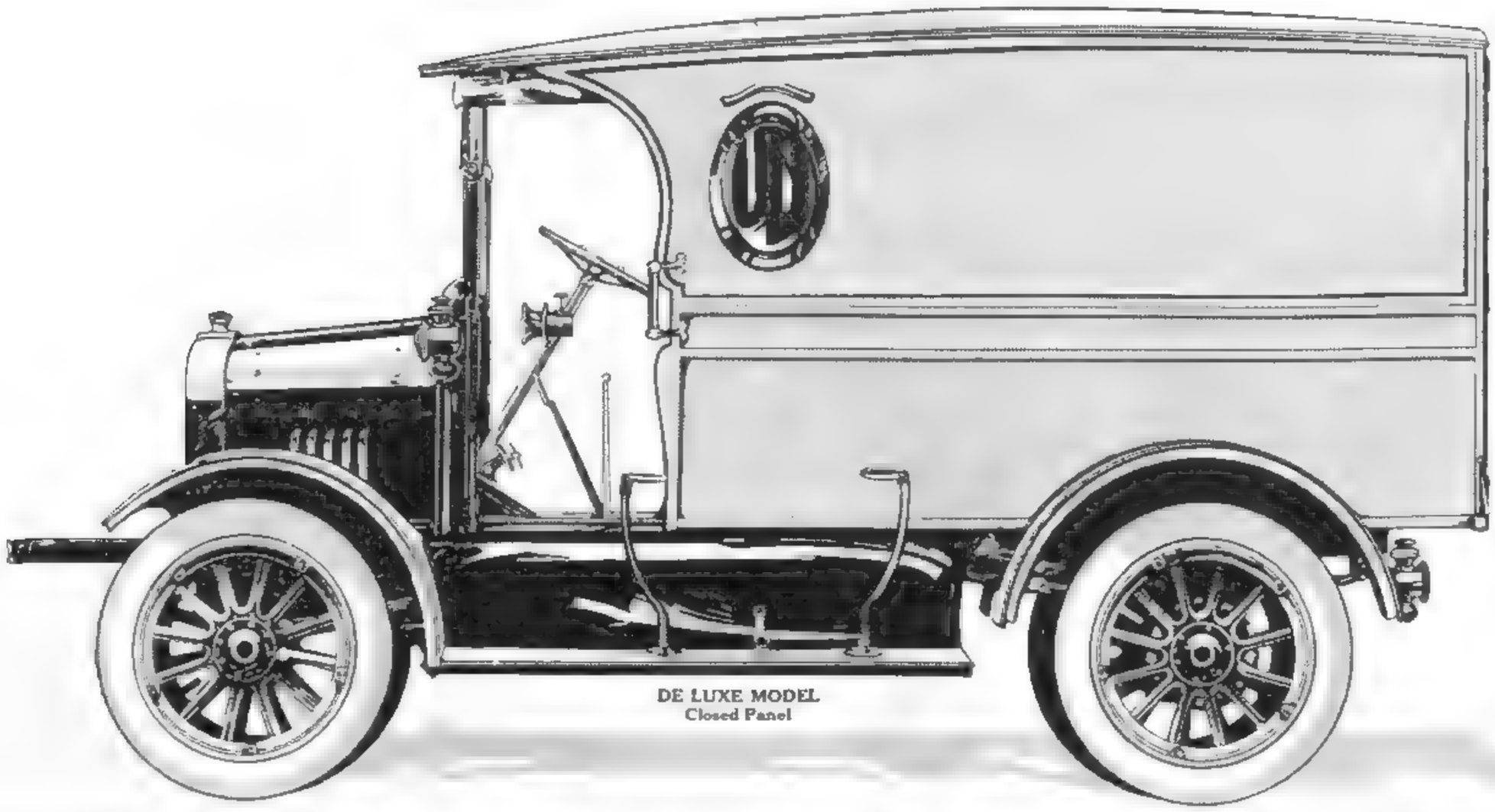
Meanwhile, your shoe stores and repair shops have them—tho' every new supply is quickly exhausted.

You need have no hesitancy in asking your retailer for Neōlin. Practically every shoeman in the land gladly recommends it.

If he is out of stock just now you will invariably find that his later-coming shoe styles will be Neōlin equipped.

Every Genuine Neōlin Sole
Bears the Brand Neolin
—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



DE LUXE MODEL
Closed Panel

DE LUXE MODEL
Closed Panel
$725
f. o. b. Philadelphia

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DELIVERY CARS

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THE VIM DELIVERY CAR is strictly a business man's proposition! It is built from radiator to rear axle for delivery work, with capacity of ½ ton and 106 cubic feet of loading space.

¶ *There are distinct differences between pleasure cars and delivery cars, as well as between delivery cars and trucks.*

¶ The VIM DELIVERY CAR is everything that a delivery car should be—has everything that a delivery car should have—experience has developed it.

¶ Graceful in design—super-normal in construction.

¶ "Classy" in appearance—powerful in performance.

¶ Efficient in service—economical in operation.

¶ It is complete—there are no extras of any kind to buy; every detail essential to the perfect delivery unit goes with it including *pride of ownership.*

¶ Not a cent is paid for fancy "talking points"—right construction and absolute efficiency are what you pay for, and what you *get.*

¶ The merchant who buys it is getting a car of established prestige—not contributing toward an experiment. Thousands of merchants in all parts of America use VIM cars; ask some of those in your vicinity.

¶ The VIM DELIVERY CAR was developed only after years of careful study of the delivery of light loads over long routes with frequent stops.

¶ "It stands up" and delivers every day in the year irrespective of weather or road conditions—and does that economically—efficiently—quickly—city or country.

¶ The Vim de Luxe is not a pleasure car chassis with a commercial body, but is designed throughout as a *delivery* car.

¶ Every ounce of it is built to unflinchingly meet delivery demands.

¶ $725 is its price—about the price of a good horse and wagon. We can produce it at these figures *only* because of our undeviating concentration on *one* chassis and the immense output that makes us *the largest exclusive producers of delivery cars in the world.*

Vim Service to Customers and Dealers

¶ *Not satisfied with our success in outstripping all competition but wishing to further accommodate those who prefer to purchase according to established practice in other industries, we are now able to announce our indorsement of a DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN offered through the Mercantile Trust Company of Illinois that is at once fair and equitable—*

¶ *Full particulars are now in the hands of our dealers in every part of the United States or will be mailed directly from this office upon request.*

See our dealer in your vicinity or write for catalog

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

NEW YORK CITY
56th Street and Broadway

CHICAGO
1233 Michigan Ave.

BOSTON
68 Brookline Ave.

PITTSBURGH
6117 Broad Street

KANSAS CITY
501 E. 16th Street

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Sales and Service Stations in 539 Cities and Towns throughout the United States

VIM DELIVERY CARS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

On Deferred Payments

THROUGH THE

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY

OF ILLINOIS

The deferred payment plan has made it possible for the business man of small capital to meet competition and develop a real future for his business.

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A. D. NAST

April the sixth,
1 9 1 8.

Mr. H. B. Larzelere,
Vice-President & General Manager,
VIM Motor Truck Company,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Do you fully appreciate the huge part time payments are playing in modern merchandising - the vast number of business houses that are now accustomed to buying their office equipment, machinery and other necessities by this method?

We ask you this after a thorough understanding of your policy of cash payments.

We know that a good delivery car is as much of a necessity to an up-to-date business as any other part of its equipment, consequently we believe it is now time to extend to the merchant the same advantages in the purchasing of his motor delivery equipment that he has enjoyed in practically all other lines.

We will be glad to talk this over with you in detail in Philadelphia.

Yours very truly,
MERCANTILE TRUST CO. OF ILLINOIS.
A. D. Nast. Pres.

ADN.CK

E. LUNN, 1ST VICE-PRESIDENT HARRIET J. ANDERSON ASST. SEC'Y

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO.

MARKET & 23RD STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

April 10, 1916.

Mr. A. D. Nast,
President, Mercantile Trust Co. of Illinois,
First National Bank Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

While your letter of the 6th instant; regarding a deferred payment plan for the VIM, is, as you yourself note, directly opposed to our policy of cash sales, still the requests on us for some such privilege have been so numerous and so insistent that we will be pleased to go over the matter with you in detail; this notwithstanding the fact that at the present writing sales are far in excess of production.

When may we expect you in Philadelphia?

Yours very truly,
VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO.
H. B. Larzelere.
Vice-President.

HBL:3

As a result of the above correspondence and the several conferences following thereon, the VIM MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY unqualifiedly endorse the MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY, and the fairness and equity of its plan, and have so notified and placed it before their more than five hundred dealers throughout the country, as the Vim Deferred Payment Plan.

It is a sound business proposition meeting a real business demand.

Merchants can now purchase Vim Delivery Cars on easy terms.

There is a VIM dealer in your territory. Get in touch with him. He will be pleased to explain this deferred payment plan, just what it is, and just what it means to you.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY of ILLINOIS

38 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

WE HANDLE TRUCK PAPER EXCLUSIVELY

Goodyear Blue Streak non-skid Bicycle Tires carry the same guarantee as tires for which you are asked to pay as high as $10 a pair.

Goodyear concentrates all of its experience and facilities on this one single tube bicycle tire rather than on dozens of brands of varying quality and varying price.

Thus you get one standard quality, one standard price, and one standard *guarantee* when you buy Blue Streaks.

Goodyear Blue Streaks sell *everywhere* for $2.50 each, non-skid. Get them from any reliable bicycle tire dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.,
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

A Year's Expenses
for a
Summer's Work

WE offer students the one sure way to earn their expenses this summer.

Last year several young men earned $1000.00 in the sixty working days of vacation. More than a hundred earned over $300.00.

You yourself know the popularity of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Subscriptions are easy to get. By averaging only an order an hour each working day you can earn $150.00 in August.

If you want to make a lot of money and make it quickly, write now to

The Educational Division, Box 493
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

JESSIE WILLARD

(Continued from Page 4)

laugh had the ring of thorough freemasonry. From the genial spirit which pervaded the neighborhood of the courts, he wondered if, after all, his momentary protégée might not strike the popular fancy. At any rate, he was convinced that his sponsorship of her wouldn't react to his disadvantage.

And so, during subsequent days, he accompanied her to Broad Mountain, where she had him winded within five minutes; to the traps on the marshes, where she broke thirty consecutive clay pigeons while Percy was nicking six; and to the beach itself, where she displayed a mastery of the crawl which rather disconcerted even the younger men who practically lived in the water. By this time there was no human male above the age of sixteen at the inn who wouldn't jump at the chance of spending a half day in her company, partly on account of her remarkable versatility, and partly on account of her remarkable vocabulary. She frankly preferred men to girls, because the men were more proficient. She detested incompetent femininity, and said so. She liked people to be virile and resourceful. It was wholly natural, therefore, that her confidences were made to men, and especially to Percy Corliss, who had first befriended her. Through him the Beach learned that she was twenty-four; an orphan; that from fourteen she had been entirely independent; that she owned an enormous acreage of oil-lands in Oklahoma and Texas; that her income was approximately twenty cents a minute, waking or sleeping; that once she had shot an Indian; and that she was an anti-suffragist.

Knowing these facts, the Beach regarded her as continuous vaudeville—gratis; and a few of the less effete youths thought they were in love with her, when in reality they merely appreciated her stature and her skill.

At the outset she was the best shot, and the best swimmer and diver, and the best rider, walker and driver of either sex at Broad Beach. Within a month of her adoption of tennis as a pastime she could give any other girl three games, half forty and a sound beating; and her tireless energy made her an object of apprehension to not a few of the men. As Buckingham said: "What's the use? I beat her 6–2, 7–5, 7–5, 6–3, 6–4, and then when my tongue was like a piece of blotting paper and my feet were so sore I couldn't run, she said she was just getting warmed up and wanted to keep on playing!" At golf she improved wonderfully, and with a total experience of five weeks she won the ladies' cup at match play; not so much on general form and results as on account of the terror she inspired among the startled fawns when they saw her first clinking drive. She could founder an iron shot, and still get greater length than a fawn could hope for from a clean brassy. After that she had the effrontery to enter the men's tournament—unprecedented it was, but permitted for lack of prior legislation—and to win one match over an opponent in knickerbockers before defaulting to Percy Corliss. She wouldn't explain why she defaulted; she said simply that she was plumb sick of golf—it wasn't strenuous enough.

But to a few of the more astute guests—astute by their own admission—it was plain that Jessie Willard, the champion tomboy of the hemisphere, had fallen in love with the most distinguished young snob of a set notorious for its extravagance in the way of snobbishness. That was veranda gossip—the truth of it may be judged from attending circumstances.

At first neither of them was aware of the gossip. Certainly Percy Corliss, who had made love to women in all parts of the civilized world, was slow to comprehend the dread fact that a dreadful person was now supposed to be making love to him. But the veranda observed, and said that Jessie was following primitive methods. If Percy left the inn without her she trailed him or she ambushed him; and as he gradually wearied of her attentions, which would have been doubly welcome in other quarters, his jockeying for a clear start provided regular and infallible diversion for the other guests. Did Jessie turn her head, Percy was off on the instant, striding down toward the boathouses as fast as his ingrowing dignity permitted. A dozen spectators held their breaths. Miss Willard looked blank, rose and moved to the railing. She emitted a code signal in the middle register of the coyote. Percy plodded diligently beachward. Then, utterly heedless of comment or convention, Miss Willard trotted down the steps and over the lawn—the shortest distance between two points. Fifteen minutes later some one with binoculars would indicate a canoe or a catboat slipping out into the tiny harbor and say: "Well, she caught him."

Naturally Miss Willard's tactics didn't increase her popularity with the more mature guests from Boston and Philadelphia. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other sojourner at Broad Beach was ever the subject of so much scathing criticism and ridicule from the rocking-chair squadron. And now the men, who had so marveled at her vigor and her spontaneity, also found cause to disapprove. They weren't jealous of Corliss, surely not that, but Miss Willard was—without equivocation—too forward, too insistent, too unmaidenly. Only Eaton, who carried forbearance to a fault, conceded her solid virtues; and even he found it expedient to keep his own counsel.

"What you're talking about," he said to a group of his friends, "is immaterial. She simply doesn't know how to pose. If she likes anybody she says so, and she doesn't see any reason why she shouldn't. And she has the making of a mighty fine woman ——"

"As a press agent," interrupted Suckley, fondling his mustache as though he considered it a very nice one, "you're a wonder! But Jessie's impossible. Quite impossible. It's such a good joke on Percy!"

"I envy you your sense of humor," said Eaton sharply.

But Suckley's opinion was shared by the general public. It was a good joke on Percy. It was he who had originally vouched for Miss Willard; poetic justice demanded that his punishment should fit the error. If any other man at Broad Beach had fallen into a similar trap, sentiment might have aroused pity for him; but when, in his seventh season, Percy still claimed to understand the idiosyncrasies of all women, this situation had all the charm of farce.

Imperceptibly, one by one, Miss Willard's quondam partners extricated themselves from the entangling alliance. Eaton said that it was fortunate, to some extent, that her personality was unique; otherwise there might be grounds for assuming that she was deserted because she was too successful in competition. It takes courage, he said, to go swimming with a girl who can cover the hundred yards in fifty-nine seconds; or to pull triggers with one who shoots better from the hip than the average man from the shoulder; or to ride with one who regards a saddle as a useless piece of furniture, invented chiefly for the comfort of the horse and not for the safety of the rider. And it was true that whatever field of endeavor she chose, Miss Willard was to be judged by men's rather than by women's standards. It was only when she danced that there was any opportunity to criticize her without deviating from the truth. She danced execrably.

But like many metropolitans who could die dancing—and ought to—she loved it! She was incredibly eager to be proficient, and she was rather amazingly light on her feet; but there wasn't a man at Broad Beach who wouldn't have preferred the sprained ankle he professed to have rather than stagger through a dozen bars with her. She was both confident and dominant. Beginning with a desperate resolution to remember what Eaton had once told her, she progressed at least three steps with every symptom of pronounced lassitude; then just as her companion was on the point of congratulating himself, she suddenly took command. She was physically equal to nearly anyone on the floor, so that when the man tried to lead, and Miss Willard tried to lead at the same time, complications were unavoidable. It was invariably the man who said "Ouch!"

The joke on Percy extended also to dancing. Although he scarcely rose to the level of her chin, Miss Willard indubitably preferred him. He couldn't escape. If he didn't ask her she asked him. If he claimed to have no vacant dances she interviewed the orchestra leader and arranged for four or five extras. Occasionally he begged her to sit out.

"Hardly," said Miss Willard. "I might never be East again—I've got to cash in while I'm here. Only I do wish they had somebody to call the figures!"

It was significant, however, that on the morning when Eaton jumped from the dock into very shallow water and found lodgment on a broken bottle, no one thought of appealing to any but Miss Willard. Instinctively it was understood that she must be capable in an emergency. She fairly radiated assurance. Afterward some of the more self-possessed girls had difficulty in explaining themselves, but at the moment they merely shouted for Jessie, who was illustrating the jackknife dive from the first springboard. And Jessie came ripping through the intervening twenty yards of water like a healthy young shark and brushed her way into the circle which surrounded Eaton. The only two men present happened to be the only persons thus brushed, and both of them sat down incontinently upon the sand.

The circle was assisting Eaton according to the general rules laid down for the use of fawns in such contingencies. One pink-and-white demoiselle was holding him by the hand and crying softly; two girls had turned their backs in evidence of the tremendous emotion which prevented them from looking upon the open wound; and a number of helpful débutantes were clamoring for bandages and enjoying mild hysterics—which should have been both soothing and stimulating to the patient.

Jessie dropped on her knees beside him.

"Let's look," she said. "Oh, that's all right. Two or three of you carry him over to the edge."

"Carry him!"

"Don't be idiotic!"

"Won't somebody do something!" wailed Miss Churchill, holding fast to Eaton's hand.

"I'll carry him myself," said Jessie grimly.

Before they could stop her she was behind him and her arms were round his waist. The two men, reddening perceptibly, sprang to assist her, and together they deposited Eaton on the spot she indicated. She herself hopped nimbly into knee-deep water.

"This is good enough antiseptic for now," she said, splashing generously. "There—that ought to be clean. Now somebody hold this artery for a second ——" It was at least three seconds before a volunteer stirred; and what Jessie said is not included in the approved vocabulary of finished young ladies. "Clean handkerchiefs!" she snapped. "A lot of 'em!" One she dipped in salt water and rolled tight. "Put that over it and press hard!" A pale-faced boy obeyed her. "Now get out of my way," said Jessie. Herself she made fast a bandage composed of the other handkerchiefs. Then she looked down the long line of tense faces. "Now," she said, "has anybody here got sand enough to help me carry him back to the inn, or have I got to do that myself?"

"Oh, I can walk if I have to," said Eaton, smiling a trifle weakly.

"You couldn't make it, but I'd gamble you'd try," said Jessie. "Where's Mr. Corliss?"

Through the outskirts of the crowd pushed Percy, paper-tinted and apologetic.

"Sorry—I can't stand carnage," he explained. "Better now, old man?"

If the Beach expected to hear an adequate arraignment of Percy, the Beach was cheated of its diversion.

"There are some people that way," grudged Jessie. "You run up to the hotel and see that the doctor's there. We'll bring Mr. Eaton all right."

"He ought to have a motor—or something."

"A motor never could get through this sand before—I guess it can't now. And we'll have him there before they could hitch up a horse. Come on, you men!"

They ferried Eaton to the inn, where the house physician told Miss Willard that a trained nurse could have served him to no better purpose.

"Shucks!" said Miss Willard. "After you've lived a couple of years on a quarter section you know something. Besides—I went to school in Kansas City."

Curiously enough, the incident exalted her but little in popular esteem. Long after Eaton ceased to receive hourly condolences, long after the moment of chilling

(Continued on Page 58)

SAXON

Strength · Economy · Service

THE EXPERIENCE OF OWNERS IS THAT SAXON "SIX" GIVES BETTER SERVICE AND GREATER MILEAGE AT LESS COST

Briefly, this sums up the situation among cars costing $1000 or less. Saxon "Six" superiority is a fact.

Motor car buyers have reached this conclusion after critically comparing the road-service records of all cars during the twelve month period just past.

In the beginning, selection of the car costing less than $1000 which offered the best investment presented a perplexing problem. There had been insufficient time clearly to demonstrate the relative values of the various makes.

And sincere but over-enthusiastic salesmanship, by printed word and word of mouth, had contrived to cast an illusion of fine quality around many a mediocre car.

As soon, however, as the mileages began to mount claims were replaced by records and phrases gave way to facts.

It was at this point that Saxon "Six" began to pull up into a position of leadership in the opinion of purchasers.

Verified reports from hundreds of owners showed that Saxon "Six" coined 21 to 26 miles of arrow-swift travel from a gallon of gasoline. It wrung more than 150 miles from each quart of oil.

It was shown that Saxon "Six" had a wealth of "pick-up pep"—that it could go from a standing start to 45 miles per hour in less than 24 seconds.

It was shown that Saxon "Six" had a wonderfully powerful motor—able to climb an 18 per cent grade, mile long hill in one minute and two seconds.

It was shown that Saxon "Six" could "burn up" the highway like a racer or idle "on high" at a mile and a half an hour. And, do either with effortless ease.

And it was shown that the fine construction and skilled engineering in Saxon "Six" had endowed it with uncommon strength and ruggedness. Its freedom from repairs and replacements caused marked comment.

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"Six" Touring Car	*$815*
"Six" Roadster	*815*
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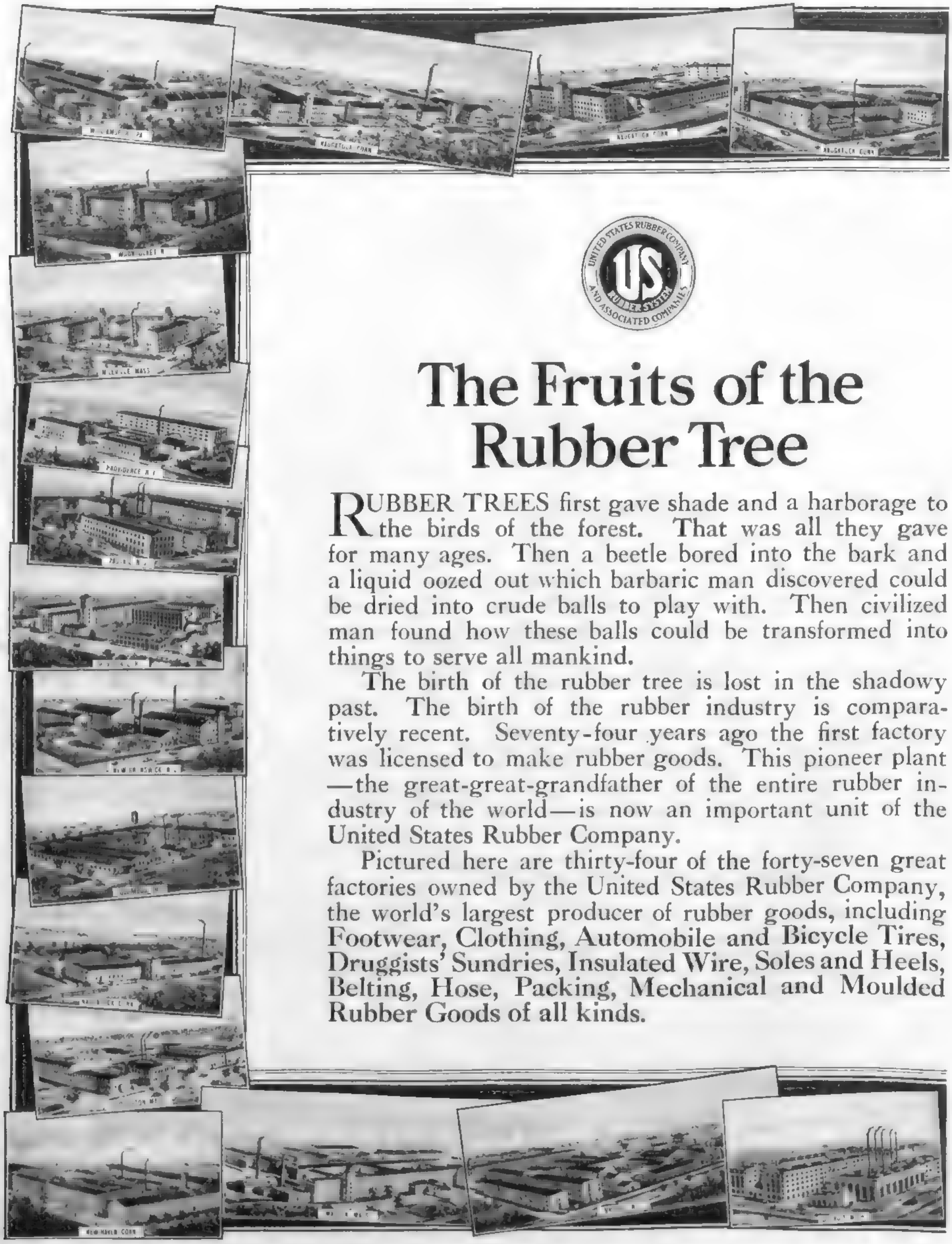
THE SAXON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS



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US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Fruits of the Rubber Tree

RUBBER TREES first gave shade and a harborage to the birds of the forest. That was all they gave for many ages. Then a beetle bored into the bark and a liquid oozed out which barbaric man discovered could be dried into crude balls to play with. Then civilized man found how these balls could be transformed into things to serve all mankind.

The birth of the rubber tree is lost in the shadowy past. The birth of the rubber industry is comparatively recent. Seventy-four years ago the first factory was licensed to make rubber goods. This pioneer plant —the great-great-grandfather of the entire rubber industry of the world—is now an important unit of the United States Rubber Company.

Pictured here are thirty-four of the forty-seven great factories owned by the United States Rubber Company, the world's largest producer of rubber goods, including **Footwear, Clothing, Automobile and Bicycle Tires, Druggists' Sundries, Insulated Wire, Soles and Heels, Belting, Hose, Packing, Mechanical and Moulded Rubber Goods of all kinds.**

If all of these factories were grouped in one locality, if the army of workers and their families were housed around the mammoth plant so formed, there would arise a mighty city—larger than Rochester, larger than Louisville, St. Paul or Denver.

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Do You Want This Man's Job?

A year ago Ivan Heymanson was tied down to a desk and a time clock. He was ambitious to be independent, to own a business of his own and to make more money.

Although he had often read advertisements similar to this, he was skeptical about the value of the positions offered. Finally he decided to investigate for himself. As a result of his inquiry he joined the staff of able men who have found that selling subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is a permanent, dependable and attractive way of earning a livelihood.

We need more representatives like Mr. Heymanson. You can experiment with our work in your spare hours until you prove its value to your own satisfaction. No investment is necessary. A line of inquiry will bring full details.

Agency Division, Box 495
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 54)

fear was forgotten, people remembered Miss Willard's expletive under stress of impatience, and allowed it to outweigh her presence of mind and her professional first aid. And, as usual, those who had done nothing to help her were so prolific in alibi and so complete in their expositions of what might have been done that presently they took upon themselves the credit of doing it. By September a newcomer to the inn might easily have imagined that, but for the quick wit of Miss Spence and Miss Churchill, Eaton would have lost a leg, if not two.

While he was convalescing, Eaton asked frequently for Miss Willard, and although she talked sporadically with him on the veranda, she always had one eye on Percy Corliss, or on the spot whence he had vanished from sight. It was during these restless minutes that Eaton learned how fully to appreciate her.

"It's been a wonderful summer for me," she said with utter sincerity. "Folks out home told me I wouldn't get along—but I told 'em I'd always been a scratcher."

"Scratcher!" he puzzled. "What's that?"

"Why, a scratcher's a man that rides bad horses. Only I didn't find any to ride."

"You've really enjoyed it then?"

"Enjoyed it!" She started up for a better perspective of an undersized man crossing the lawn and sank back in her chair. "Why shouldn't I? Everybody's been so nice and friendly —— What was that? Did you say something?"

"No—please go on."

"Why, they've taught me all their games and these new dances—and the girls are crazy about my dresses ——"

"I should think they would be!"

"You know," said Miss Willard, "out there I never wore much of anything but khaki and flannel—this has been one gorgeous riot for me in clothes. I'm sort of beginning to wish I hadn't."

"Really?"

"Well, they cost too darn—they cost too much," she said frankly. "Not that I've got to live on soldiers and lump jaw when I go back—because I haven't. But if I'd held myself down to about half what I got, I could have sent twenty miles of gauze and a ton of liniment abroad—something like that. Or I could have set up a row of milk and ice stations in New York—or paid a gang of circuit riders out West. It's a waste—and waste's next door to a crime. Why ——" She laughed gayly. "Ten years from now I'll probably be wearing out some of these same clothes. They'll go big out home. Out there style's what you happen to have on."

"You do like the West though?"

"Like it? Well, I guess I like it the way sailors do the ocean. You like it, and you're afraid of it. It's so blamed big. There's only two kinds of things I like, anyway; they've got to be a lot bigger than I am, or a lot littler. I like mountains and kittens, and dogs and sand storms."

Eaton thought of Percy Corliss.

"I'm glad the people here have been good to you."

"Yes, they sure have. One or two—well, nobody could have been nicer to me than Mr. Corliss. He's taken me everywhere—and he was the first one that noticed me. I'll miss him. Of course I wish he'd come through when you got hurt—but I've seen two-hundred-pound gun fighters shy away from blood. If it's in you you can't help it. But the others have been good, too. It was mighty white of 'em to let me beat so much, but I ——"

"To let you beat!"

"Yes—didn't you know that? Why, I knew they were laying down." She laughed again. "They thought it kind of pleased me to beat—why, I couldn't beat 'em if they really tried, except maybe riding. And I sat a horse when I wasn't two yet. That isn't fair."

Eaton looked at her soberly.

"You don't think you—won because you deserved to?"

"How silly! All the swimming I ever learned was when I was East before, in a tank—and one year on the coast. And out home they kid me because I'm such a bad shot. And these parlor games—golf and tennis—well, they don't know me very well; maybe they thought I'd quit playing if I didn't win once in a while —— Excuse me, there's Mr. Corliss!"

Eaton sighed and watched her race across the turf. More than usual he was irritated at the subdued ripple of laughter which went up from the veranda. Granted that she was misplaced in the neighborhood of Broad Beach, he couldn't help believing that in her own habitat she would be one woman in a million; and he knew, too, how ridiculous any of these hothouse society buds would appear in Miss Willard's home territory. Nevertheless he was worried over her obvious attachment for Corliss. His judgment told him that it was due to Miss Willard's fundamental loyalty—still it worried him. It worried him because he had just begun to estimate how much he would give to change places with Percy—who wasn't worthy of as much affection as Miss Willard lavished upon the greenkeeper's Airedale in the course of a single day. But what could he do about it?

On the third Saturday in September Eaton walked unsupported for the first time since his accident. Leaning upon a heavy cane, he limped downstairs after breakfast and preempted a pleasant corner of the sun parlor, which yielded a satisfactory prospect of the hotel grounds. And soon there came to him Miss Willard, bearing an innocuous book, and fussed over him a little, and made him laugh, and sat in a steamer chair near by to read in comfort. Outside, on the open veranda, a group of older women tatted and tattled amicably; in the farthest angle of the sun parlor three acidulous matrons and three fawnlike daughters conversed in undertones.

"How plainly we can hear their voices!" said Eaton. "This glass makes a perfect sounding board, doesn't it? It's almost a duplicate of the whispering gallery at Washington."

"Um," said Miss Willard, turning a page.

Eaton continued to revel in the strength-bringing sunshine, now and then stealing a glance at Miss Willard, who, totally unconscious of his scrutiny, read on. He argued that the book must be exceptional; by straining on his elbows, he was able to see the title and knew that it was an ingenuous love story. Miss Willard's face was relaxed and sympathetic; her mouth was curved in a tenderness which astonished Eaton. She wasn't beautiful—no, emphatically no; but she displayed a natural warmth and a certain exquisite reticence of the flesh which at this moment recreated her in a sort of maternal loveliness. All at once she appeared to Eaton in the softening light of her age and her heart instead of her generous figure. He inclined toward her; but before he had framed the simple question which hesitated on his lips, he heard from the distant corner a speech obviously whispered, but magnified and transmitted by the acoustic properties of the enveloping glass.

"If the management takes girls of that class next season I think I'll go somewhere else. This used to be exclusive."

Eaton started; but Miss Willard read placidly on.

"One can't be sure except at Newport, my dear."

"True—and one wouldn't believe that a single person could prove so demoralizing."

"Sh-h-h!"

"It's all right—she can't possibly hear us."

Eaton noted that Miss Willard turned several pages at once; she was concentratedly intent upon her modern literature; but in each cheek a tiny disk of color flamed bright. He was strongly minded to reach out and touch her; he wanted her to know that he, too, had overheard and that he was equally hurt by the gross insinuations.

"She makes herself so cheap—throwing herself at Percy Corliss' head."

"Oh, the race of fortune hunters isn't extinct by any means, my dear."

"She'll probably propose to him in a day or two," said one of the daughters, giggling at the delicious humor of it.

"I don't doubt it in the least. Anyone who's shameless enough to chase him as she does is capable of almost anything."

Eaton looked at her appealingly; she had bent her head a trifle lower, and the disks of color were deep scarlet; but she made no move of departure.

"Of course it's all nonsense about her money."

"Oh, of course! You've noticed the only jewelry she has is a string of pearls ——"

"Imitations cost fifty dollars," said one of the daughters.

"And her clothes—well, two or three thousand dollars' worth of clothes are small bait, my dear, for a man like Percy. I should call it a very good investment. She'd get it back overnight"

"You don't imagine she'll really get him?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"But Percy isn't very strong-minded. She might batter him into submission."

"You wouldn't think that if you knew what he's said to me about her. The poor boy's desperate. If it weren't for Edith he'd have gone long ago ——"

"And the way she plays round with the men! Apparently she doesn't know what pride means. Have you ever heard her ask a man to go shooting with her? You'd think she's a man herself."

"I tremble to think what they say about her in the card room."

"And Percy's so patient. She's simply spoiled the summer for him—but he's wonderfully sweet about it. If it weren't for Edith —"

Miss Willard rose, avoiding Eaton's effort to detain her. Humming diffidently she crossed the room and gained the veranda, descended the broad steps and set out for the gap in the trees which provided an exit to the state road. Eaton heard a smothered exclamation from the opposite corner:

"You don't think she heard ——"

"Goodness, no! She couldn't have. She must have seen Percy trying to get away."

In the burst of resultant laughter Eaton pulled himself erect and took his cane. With difficulty he hobbled out to the bricked loggia and thence to the garage. A huge blue runabout stood in the front rank; he clambered into the seat and gingerly tested the pedals. Luckily the injury was to his left foot, and the clutch worked easily. He touched the starting button, the engine leaped into pulsing life and, under miniatration to gas and spark controls, softened its note to a steady and monotonous roar. The car moved slowly forward, swerved through the open door and swept past the façade of the inn. On the veranda a pretty girl, all fluff and ruffles, threw up her hand in signal.

"Oh, Mr. Eaton! I'm going over to the village too!"

He pretended not to have understood her and speeded the runabout to forty miles an hour, leaving Miss Churchill to stare sorrowfully after him, in realization of another lost opportunity.

After he had turned into the state road Eaton began to wonder why he had come and what he expected to do. One thing was certain: under no conditions must he overtake Miss Willard before she had thoroughly fought out the battle with herself. So he allowed the motor to idle for a moment; he stopped it altogether and gazed at the landscape; he ran at a snail's pace for a quarter mile; he stopped again and gave himself over to meditation. At length, when he had squandered nearly an hour, he curved round a blind corner and perceived in the dust ahead a woman walking toward him. Queerly disturbed, he waited until he was sure of the identification. Then, throttling down the motor to three miles an hour, he advanced—and paused abreast of her. She looked at him and made no sign.

"Miss Willard," he said gently.

There was no answer.

"Miss Willard—I came out to save you ——"

Her face went crimson, but she didn't speak.

"Won't you let me take you back?"

Her eyes held the torture of a hurt animal.

"You came to—to take me back?"

"To save your walking."

Miss Willard climbed lethargically in beside him.

"Thank you," she said in a voice of infinite weariness. "Oh—thank you! But don't—talk!"

And that comprised the sum of their conversation on the return journey.

As the runabout drew up before the inn Eaton was sorry to perceive that the lawn and the steps and the veranda were thronged with idlers. Miss Willard had to thread her way between rows of men and girls; and although she went proudly, with her head high, Eaton knew by the carriage of her shoulders and the spasmodic twitching of her hands that she was acutely sensitive to the inaudible remarks on either side. They weren't vicious remarks—she could have endured that—they were funny. Without actually hearing them, she knew, and Eaton knew, that they were funny. At last she understood what her place was, what it had always been, and what her future must be in so far as Broad Beach was concerned. And, with her head lifted proudly, she went straight through the cohorts of her pseudo-friends and into the lobby and up the stairs. Her maid met her at the door of her room.

"Miss Willard, ma'am ——"

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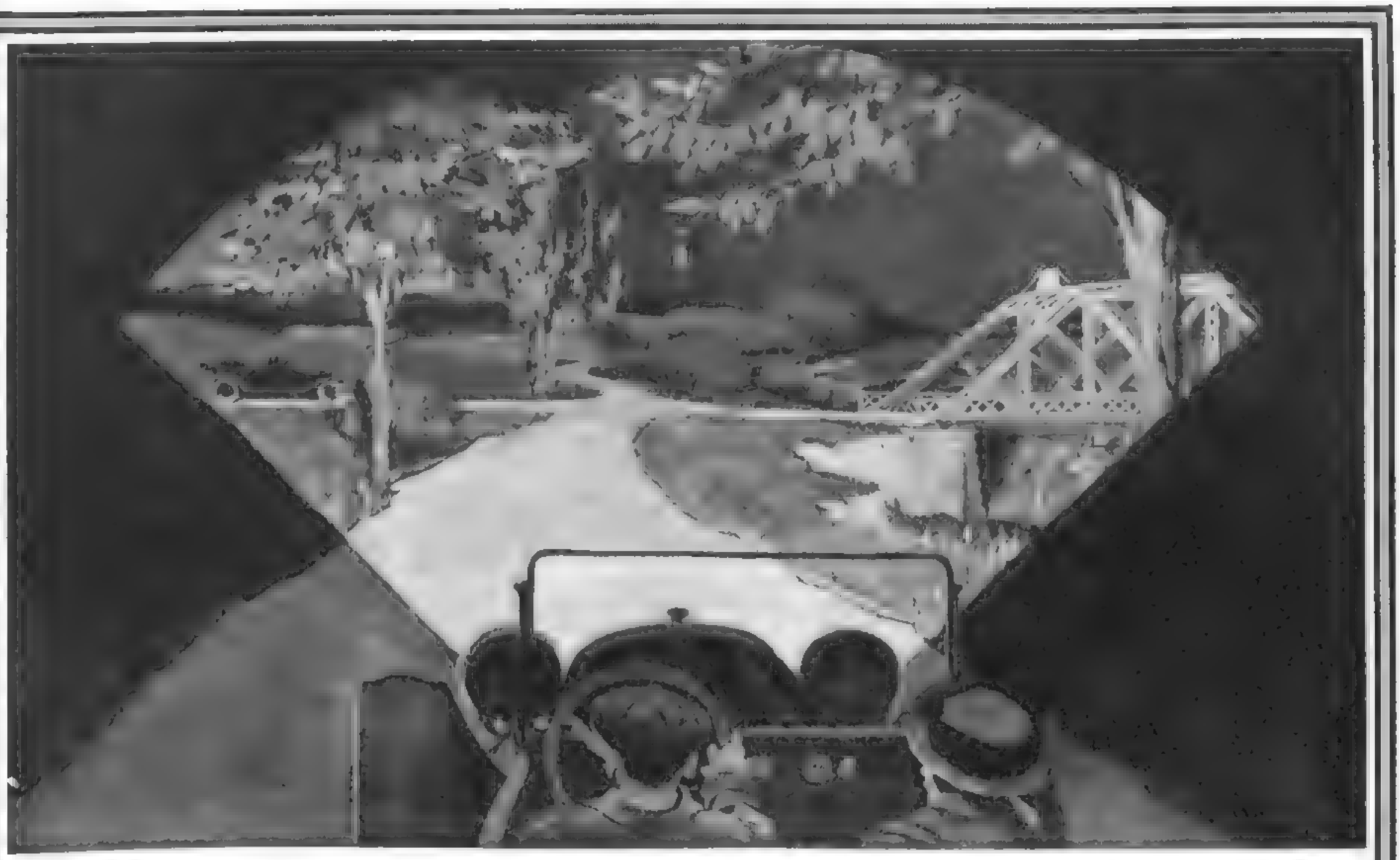
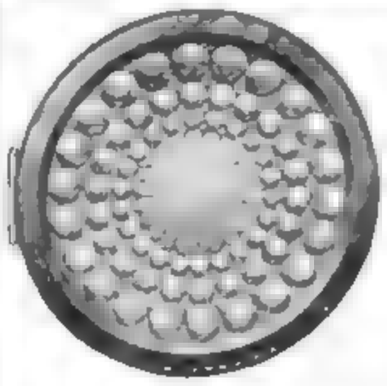
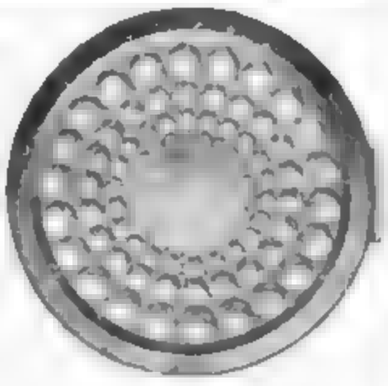




Gives Man-Made Daylight for Motoring at Night



WARNER-LENZES take the place of the ordinary glass lenses in your present auto-lamps. They diffuse your light in an arc—almost a half-circle. That lights up the scenery on both sides of your car, and ahead of you too—from 300 to 500 feet. They avoid the blinding glare prohibited by law. They eliminate the necessity of dimmers that make your lamps dangerously weak.

Lamps that now obscure your view on both sides leave you in utter darkness except for a glaring shaft of light ahead. They shut off your view like the blinders on a horse.

The Warner-Lenz lights up the turns and corners before you reach them and while you are turning. No other, we believe, does that.

Safety, pleasure and motoring etiquette all demand the Warner-Lenz in your automobile lamps. A courtesy you owe "the other fellow." Let your lamp reflect the light of a gentleman.

No Dim Weak Rays

No Blinding Glare

Night Driving Now Safe and Pleasurable

Police and Public Indorse it

It is a Lens, not a lamp

You can test it in your lamps without risking a dollar—your money refunded if you are not delighted.

Don't use dimmers that make your light ineffective. Don't drive with a blinding glare that shuts off your view 'round about. Buy the Warner-Lenz and learn the comfort, safety and security of motoring at night by "man-made daylight."

THE WARNER-LENZ CO. 917 South Michigan Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Use the Coupon

But please do not think the Warner-Lenz is a lamp. It is not. It is simply a lens and is easily attached to any auto lamp of any size. But it combines 176 lenses in one.

This great invention carries the personal guarantee of Mr. A. P. Warner—the father of the auto-meter.

WARNER-LENZ

Prices of *Warner-Lenzes* Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies	West of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50	$3.75
9¼ to 10, inclusive	4.00	4.25
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00	5.25

Please Read These Directions Carefully

To make sure of getting exact size, take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark around it with a pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

Money-Back Coupon

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
917 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Inclosed find ... check, money order or cash for which please send to me postpaid ... Warner-Lenzes with a guarantee that if not entirely satisfactory they will be refunded upon return of the lenses within ten days. (S. E. P.)

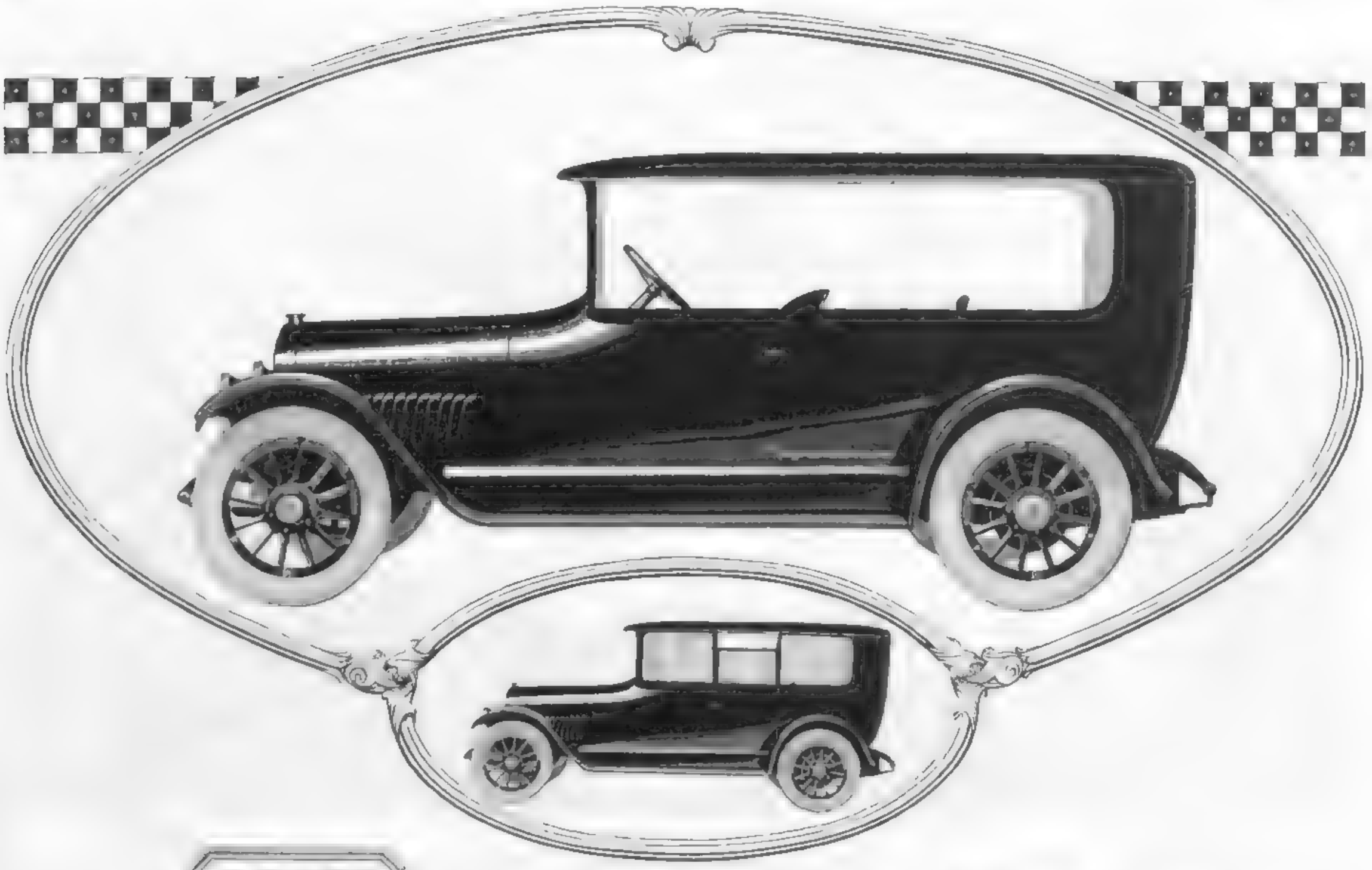
Name _____

City _____ *State*

Name and model of car _____

Dealer's name _____

Address



1917

Cole 8

Cole-Springfield Body

Made in Springfield, Mass.

The New All-Season Model Two Cars in One

The introduction of the seven passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan is proving to be the sensation of the season.

For here at last is the ideal car! Here at last is a car combining all the comforts and luxuries of the most costly limousine plus all the advantages of the open car.

Here is a car that in one minute can be changed from a limousine to a touring car. In other words, here you have two cars in one.

Yet the two bodies are in one unit. The top does not come off—as is the ordinary practice. It does not take two or three men two or three hours to make the change. The roof is permanent. Just the windows are removable. They can be changed in no time.

When touring, if a sudden shower comes up just slip the windows in place and spin along as in a limousine. With the reappearance of the sun—remove your windows—and be on your way in an open touring car.

Can you imagine anything more practical and delightful?

The new Cole-Springfield bodies are richly finished and elegantly appointed. They embody the finest coach work, the most costly materials, the most graceful designs and the best construction. In a word—they represent the last word in fine motor car bodies.

These magnificent all year 'round bodies furnished with the famous eight cylinder Cole motor will be pointed out as the great crowning achievement of the automobile industry.

Now on exhibition at Cole dealers. Have your demonstration today.

The seven passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan $2195.

The four passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé $2195.

The Cole-Springfield Town Car $2495.

The standard Cole Eight seven passenger touring car and four passenger Roadster are

$1595

All prices f. o. b. factory

Cole Motor Car Company, Indianapolis, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Pack the mules, Maggie," said Miss Willard evenly. "We're going West in the morning."

Eaton waited for her in vain until half past eight—she appeared at neither lunch nor dinner. Finally he sent a brief but comprehensive note by a page; and in response she came slowly down, in her sport suit, to meet him at the foot of the stairway.

"You're leaving us, I suppose," he ventured, discovering that without apparent motive they had shaken hands.

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"First train to-morrow."

"I wondered," he said, "if you wouldn't care to spend your last evening with me. Perhaps it'll help you to know what I think."

She looked at him narrowly.

"I guess I can trust you. You're mighty kind. I'd like to be out somewhere to-night."

"Out-of-doors? Come on then—everyone's at dinner."

"Them? You don't think I'd mind them, do you?"

"I don't myself – but let's start. Are you all ready?"

Limping, he led the way out under the sky.

"Where?" he asked her.

Miss Willard clutched at his arm.

"Do you know what I'd really like? You'll think I'm crazy or something, but—take me in a canoe to Pine Island –and talk to me just as though I were one of these silly little fluffs—and when we're in a shadow—kiss me once. And then forget it! Will you?" She spoke fiercely, but Eaton knew that her request was highly impersonal.

Without further comment he limped down to the boathouse and located a canoe. Miss Willard climbed into the waist; Eaton took the paddle; the fragile craft danced out upon the silvered bay. They made the trip to the little island in silence; although once or twice Eaton attempted to speak, each time discretion warned him to refrain. He beached the canoe and, as well as he could, helped Miss Willard ashore. Together they found a moss bank under a stunted tree, and together they sat down. Eaton put his hand over hers.

"If you feel like telling me about it," he said, "I wish you would."

She drew a prodigiously deep breath.

"I heard them," she said. "That's all. But—it came pretty hard to be told in that way what you've been saying and thinking about me all summer."

"Not I!"

"No? I don't know whether to believe that or not. I can't believe much of anything any more. Only—I must have been a circus." She turned to face him. "Do you know why I wanted you to bring me out here? All my life I've been a husky. Nobody'd ever think of taking care of me—I've taken care of other people. Well, I thought when I came East this time I could be a girl. I thought I'd be treated like any other girl—I hoped so. . . . You know they say nobody loves a fat man—I guess it's the same with a big woman—I'm just a joke anyway. I can't help it—I can't ever get away from it. I wanted you to bring me out here because you do size up better than the other men. When I think of what I said to that little runt of a Corliss boy —— Well, I thought maybe you'd understand. He was such a helpless little kitten—and I've always got to be petting something. . . . I taught him a lot too. . . . He rode worse than a girl, and he couldn't hit a barn door at ten feet with a shotgun. I was just mothering him. I didn't know it was so—so ludicrous. And money—I've got enough of my own. And if I married a man like that and took him out home, they'd lynch both of us. . . . Well, before I went away I did want to feel like an ordinary *girl*—I thought maybe you could see that. So if it's dark enough, won't you please pretend for about ten minutes that I'm a useless bunch of ribbons—and talk rot to me—summer stuff? And then—what I said. And I can go home and pretend that for once in my life a man took me for something else than a freak. Why, I could handle that Corliss man with one hand—that's the trouble! And I'm dead tired of being big and reliable. Won't you say something please?"

"My dear," said Eaton gently, "do you know what I've been wanting all this last month? It was to be alone with you in just such a place as this—I began to think my chance never would come ——"

"Bully! Go ahead!"

"We've known each other only a short time—measured by weeks and days—but I'm jealous already of all the time that went before—when I didn't know you. You've made this summer for me—the best I ever had."

"Ready?" she breathed

"Ready you're not afraid to be out here with me, are you?"

"Oh, no."

"You know I'll take care of you?" He put his arm round her and drew her close to h m

"Yes."

"From the very first day I saw you," said Eaton with astounding conviction in his voice, "I knew I'd love you, dear. You're just exactly the girl I've been waiting years and years to know strong and tender-hearted and brave and joyous I've loved every minute I've had with you ——"

"Do you say that to to every girl?"

"Only to you. . . . After you go this will be worse than a desert for me. . . . I don't know if I can endure it without you. All I want to do is to love you and care for you both of us living in the great open spaces "

She nestled against his shoulder.

"That's nice," she sighed. "Nobody ever "

"You have the loveliest eyes in the world, dear—and the loveliest hair—and the softest cheeks ——" He brushed them tenderly with his hand. "Look up, dear—won't you look at me?" He lifted her unresisting chin and touched his lips to hers. After an instant she struggled furiously free and leaped to her feet.

"Why!" she panted. "That wasn't – that was real!"

Eaton had her in his arms again, gazing into her eyes. With a sudden inrush of perception she knew that he was looking down into them. He was taller than she—bigger—stronger!

"Of course it was real! The realest thing I ever did in my life! I do want you—always! You and I don't belong here—I'm sick of it too! I've been here ten years—I'm going back! I want you to go with me—out where everything's big and clean and fresh ——"

Trembling in his arms she fought away from his lips.

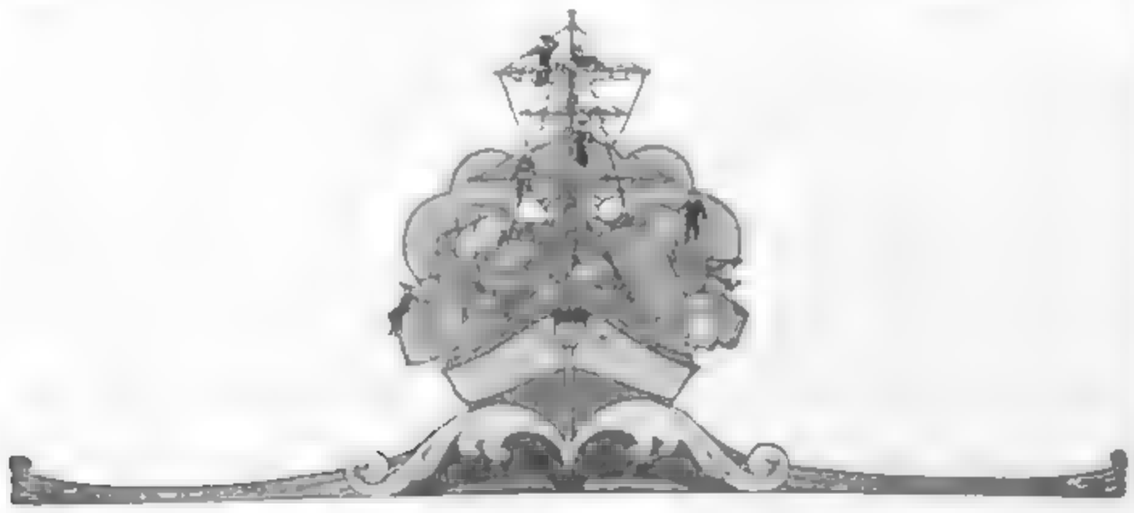
"W-where were you—raised?" she managed.

"Denver. Are you coming with me, Elizabeth, dear?"

She was laughing and crying in one breath.

"I love you, Elizabeth—oh, I do want you ——"

"If it's l-loving you to have my heart hurt—and to w-want you near me and want to be c-close to you—and I've been fighting against that all summer—then I must l-love you too." She pressed tightly against his shoulder, hiding her face. "It's—wonderful," she whispered. "I didn't know it would be like this—it makes me feel like such a—a little girl!"



In cool style

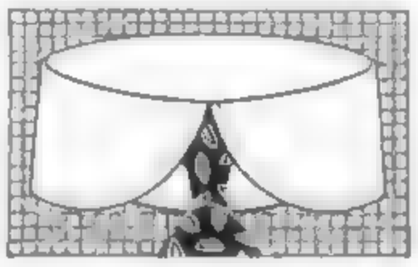
The truest Summer style is—cool style

A smothered-looking man—no matter how fashionable his attire—will still be more conspicuous in discomfort than in smartness.

The three collars below are all authoritative summer designs. But their truest style is in their *cool* style.

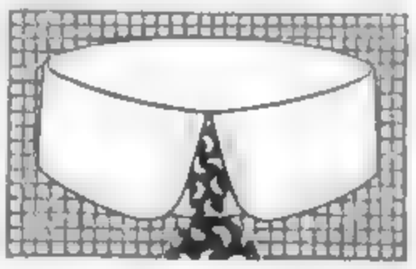
DUNWOOD

is an unusually stylish collar, yet moderate in height for cool comfort. Dunwood goes best with a four-in-hand, and well becomes nearly every normal or longish face.



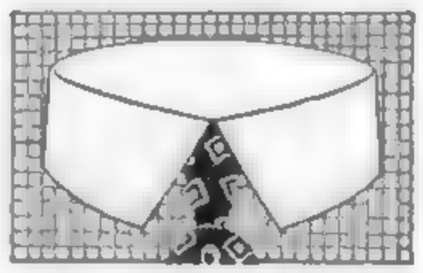
TANWOOD

while low in height has a way of adding apparent length to the full face if worn with a four-in-hand. For the normal face it is an excellent collar, particularly with a bow tie.



KENTWOOD

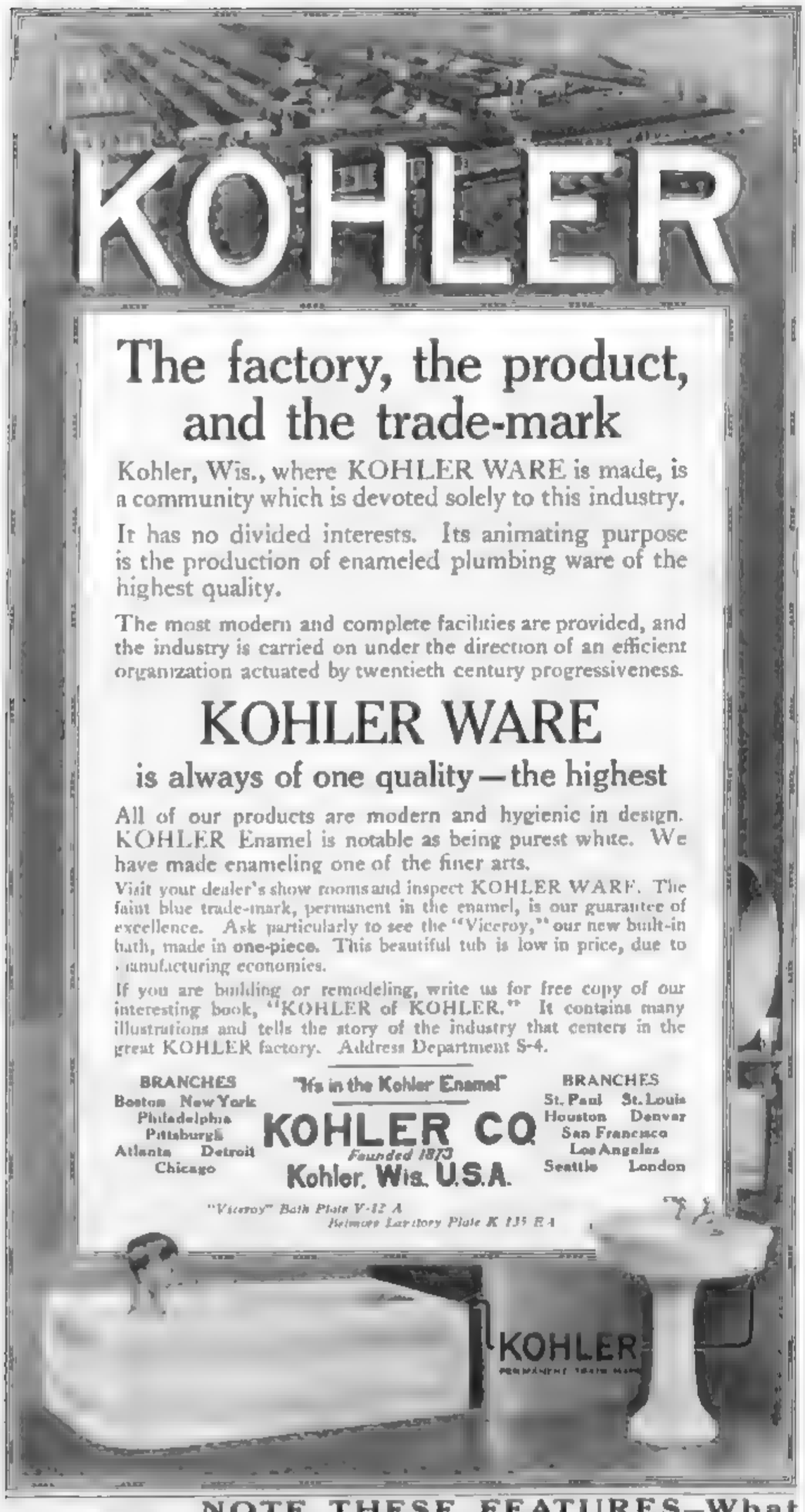
gets its smart appearance from its fairly deep points, while comfort results from a neckband which tapers down in front to only one inch. Becomes almost any type of face.



NEARLY every well-informed dealer in men's wear gives prominent display to E & W Collars. Reason: He knows that the best style is *your* style—and he knows that you can best *find* your style among the authoritative E & W Models.

E & W EARL & WILSON 15 cent Collars

The best Style is your Style


KOHLER
The factory, the product, and the trade-mark
Kohler, Wis., where KOHLER WARE is made, is a community which is devoted solely to this industry.
It has no divided interests. Its animating purpose is the production of enameled plumbing ware of the highest quality.
The most modern and complete facilities are provided, and the industry is carried on under the direction of an efficient organization actuated by twentieth century progressiveness.
KOHLER WARE
is always of one quality—the highest
All of our products are modern and hygienic in design. KOHLER Enamel is notable as being purest white. We have made enameling one of the finer arts.
Visit your dealer's show rooms and inspect KOHLER WARE. The faint blue trade-mark, permanent in the enamel, is our guarantee of excellence. Ask particularly to see the "Viceroy," our new built-in bath, made in one-piece. This beautiful tub is low in price, due to manufacturing economies.
If you are building or remodeling, write us for free copy of our interesting book, "KOHLER of KOHLER." It contains many illustrations and tells the story of the industry that centers in the great KOHLER factory. Address Department S-4.
BRANCHES
Boston New York
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Atlanta Detroit
Chicago
"It's in the Kohler Enamel"
KOHLER CO
Founded 1873
Kohler, Wis. U.S.A.
BRANCHES
St. Paul St. Louis
Houston Denver
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle London
"Viceroy" Bath Plate V-12 A
Belmont Lavatory Plate K 135 EA
KOHLER

NOTE THESE FEATURES—What Other Car Offers Them at the Price?

Glide Automobiles

1917 Light Six "40" $1125

RUTENBER high-speed, 3½ x 5 motor; Brown-Lipe transmission in aluminum case—not an iron case, which is much cheaper but adds weight; Spicer universal joint and propeller shaft; Brown-Lipe differential; 34 x 4 Goodyear rims and tires—not 32 x 4 or 33 x 4; 119 inch wheel-base; Westinghouse ignition, starting and lighting system. Beautiful, roomy, 5-passenger body.

Our Free Catalog Tells the Story

THE BARTHOLOMEW CO., 275 Glide Street, Peoria, Ill.

What's a CAPON and Why?

64 Page 6 x 9 inch BOOK that explains everything you will ever want to know about CAPONS. 50 pictures from life that show each step in the operation. List of Capon Dealers' addresses. Tells how to prevent "Slips," where to get the best and cheapest capon tools. Capons are immense eating. Big profits realized. Get wise. This book tells how. Copyrighted new and revised 1916, 5th edition. Regular 50 cent copy, prepaid to your address (a short time only), for a Dime in coin or stamps.

GEORGE BEUOY, R. R. No 5 CEDAR VALE, KANS.

AN OCCASIONAL SPARE HOUR can be turned into dollars by looking after our subscription renewals. Write Agency Division, Box 494, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and find out about it.

Sense and Nonsense

Discovering Maud

H. O. DAVIS, the moving-picture man, came East not long ago from Los Angeles, bringing with him a film based on Tennyson's poem, Maud. In New York he invited a number of other moving-picture magnates to attend a private performance of the piece.

One gentleman, making no comment, sat through the running off of the reels. Then he was moved to speak.

"Hem!" he said. "Is that all of it?"

"Yes," said Davis; "that's all of it."

"Well, well, well!" said the other. "And I thought all along Maud was a mule!"

A Miserere of Middle Age

A MAN — so they say — is as old as his heart is.
My heart is young — with a touch of the gout.
I'm twenty and forty, and that's where the smart is
The twenty's within me; the forty without.
Yesterday Somebody's love was my glory—
A castle in Spain or a cottage in France;
Somebody's daughter now laughs at the story—
Mine is no longer the age of romance.

Yesterday's roses grew red in the garden;
We kissed them, and pressed them, and smiled at the whim.
To-day's come from florists, and, begging my pardon,
They take 'em, and thank me, and wear 'em for him!
Sweethearts — like Somebody — flock round in plenty;
The music strikes up, and they leave me to dance.
Wisdom and fame are not tempting to twenty
Mine is no longer the age of romance!

Once in the moonlight we stroll'd by the ocean;
The tide surged about us; we didn't decamp.
Now, tho' we felt all that youthful emotion,
I've gout, as I mentioned — and oceans are damp.
Swains walk the beach who are younger — and thinner;
Whitecaps allure, but white hairs have no chance.
At eight in the evening I'm thinking of dinner —
Mine is no longer the age of romance.

Youth is a moment, and now I perceive it;
Love is a memory, once we grow old.
Years give new treasures, eh? Don't you believe it!
Somebody's lips are worth mountains of gold.
Warm at my fireside now I remember,
Striving to bring back the thrill of a glance;
Logs blazing high can't make June of December —
Mine is no longer the age of romance.

—Channing Pollock.

Still En Route

LAST March a merry dinner party met in a German café in San Francisco and after pledging their sympathies to the Kaiser in Rhine wine, the guests called for a souvenir postcard and affixed their signatures to a communication addressed to "Kronprinz Friedrich, Verdun."

The message read: "Go ahead, Fritz! We're all with you."

The postal was duly mailed, and probably forgotten by most of the signers until a few days ago, when the card came back. It had reached its destination and was returned. Across its face was written:

"Pas encore arrivé à Verdun."

Barber's Cut Rate

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, mayor of New York, and Donn Barber, the big New York architect, were up in Canada last summer. In a small town they stopped overnight at a little hotel run by an Englishman who had not been very long in the Dominion. Mr. Mitchel registered for both and they were assigned adjoining rooms.

Next morning when the two guests went to the desk to pay their bills only one account was rendered. The hotel man handed it to the Mayor. It read:

Lodging and meals for Mr. Mitchel	$3.00
Ditto, ditto, for his barber	1.50
Total	$4.50

The Ideal Location

FOR long, members of the theatrical profession have complained—and with reason—of the custom theater owners have of building their theaters with imposing entrances for the public on the street, but with the stage entrances tucked away up in dark and dingy byways. At the conclusion of a season on the road, Ed Wynn, the comedian, was riding through a town in Iowa when he passed the mouth of the dirtiest, shabbiest alley he had ever seen. Forgotten swill barrels lined its sides and a dead cat was ripening in the sunshine midway of its length.

Wynn stopped, got out of the bus, looked up the local photographer, and caused that individual to make a picture of the dismal prospect. Then he mailed a finished copy to a gentleman in New York who owns a string of theaters over the country, with the following suggestion written on the margin:

"You are overlooking a bet. What a lovely alley to build a theater alongside of!"

A Generous Thought

A SCOTCH comedian whose frugality is as notorious as he himself is famous had an engagement in Glasgow some years ago, and while he had a friend who could put him up for the week no hotel was going to get free advertising through his residence within its walls.

His host had just become the proud possessor of a son and heir, but his pride in the kid did not prevent him from giving the star all the attention the most exacting guest could expect.

The Saturday night brought a taxi to the door, and while the host was carrying down the luggage the comedian, after bidding his hostess good-by, pulled a handful of silver out of his pocket, and said: "Do ye ken, Mrs. Whitewood, if I had a copper I wad leave it for the bairn!"

Packers' Hitches

THE box hitch is one largely used by the packers of the Sierra Club in their mountain work. It is found very serviceable for carrying solid, heavy and rigid packages. The Alaska hitch is one used to carry long or upright packs on a riding saddle, where there is no pack saddle. Then there is the Lone Jack hitch and the squaw hitch, each of which you should know if you are in the mountains, far, far from home.

I recall seeing an article a time ago done by a United States Army officer who knew what he was writing about. It described a sort of sublimated diamond hitch, which had been invented by a friend of that writer. In brief, this hitch was used with kyacks, each of which had half of the lash rope fastened to the rear end. The cinch proper was the secret of this device; it was made with a divided rope on top of the pack.

Through this one simply passed the free ends of the bisected lash rope and tied off at the opposite ends of the kyacks. Simple as you please, and it could not slip. That, however, is hardly cricket in the estimation of the old-time pack-train man. And sometimes one has no kyacks at all.

Once, in a camp of the Sierra Club, I saw a packer use another device that was very simple and very practical—in effect, an expanded or endless kyack. It was simply a strip of canvas about six feet long and a yard or so wide, with one end reënforced by a stick, so that the sling ropes would not tear loose from it. Back of it was a stout strap about seven feet long. In packing any large objects, such as a pair of bed rolls, the packer simply put the two on the outspread strip of canvas, rolled up the canvas and fastened it by means of the strap and buckle.

Presto! One side-pack all ready to be hung on the saddle by means of the short straps which served as sling ropes!

I watched the men packing horses with this device, and every two or three minutes they would sing out "It's a good one!" and call for the "next mule." This device was especially useful in transporting bedding and large soft packs. Of course, loose small objects could not be handled in it so readily. The packers used the box hitch with this pack, and said that they never lost a pack.

If a 10c Gasket Should Blow Out—

The Great Goodyear Plant Would Lose Over $1400 An Hour

Every establishment that uses an inferior, or even a doubtful packing, runs the risk of a like amazing loss every day in the year.

The choice of a packing, in point of first cost, is a small and apparently an insignificant subject—but in point of either desirable, or disastrous possibilities, it is a big subject and a weighty one.

It is a question on which the engineer and the head of the establishment should come together and compare notes.

If you trust your engineer, if he is competent and experienced and careful, you can doubtless leave it to him to know why he should make sure of the safety of the plant with Goodyear*ite*.

But if you have any reason to believe that he does not consider the subject serious—then you two men should get together and prove to yourselves that Goodyear*ite* packing is all we claim for it.

We have proven time and again, that Goodyear*ite* withstands the most extreme pressures and highest temperatures.

We have found no other compressed sheet that will rise to such heights of service and insurance.

We have made Goodyear*ite* so that it will stand up under tests it is never called upon to meet—we have striven to give you a wider margin of safety than any packing in the world.

Goodyear*ite* gets its strength and its wonderful powers of heat resistance from the longest fibre asbestos that is mined, and absence of all foreign substances.

It gets its balance from the scientific Goodyear processes of compounding and treatment.

It is being used successfully in pipe lines which conduct oils and gasoline; in plants where alkalis and acids soon eat out ordinary packings; where heat crumbles them; and high pressures blow them out.

Put Goodyear*ite* to the test in your own pipe lines and valves, whatever they carry. Send to us for a sample sheet. Give it the hardest trial in your plant.

Buy Goodyear*ite* from Mill Supply, Hardware and Plumber's Supplies Dealers, and Steam Fitters. You pay no extra premium for Goodyear*ite* insurance. Sheets of various thicknesses, 36 x 36 and 36 x 144 inches. Write us if you are unable to get it.

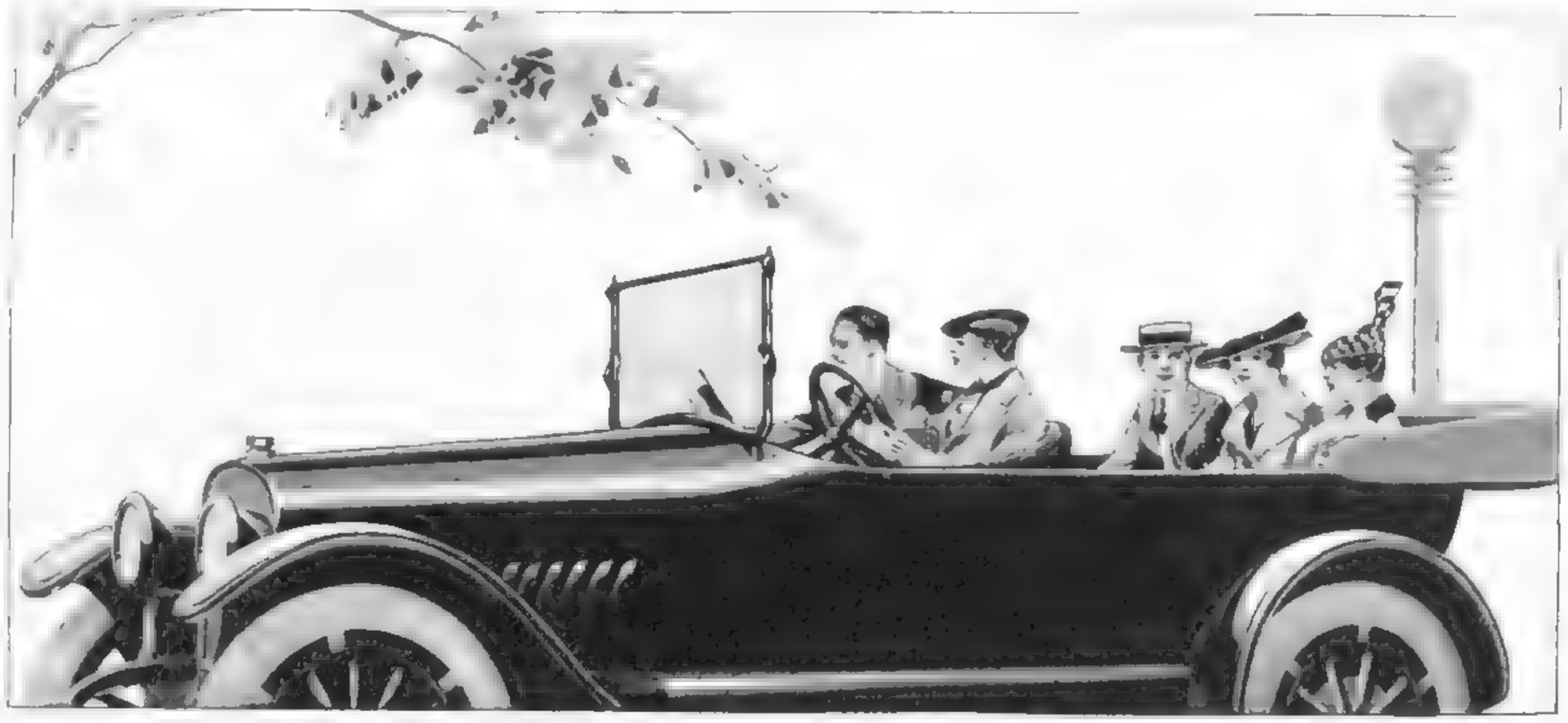
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR*ITE*

A Book Worth Having

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods makes specific recommendations covering the use of Goodyear*ite*, and Goodyear Belts, Valves and Hose, in mills, mines, factories, elevators, oil fields, quarries, etc., etc. Based on practical knowledge and experience, it is valuable in any industry as a reference book. Write for it—specifying the particular field or industry in which you are interested.

· PACKING · BELTING · HOSE · VALVES ·
GOODYEAR
AKRON



1917—HOLLIER EIGHT—$1185

To Dealers:

YOU, as a prospective car buyer, are invited to listen, too, but this announcement is directed to the men whose sole income depends upon the selection of the car he is to sell you—the motor car dealer.

The purpose of this 1917 announcement is to put us in touch with a sufficient number of dealers to take care of our increased factory capacity—so if the Hollier Eight is not represented in your city, there is a profit opportunity for the right dealer.

Up to this time our entire output has been sold through a limited number of dealers and to friends of the first purchasers of the Hollier Eight.

You will have extraordinary value to offer in the Hollier Eight Roadster with the new four-passenger body, or the Five-Passenger Touring Car for larger families.

The Hollier Eight is a magnificent car of wondrous beauty, with liberal tonneau space and seating comfort. The first demonstration will be a revelation even to you who know Eight-Cylinder motor cars.

The continuous flow of power without engine effort, the unusual flexibility, the easy riding—free from vibration or noise—and its never-before refinements make the Hollier Eight the car of elegance for those who enjoy motor car distinctiveness.

We hereby pledge ourselves to continue our present policy and not take on more dealers than we can handle satisfactorily.

If you get the Hollier Agency your orders will be filled with cars—not promises—you will deliver your cars on the dates you promised your purchasers.

Because each owner becomes a booster, dealers who *know* sell the Hollier Eight. If you have demonstrated that you can sell cars—there is a place for you in the Hollier Sales Organization. Ask us about this before we reach the limit of the number of dealers we can take on.

The Hollier Eight specifications and catalog are yours for the asking—better wire, phone, write or call at once.

Made complete in the factories of

THE LEWIS SPRING & AXLE COMPANY, CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

Established 1890

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Feeding the Fighting Man

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

II

LIKE all the rest of us, Uncle Sam has seen his marketing bill wax and grow larger. At the date of the Spanish-American War it cost the Government twenty-one cents to feed one soldier one day; in January, 1916, it cost nearly thirty cents.

The travel ration is primarily designed to feed the fighting man when he is making a long journey across country by train. It consists of bread, corned beef, baked beans, canned tomatoes, jam, coffee, sugar and milk. Its only drawback is its monotony. This is relieved by the kindness of wayside inhabitants.

When our army is engaged in war operations, as is the present condition in Mexico, the men subsist entirely upon the field ration. The fundamentals of this food issue are included in the reserve ration, which provides for each man each day a pound of bacon, a pound and a quarter of hard bread, with a modicum of coffee, sugar and salt. Haversack ration is the old-time term for this bill of fare, so named because the soldiers carried it in their haversacks during very active campaigns.

Of such is the daily provender of Colonel Dodd's column, without variation except when the individual soldier may swap hard-tack for *tamale*, or a bit of bacon for some *chile con carne*.

General Pershing's brigade is victualed on the same viands, with a few side dishes. Theoretically the field ration, which is prescribed in orders by the commander of the field forces, consists of the reserve ration, supplemented by articles of food requisitioned or purchased locally; and it is supposed to correspond generally with the garrison ration. But there is little of edible value to be purchased, much less requisitioned, in Northern Mexico; so the troops must subsist on what the motor trucks can most conveniently transport. Apropos, the public press has been full of the failure of our flying corps; but I have nowhere seen mention of the complete absence of field kitchens with the American Army. Yet one defect in our military equipment is not more important than the other.

Bacon and hard-tack, washed down with steaming coffee, are very acceptable to the inner man. As an exclusive diet, I admit, they may not appeal to the pampered clubman. Yet, after a night of rock-ribbed sleep under the stars that shine above the Sierras, rashers of fried bacon and sugar spread on squares of hard bread quiet the hunger lust most satisfactorily. Coffee, hot and fragrant, under said circumstances is nothing short of nectar.

The Emergency Ration

Each soldier pursues his simple culinary exercises according to fancy. He is provided with a mess tin, which serves as a frying pan; his tin cup does duty as a coffee-pot. He may have his bacon rare, medium or crisp, as he pleases. His coffee may be boiled to a strength most agreeable to his nervous system. If he be an old soldier, with his hard-tack and bacon, separate or combined, he will produce kickshaws not found among all the recipes of the latest cookbook.

The soldier's biscuit may be served plain, toasted or crunched into a sort of hash with minute particles of bacon. My personal preference is for the hard-tack whole, browned in the boiling grease remaining in the mess tin after the bacon has been fried. Smothered with coarse army sugar, these toasted squares are as succulent as waffles floating in molasses.

No troops could continue to live indefinitely upon an exclusive diet of bacon, hard bread, coffee and sugar. It is only when the troops cut loose from the line of communication that they are reduced to this bill of fare. Under special conditions, such as occur to-day in Mexico, a fund is put at the disposal of the supply officer, and he buys fresh meat and vegetables whenever possible. Otherwise a too-long subsistence upon the haversack ration alone would develop scurvy among the soldiers.

The emergency ration, as the term indicates, is only to be eaten in extremity. It is put up in a hermetically sealed case which the soldier carries upon his person; but he is never allowed to open the emergency ration packet without authority. The ingredients of this edible remain hidden in the secret archives of the War Department. In size and shape the "iron" ration, as it is called, approximates a five-cent cake of Castile soap. When opened to the light it looks like a quadrilateral of compressed sawdust.

What does it taste like? Something you would never expect to eat, except in case of extremity. The directions inclosed in each packet state that the soaplike substance may be taken raw, fried, or boiled into soup. I have never tried it raw or fried, but as soup it closely resembles bran bouillon in taste and as an appetite tantalizer. But it is highly nourishing.

French Trench Cookery

The scientists have had a free hand in the concoction of the emergency ration; so it is the last word in synthetic alimentary achievement. It combines all the qualities attributed to the most widely advertised patent foods. What it lacks in savor is counterbalanced in energetic value. Served with a sufficient quantity of béarnaise sauce, or smothered in onions, the emergency ration might be almost palatable.

I have set down the edibles of the American Army first, so that you may compare the United States ration with what is supplied to foreign forces. Under the stress of war there is sometimes a broad variation between the amounts specified in subsistence scales and what the soldier actually gets; but the articles and weights have been carefully standardized, so that ration issues conform to the tables as far as possible.

Economic conditions have affected the food supply in certain of the belligerent countries. These conditions are reflected principally in the ingredients of the soldier's bread; but, on the whole, all the great armies are well fed.

In France the field ration is normal or increased according to the demands made on the soldier's endurance. When the French fighters are in *stationnements* of some duration—guarding railroad lines, for instance, or during any period when war duty is not excessive—the daily allowance for each man is two loaves of bread, weighing together seven hundred and fifty grams; fresh meat, weight four hundred grams; beans or dried vegetables, sixty grams; bacon, thirty grams; sugar, twenty-one grams; and coffee, sixteen grams.

According to careful computation—and the French experts are scrupulously exact in such matters—the energetic value of this ration is two thousand nine hundred and forty-three calories. If the soldier wastes his energy in a manner not provided for in the regulations he will go hungry.

When the soldiers of France are carrying on active operations, such as have taken place round Verdun, the field ration is increased by the addition of a hundred grams of meat, forty grams of vegetables or beans, eleven grams of sugar, and eight grams of coffee; which, as food fuel, brings the total energetic value up to three thousand two hundred and seventy-six calories.

Such a menu is supposed to meet the needs of the soldier under the most violent war exercises.

Finally, the reserve ration, which corresponds to the similarly named ration in the United States, consists of field-service bread, a sort of hard-tack, three hundred grams; preserved meat—French canned corned beef—three hundred grams; sugar, eighty grams; pottage, fifty grams; and a thimbleful of brandy. As is the case in the American Army, the soldier carries this ration in his haversack. From this stock he supplies his meals when on patrol work or when isolated in a bit of captured trench. Whenever reserve rations are served out at the front the soldiers know they are booked for an offensive or a counter attack.

With the reserve ration, individual cooking is the rule. Such is not the case with the field ration. As set forth in cold type, you cannot conceive the flavorous messes the French soldier cooks contrive from their limited store. The world-wide fame of France as the motherland of chefs has been enhanced by the demands of war. The cuisine of the French Army is far ahead of the best cooking in any other army. The "slum" of the American cook-soldier is not to be compared with the savory stews served on the French front in appetizing quantities. This is not due to variety of supply, but to the native talent of the Frenchman, who was a cook long before he was a soldier.

While the French fighters live well and wholesomely in war, the British Tommy is an epicurean in the trenches. That Thomas Atkins must be alimented generously and variously has been a tradition in the English Army since the Duke of Wellington observed that "No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer." With this basic belief to build upon, the British commissariat provides a bill of fare which outclasses that of any other European army. It reflects the gastronomic extravagance of the Anglo-Saxon.

Take the British ration and analyze it. It rises like a pyramid at a food exhibit. It includes the fundamentals common to all subsistence scales—beef, a pound and a quarter for each man a day; bread, ditto; bacon, a quarter of a pound daily; half a pound of fresh vegetables; with tea as a substitute for coffee. Sugar, salt and pepper are on the list, as a matter of course. But enough articles may be added to this table to bring the English ration up to the standard of a Lucullan feast.

In addition to the staples the British soldier receives three ounces of cheese every day; a quarter of a pound of jam, of which more anon; a dash of lime juice when fresh vegetables are not forthcoming—this to prevent scurvy—and, as the climax of good cheer, the Tommy is given half a gill of rum a day and two ounces of tobacco a week.

The Strawberry-Jam Snitchers

But this is not all. The British Field Service Pocket Book sets forth that, when it may be necessary or, in the opinion of the general officer commanding, expedient to depart from the above scale, certain equivalents will be substituted. Thus, the English soldier may exchange part of his bread allowance for oatmeal or rice. He may choose chocolate instead of tea, dried fruit for jam, butter or sweet oil in place of bacon. What victualing company could do more?

Finally, the British subsistence scale touches its apogee when it allows the soldier to swap his swig of rum for a pint of porter. The fact that the volunteer system so long filled the ranks of the English Army is no longer a mystery.

Tea is the tonic of the English trenches. Under all conditions of war and weather the pot is kept boiling over a spirit stove, and the cup that comforts is to be had for the asking. Often the stoves are nothing more than tins of patent solid fuel, with a fitted stand, which holds one tin cup. "Tommy's cooker" is the trench name for this handy stove.

Despite all that is done to provide good cheer for the English soldier, he has one continual complaint—a sort of fly in the jam, so to speak. And this complaint has to do with his jam allowance. Different people have varying preferences in jam flavors, but the purveyors of preserves will assure you that the plum and apple varieties do not compare in popularity with the strawberry brand.

This assurance is borne out by the test of the trenches. Catering to diverse tastes, the English commissariat provides plum, apple and strawberry jams in equal proportions, which arrangement overlooks the more popular demand for the latter. Moreover, it usually happens that in overcoming the difficulties of distribution it is only the plum and apple jam pots which arrive in the front-line trenches. I offer no explanation for this error of issue; but when you hear a front-line fighter calling a member of the Army Service Corps a "bloomin' strawberry-jam snitcher" you know where suspicion rests.

The English soldier's jam ration is the envy of both the Belgian and French troops where the lines of the different armies join. On one occasion, at that point where the French forces are adjacent to the English battalions, it was evident that the British were in difficulties, because of the activities

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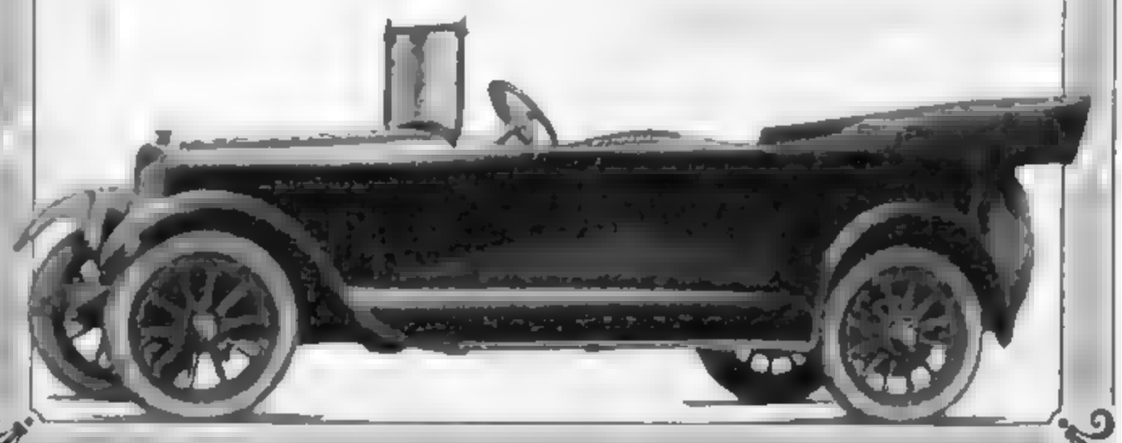

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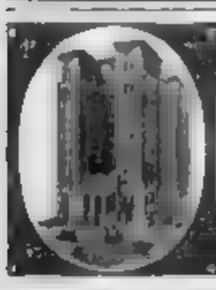

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of a German machine-gun detachment. The French commander, knowing the English had no machine guns of their own, offered the use of two French weapons for ten hours in return for one case of jam. The offer was gladly accepted.

The food served the German soldier is Spartan in simplicity. Yet, though the Prussian ration is not designed to appeal to pampered tastes, it is ample. The daily provisions of the fighter comprise bread, seven hundred and fifty grams; fresh meat, three hundred and seventy grams; dry vegetables, two hundred and fifty grams; and sugar, seventeen grams.

According to the scientific sharps, this combination has an energetic value of three thousand three hundred and ninety-three calories.

The knapsack ration of the German consists of egg biscuit, two hundred and fifty grams; preserved meat, two hundred grams; preserved vegetables, one hundred and fifty grams; sugar, seventeen grams. This menu supplies energy up to two thousand and seventy-seven calories.

Savory German Sausages

The bread in the German Army is the *schwarz* variety, which is the staple of the poorer classes. It is not so agreeable in taste or appearance as the white bread, but bakers claim that it is more sustaining and more wholesome.

There are surely more than fifty-seven varieties of sausage meats produced in Germany, and it is rare that the individual soldier cannot add a bolus of *Wurst* to the ration, to give it relish. Though there is justice in the criticism of monotony as applied to the German ration, yet there can be no complaint of service. Like all other departments of this marvelous fighting organization, the cooking system is a model of efficiency. Field kitchens follow immediately behind the companies they are designed to feed, and meals are served with Prussian punctuality. And they are hot. Even in the coldest weather that Poland produced, the German fighter was sure of a steaming meal. It is only the thoroughly tired and the completely hungry who appreciate the revivifying quality of heated food. Satisfaction begins with the first aroma of the boiling stew.

In the Austrian Army the supply system follows closely along the German lines. To the list, wine and coffee are added. Wine is necessary in countries where the people are grape growers, and it has become part of the soldier's daily diet. But there are many other dietetic problems arising in the heterogeneous Austrian Army. What suits the Magyar is not considered fit to eat by the Tyrolese; while the Teuton despises the food of the Slovak.

I met with a practical demonstration of this difficulty, passed on for solution to the Serbians, when I visited the Austrian prison camps in Serbia. In the war prisons the Serbians had found it necessary to separate the Austro-Hungarians according to race, religion, color and diet. And the commissary arrangements had to be regulated accordingly. To the credit of the Serbians, be it said, the difficulty was most satisfactorily handled.

Spaghetti for Gallant Italians

It requires no extraordinary powers of deduction to guess that spaghetti in some form is part of the Italian ration. In the land of Garibaldi the fundamentals of bread, meat and vegetables are varied with four bowls of rice a week and macaroni paste on three other days. Like the Austrian, the Italian must have his wine if he is to fight up to efficiency. Here, again, coffee is part of the army diet. Another specialty of the Italian ration is an allowance of tomato preserve, which is added as a sort of condiment to the macaroni paste. No other ration is quite so national as that served on the banks of the Isonzo.

The Russian ration is remarkable for the high proportion of bread allowed. It is the conviction of the Czar's Commissary Department that the staff of life is more necessary to maintain the vitality of the Russian soldier, under the climatic conditions that prevail, than any other food. Gigantic as the Russian Army is in numbers, the vast wheat production of the country makes it possible to supply the troops with the flour needed for the bread ration. The *muzhik's* menu is: Bread, one thousand and twenty-five grams; fresh meat, four hundred and ten grams; oatmeal, one hundred and thirty-six grams; dessicated or pickled vegetables, seventeen grams; sugar, thirteen grams.

This bill of fare has an energy-producing value of three thousand seven hundred and two calories. You notice that this is the highest energy total of the rations of any army. It is not alone the demands of his daily work in campaign that make it imperative to stoke up the Russian soldier with a heavy supply of heat calories, but the wear of the weather compels such reenforcement of the inner man. The most relentless enemy of the Czar's forces is the cold.

In an active campaign officers are rationed as the men are. As a rule, their food is served from the same kettles that held the soldier's stew; and it is the boast of most officers that under war conditions they subsist as simply as the privates. This applies with especial emphasis to the company officers in the Russian and French armies. At headquarters, or in any staff mess, dainties and luxuries may be served, but the line officers despise such un-Spartan indulgence.

I remember my first meal with an officers' mess in Russia. I was the guest of a Siberian regiment in the fire trenches. The Germans were located across a little river about five hundred yards distant. The company officers' dugout was a sort of underground two-roomed flat; but the kitchenette was even more minute in dimensions than the New York variety. It could be accurately described as a four-by-four catacomb, furnished with a spirit stove. On entering the dugout my eye caught sight of a kettle steaming cheerfully, and I discovered that the Russians were as dependent upon tea in the trenches as the English are.

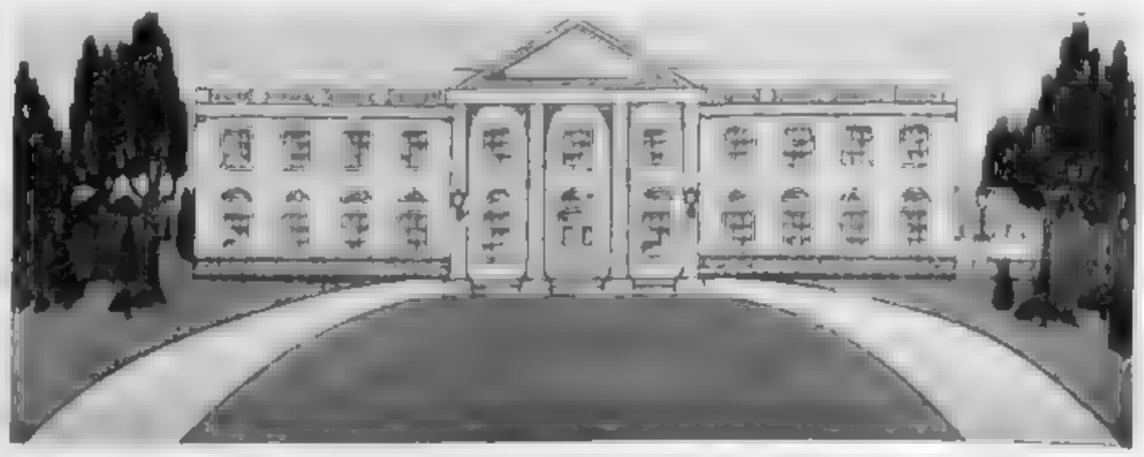
The Russian Club Sandwich

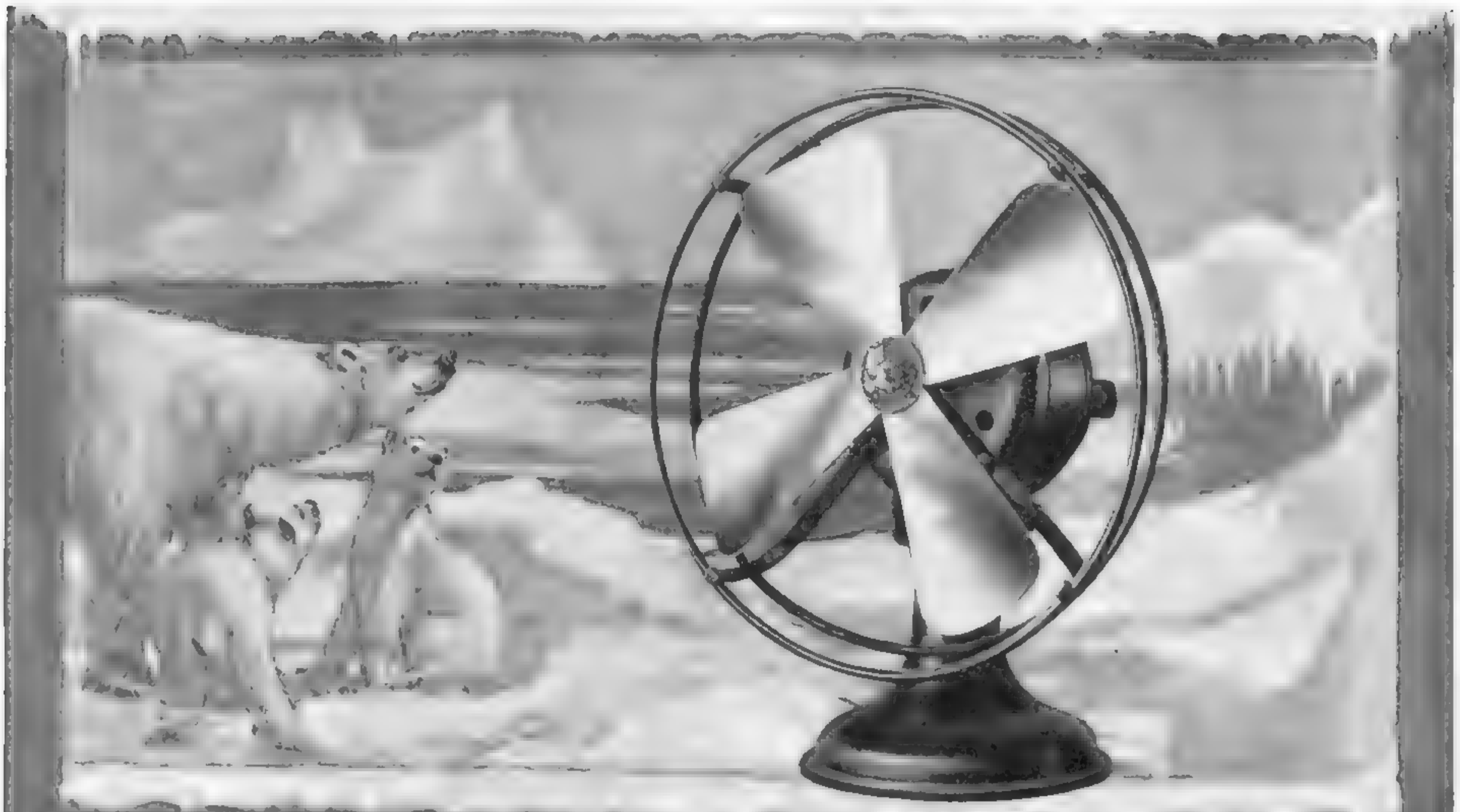
Walking along the narrow fire trenches, with the thermometer receding below zero, is calculated to develop a large and lusty appetite. It was not many minutes, I am glad to say, before our simple meal was being served. The first course was a thick slice of soldier's brown bread, spread with a sliver of pure white fat—pig fat, without the faintest streak of lean. As I set it down, it does not sound appetizing, but I devoured two of those Russian club sandwiches with what might be called rare gusto.

While the meal was progressing, a German battery opened a mild sort of bombardment against some Russian guns in our immediate rear. My hosts popped above ground for a moment, like three inquisitive prairie dogs, but returned to the sandwiches reassured.

"Just a little target practice," was the only comment offered.

Two piping-hot cups of tea washed down the brown soldier bread. Then, as the dessert course, we were each given a thin slice of white bread spread with real butter. That slice of bread was almost as toothsome as strawberry shortcake. So I can testify that, simply as the soldier is fed, he brings to each meal that feeling so rare among the frequenters of our most expensive restaurants—a workingman's appetite.





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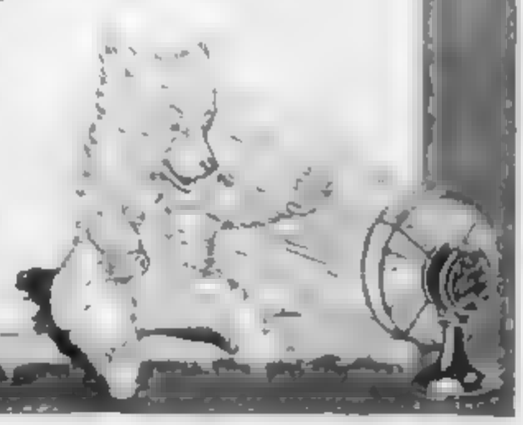

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BETSY'S HOLIDAY MUSH

(Continued from Page 8)

strained this pesky back—bein' hefty, you see. Tried to stand, but I'd never make it. Bring the sled, an' I'll get on when ye've changed the load a trifle. The young guy'll need to help the Malemutes."

"Jove! This is hard luck!" said Jasper, who is sympathetic. "Could I lift you?"

I left them talking, hollering to Bitey to come along. Stella was sitting on the ice, not kicking, for once. You need a basket sled for passengers, but I made a rest for Pop's back, with the robe and tarp to cover him, and the other stuff lashed under. It made the load too high. The dogs sat round with their ears up and tails wagging, or licked snow. Next I put another tow rope on the sled, and handed the end to Jasper; who said what was that for?

"To tow with," I explained. "We got six hundred; and you'll have the whip for 'em, too, while I break trail. There's snow here."

"It is enough to kill him!" said Stella.

I had got the lantern, and said:

"Hold it while I make the toe holes on the shoes smaller."

We had Pop's snowshoes, and they were a foot too long for me, and too wide.

"Take those handlebars. This is the brake, which is sharp; and, if you are going downgrade, standing on it digs the iron in and holds the load back. Keep it from tipping over, too; and any time I halt, stop," I told Stella, who gasped.

"I could not do it! Can't and won't, Miss Kelly; for I am doing a heroic act in getting my poor ickle self through these Arctic wastes in your horrible ice! You may hunt another mahout."

"She couldn't lift that sled over bad places, Betsy," said Jasp.

I flashed my bug at Pop, and he was enthroned on the load, scowling like anything; but in a calm tone he said we might strike water suddenly, and someone who savvied must be ahead, or dogs and all would be lost. My sakes! Neither he nor I were ever along Turnagain before, though from maps and talk a person not a complete dummy knows how to figure somewhere close to where they are. Back of us was the roar of ice forming into the anchor field; but inland, over remote peaks, a young moon rose.

The stars were brightening the sky. Whitey began to howl and the other dogs set up the same racket.

"I really fear you will have to try, to satisfy them," Jasper whispered.

I heard that and Stella's answer:

"For you alone, then, Big Mans!"

I tramped on with the light. I intend to wise Mac that the pink on her is bunk. I was too honorable before.

Well, they came along, Stella keening like a hungry porky, and Jasp groaning and calling not so fast, when—pity sakes!—on those big snowshoes, and sinking into snow that was getting wetter and deeper, I wasn't making any time at all.

"These dogs, especially the front one, are nipping at me!" he yelled.

I wished I had not confided about being engaged, to Pop. Jasper with a whip, and being bit!

"A friend of mi—of my Pa's—drives wild wolves in his team," I said. "But if he was ninny enough to be nipped, at least he would keep it quiet, Jasp; and I am more than amazed at you—he is very reticent, my—my Pa's friend is."

"I'm not an animal trainer," he snapped.

I hoped we would never be dog mushing and meet Joe. No woman likes feeling foolish. All Joe will let a girl do round a team is get on the sled, unless for a mere minute she could run at a handlebar to warm her feet; but he puts a vacuum bottle full of hot tea—he is Prohibition, is what attracted me at the first—and feet heaters and hiyu robes over you. He won a Nome Derby before he came into Prince William Sound country. He is thicker-chested than Jasp, and browny-faced instead of pale, but he gets up at four in the morning, when that is Jasp's hour for retiring.

Mac said why wouldn't he be pale, playing pool in the Palace or Northern, and then eating beans, before bed? Of course Joe knew it was all over, for I sent the letter just before Jasp came into my life; but, even if it wasn't Joe, but any Alaskan who got a slant at our outfit, me having to tell Jasp the simplest things, he would be right in line for a terrific call! It was another case of an old-timer being a perfect mark for a chechahco.

My legs were wabbly when I tripped over a small spruce and realized we were off the ice. I had to help pull up over a rise, and we camped in the lee of a rock bank, where the snow had mostly blown off. Jasp sogged into the snow, grunting; and Stella sat by him and put some of his coat over him, saying he was a poor ickle lamb, and noble, and brave—and more guff like that. Brave—the dickens! I guess he wouldn't have cared to stick on the Weasel if a thaw came and she pounded to splinters when the flood tide rushed into Turnagain! People should reason; but women don't, much.

"Nice Betsy dirls will make us lovely hot coffee," said Stella.

The nerve! I unharnessed the dogs because I would rather than have him foozle it; he had tug lines mixed when we left the launch. Pop could crawl a little, and I bedded him in his robe and patted him. He was blue, naturally; and I said Pa and I would see he got another; in fact, we had a boat not doing a lick, Gloucester fishing model and a dandy sea boat, built by Mike Knudson; and he makes the best keels on the Inlet. Doesn't leak a bucket a week. Pa likes Pop Ellis, because he is square; and if you are, you have friends.

I asked Pop in Aleut what about the chow—would I make it or not; and he wanted me to insist on Stella getting busy. She said if she had to cook it she would not eat, because she had borne too much. I looked at her by the lantern, and she had a velvet tail from her coat snagged round her feathers, and was as white as a ghost, and crying—of course. I hate a weepy woman; don't you? They get more if they laugh.

I had a session with Jasper as to wood, and he asked hadn't he brought wood from the launch? There he was again—fifty pounds of wood to be lugged after we took on Pop. I had ditched that when I remade the load. Joe Torrance would have rustled wood; yes, and had grub ready by that time. He makes elegant bread, although it was I showed him how to make nice flour gravy with a ptarmigan mulligan. He is a man who cooks on the trail and can wear dress clothes; yes, just as well as any Jasper in town. He buys only from Cotter's, which is the town's swell shop. He has silk socks, George Cotter told me. Not tattling though; it just came about.

Well, in the end I took the rope and snaked in a dead spruce. Of course a tree I have been at looks like squaw chopping, that is true. Pa says I whittle them. So I built up a big smudge and boiled rice and tea, fried bacon, and cooked the dog's chow of tallow and meal in a coal-oil can. Bitey is so loving; it was queer how he was about Jasper, growling and making passes at him. It tickled Pop, who said: "Smart little pup!"

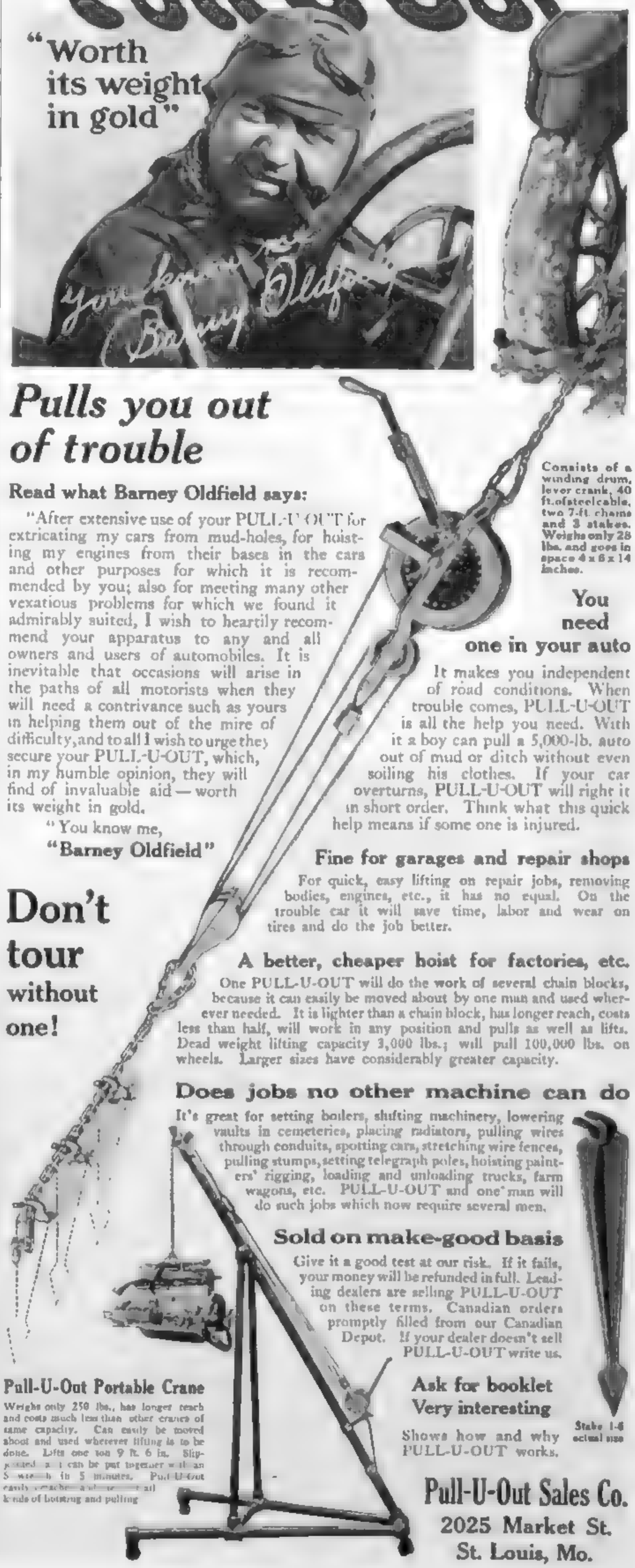
They all sat round licking me. It is not agreeable, but it hurts their feelings to jump away; and you can wash. They did not care for Stella, nor any people who only say "Well, nice doggie" with their working clothes on and bawl them out when slicked up. A dog has sense. Jasp felt quite flip after five cups of coffee, though that will get him eventually, and said was the game all shot off these Chickaloon Flats?

Why, there is no one on them—absolutely wild; it is full of brown bears, and Ben Sweasy trapped nine wolves there one fall. Jasp began fretting about a gun, and seemed unaware that brownies had holed up by November sure. For sleeping, dogs and us Siwashed together, the jib under, robe and overcoat over, and Pop outside, to bank us in. I rubbed his back by the fire earlier. He asked did I know Pa and Mac had me out as a baby, in seventy weather, over on the Kiskigarlik, and they shot all their dogs; being frozen to the lungs, they had to; and I rode inside Mac's parky? It made Jasper stare. He kept waking, thinking he heard animals, and saying to listen, wasn't that a growl? I chuckled into Whitey's woolly neck.

It was pretty shivery; Pop snoring loudly was another drawback. The dogs howled and yowled, too, and I licked Red once, getting the robe clear off us to look out. I looked myself; and over the mountains and the white hummocky Arm, showing the trees beyond us, flickered a weird light that woke Stella; and I let her be

Pull-U-Out

The little thing with the big pull



Pulls you out of trouble

Read what Barney Oldfield says:

"After extensive use of your PULL-U-OUT for extricating my cars from mud-holes, for hoisting my engines from their bases in the cars and other purposes for which it is recommended by you; also for meeting many other vexatious problems for which we found it admirably suited, I wish to heartily recommend your apparatus to any and all owners and users of automobiles. It is inevitable that occasions will arise in the paths of all motorists when they will need a contrivance such as yours in helping them out of the mire of difficulty, and to all I wish to urge they secure your PULL-U-OUT, which, in my humble opinion, they will find of invaluable aid — worth its weight in gold.

"You know me,
"Barney Oldfield"

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7-ft. chains and 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4 x 6 x 14 inches.

You need one in your auto

It makes you independent of road conditions. When trouble comes, PULL-U-OUT is all the help you need. With it a boy can pull a 5,000-lb. auto out of mud or ditch without even soiling his clothes. If your car overturns, PULL-U-OUT will right it in short order. Think what this quick help means if some one is injured.

Fine for garages and repair shops

For quick, easy lifting on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines, etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it will save time, labor and wear on tires and do the job better.

Don't tour without one!

A better, cheaper hoist for factories, etc.

One PULL-U-OUT will do the work of several chain blocks, because it can easily be moved about by one man and used wherever needed. It is lighter than a chain block, has longer reach, costs less than half, will work in any position and pulls as well as lifts. Dead weight lifting capacity 3,000 lbs.; will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.

Does jobs no other machine can do

It's great for setting boilers, shifting machinery, lowering vaults in cemeteries, placing radiators, pulling wires through conduits, spotting cars, stretching wire fences, pulling stumps, setting telegraph poles, hoisting painters' rigging, loading and unloading trucks, farm wagons, etc. PULL-U-OUT and one man will do such jobs which now require several men.

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Give it a good test at our risk. If it fails, your money will be refunded in full. Leading dealers are selling PULL-U-OUT on these terms. Canadian orders promptly filled from our Canadian Depot. If your dealer doesn't sell PULL-U-OUT write us.

Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

Weighs only 250 lbs., has longer reach and costs much less than other cranes of same capacity. Can easily be moved about and used wherever lifting is to be done. Lifts one ton 9 ft. 6 in. Slip-jointed mast can be put together with an S wrench in 5 minutes. Pull-U-Out easily reaches and lifts out all kinds of bothersome and pulling

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Very interesting

Shows how and why PULL-U-OUT works.

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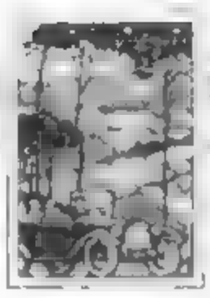

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Costly chrome vanadium steel, to the extent of one-eighth of its total weight, is used in the construction of each and every car.

Two hundred ninety-two and one half pounds of this—the very finest steel—is not an exceptional instance of the employment of fine materials. Every part, every process, is determined upon the same high plane of quality.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

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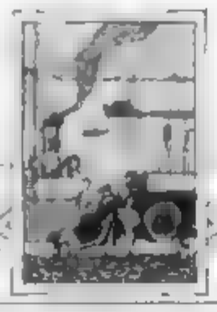

She Makes $100.00 a Month

and has found our plan more easy, more pleasant and more profitable than any other method of money-making open to women.

If you have some spare time and want some extra money, let us explain our offer.

We Buy Her Spare Time

Mrs. J. T. Wilkins, of Georgia, has a son who was graduated this spring from one of the country's leading military colleges.

She has paid every cent of his educational expenses with money earned in her spare time by securing the local subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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scared until I said it was only Northern Lights, and they were all colored, Inside, but it was mostly whity light along the wetter Coast. The Lights shone in streaks, fading the stars. The moon was gone. And, as we were all cold and wriggly there, we got out, stamped our stiff feet, made grub again, Jasper knocking over the coffee just as it foamed. He wanted to drop off some of the load; but all we had was grub, covers, Pop's chronometer, which was his souvenir of his craft, and the wooden case that held a transit. It had been sent out to the Pioneer to be shipped to Seward, and Pop said they were worth big money; moreover, the engineer was waiting.

"Transit—I thought it was his stuff," said Jasp, excited. "Now see here, my good fellow, the most they'll cost is five hundred, and the least, say, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and whatever it is, I'll replace it—and you have my word."

"My good lad, I wouldn't take your word as to nawthin'," said Pop. "The transit goes in the load."

"Then, by Jove——"

"Jasper!" I said, and got him away. "Somebody will slip you an awful wallop yet if you go good-manning people in this country. Now Pop is the one knows where we are, and how to hit the Sunrise trail or Kern Creek, or somewhere; and he can stand a lot of politeness."

He muttered, and positively I said he should learn to harness dogs right, and made him, though Bitey yapped and caught a chunk off his coat. Pop gave him a drill parky to put on, and Jasper thanked him sullenly. It looked like I had won a grouch. Joe Torrance is always pleasant; never noisy-laughy, but ready to smile. Yet he gets tired, same as others do. I kept wondering where Joe was and if he saw the first Lights of the year; and remembered last year when we looked from our porch in Seward. Well, we started; and the flicker showed a bare hill, me remarking they had a giant on it, from the looks, and Stella crying: Where? How tall was he?

I said coldly a giant was only a hose nozzle for placer mining—you had to nearly make pictures for Jasp and that female! They were not lively over five minutes after the sled sunk to the bents in soft snow, and they were both shy even a single cigarette. They had smoked all the previous day. We passed a cabin with the door swinging. I guess they hadn't found bed rock on that creek, and given it up. After a while I hollered for Jasper to come and break trail, and I would pull. He went for a bit, and then fell down and stuck, with each shoe pointed wrong; and I laughed, for he had spoken of belonging to a snowshoe club, way off in Montreal.

"Yes—belonged!" he replied as if suffering.

It was then I fetched Stella up to be with me on the towline; and, with those wilting plumes, and the overcoat, which was the most hampering thing she could wear—I offered her my sweater once—and overalls coming out of the coat, she wasn't like the white-shod lady who had set the town modes.

She didn't pull very hard; and she hollered every step about how wet she was, and the wind hurting her skin, and Alaska. Pop told her fairly sharp to belay kicking. I kept directing Jasp, until he was so slow I had to change with him. Then he said why head toward mountains, of all places; wasn't there a camp, Sunrise or Hope, at the head of the Arm, as he had read? But there wasn't any doctor there, and I meant to have Pop get to one just as fast as possible.

The Sunrise Trail was too far to the railroad, though the train—it was just one gasoline car—wouldn't be running if it had snowed at the other end. But the track was the mail trail. I meant to go through the mountains, up Indian and Pass creeks, and come down through Moose Pass—harder, but quicker. That would put us on the railroad at 29, my Cousin Sonia's road house. And if I let Stella and Jasp ever hit a camp like Sunrise they would lazy there till spring. Golly, with Joe Torrance on that line, how we could have hustled! But Jasper dragged and stopped, and pretended to fix traces, and made out dog collars had slipped, and argued with Pop—jolted every which way, the dear old thing!

"How ye holdin', Baby?" he would holler; and I always yelled back:

"Fine!" You might as well say that.

We found a shack that night, with a coal-oil can for a stove, and bunks; and the dogs cuddled in the snow outside, and I cooked beans. It looked as though Jasper could handle beans now, and he sure tied into them. I was tuckered, and Pop made him rustle a woodpile, though I was afraid he would hack a hand off with that double-bitted ax. Stella let her hair down and curled her plumes after supper; and Jasper murmured and she cooed; and I went ah-huh! ah-hum! menacingly; for I heard: "Spun gold!"

She kept sighing: Ah, for dear old Broadway for just a little hour!

I did not think so much of her hair as I had. In the night old Red got loose—if you don't tie workdogs they are ruined for use—and chased a porky; and I had an hour's work pulling quills from his mouth. A sensible dog grabs a porky under the throat, turns it over, and never gets a quill. Pop was sick all over, but he was game; and I chirked him up, describing our boat, the Betsy K, and how engine and cabin were separate; and, though it starts on gasoline, it runs on coal oil; and, with gas way up, he was pleased. I came right out and gave it to him—I could if I liked. Pa and Mac stake people to whatever they think of. Besides, they didn't care, and want me pleased.

Joe Torrance has the model I admire—wider beam than ours, and all purple-leather cushions in the pilot house, as purple used to be my color before I met Jasper. And a good one, at that. I am not so certain it does not beat those dull roses and greens.

That day Stella found eight cigarettes in the overcoat; and they cheered, and smoked like the Dusty Diamond going up the Yukon on one boiler. She had cut out a court-plaster hickey business on one cheek, saying, very low, how, Outside, the girls wore a silhouette of him they loved best—and guess who! And it had a longish nose, like Jasp's, and a wavy lock; and he bulged his eyes out like a black bass, sighing when she sighed. As we harnessed, at noon stop, I said:

"Jasp, if that lady pursued my Cousin Sonia's company as she does you, Sonia would have sharpened a knife for her by this. It will be safest to warn her."

"By heaven, I don't know what to do!" he said in a throaty voice; so I advised merely being firm and walking away from her—also repeating to her to beware, when he had chosen another than she.

He was all charcoaled round the eyes, against snow blindness, though the sun was too far away, as I had explained; he gloomed at me, muttering "Alas for erring humans!" But it was every smidge her own fault. Why should he worry? To cheer him I said I was feeling more artistic daily—I wasn't, being so tired and occupied; but I truly meant to be in our future—and that, looking back at the painting he had sent me, which was Scene on a Scottish Moor, I was wrong in knocking it. Mac commented you didn't know if it was coming or going, and I had laughed and hurt Jasp. And I now hummed Träumerei, saying how beautiful that was, and it seemed to suit the grandeur of these mountains. He still sighed, and the Malemutes would not move an inch for him, just sitting still and laughing, as they do, unless I started them with my foot.

While I packed down a soft place over a water hole for the team, they caught up; and I had been pondering as to how Jasp and I would do, married—he with no work, only money. But I resolved to stay cheerful, and called that he could see it didn't get much chilly in these passes, not over fifteen below, then, and that is nice weather for dog mushing, as you don't perspire so.

"We can have us about an eleven-dog team, which is just right," I said as he hawed Bitey over the hole. "And go over the snow to Nome and visit my uncle, Tim Kelly, a little farther westward, in Candle, as Uncle would be starting down for the opening of the Legislature, in Juneau. He's a member. It's only twelve hundred miles."

"Elizabeth, if I ever alight in a steam-heated room again, and meet my valet, I will only change locations for the one room that has a bath on the outbound steamer Sampson," he said bitterly.

"Shucks! Getting used to a trifling roughness, people say that; then they are the daffiest to hit the trail again, Jasp," I said. "Gee, Bitey! Haw, Red!"

He jerked the towline over his shoulder and laughed like an actor, slapping his leg, the laugh coming out of his teeth. He had really nice ones.

(Continued on Page 73)

Westinghouse

She, Too, Needs a Fan

"By George, I never thought of it before. Here I spend the day in a nice cool office, and I'll bet it's hot as blazes at home.

"No wonder Molly looked so worn and tired last night and said she didn't want to budge when I suggested going out.

"Wouldn't I raise the deuce if someone took my fan away and made me go through the summer without it!

"And yet, come to think of it, I'm allowing her to swelter away her good looks and good nature all day, then at night expecting to find her as lively and cheerful as ever.

"We'd both be better off with a fan in the house, too. I hate to think of all those uncomfortable hot evenings and restless nights we've spent when a Westinghouse Fan would have kept us cool at the cost of a few cents for current. It's about time I woke up."

The Fan for the Home

Is a Westinghouse Fan because Westinghouse fans are silent, light, economical, sturdy, handsome. Drawn-steel instead of heavy cast-iron bodies make them easy to carry. They move lots of air on little current, produce a brisk breeze or a zephyr, as desired, and last for years

There's One for Every Purpose

Westinghouse Fans are made in many different styles to meet the needs of home, office, store, factory, theatre, restaurant, etc

Sold by lighting companies, electric dealers, department and hardware stores. Look for the name "Westinghouse." Write for catalog 4268-B

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East Pittsburgh, Pa.

73 New Conceptions
26 Extra Features

Mitchell MID-YEAR MODEL

$1325
F. o. b. Racine

"No Dreamer's Car"

How Big Men Regard This Bate-Built Mitchell

A man who has sold a hundred thousand cars said, the other day, of this Mid-Year Mitchell—

"That is no dreamer's car."

Perhaps no man has better voiced the opinion of the big men of Motordom.

Mr. Bate's Compeers

John W. Bate, our efficiency engineer, prizes most the approval of compeers. Dozens of engineers—men of nation-wide fame—have selected the Mitchell as their personal car. Our dealer in your town has a list of them.

Every day shows that most of our output is being sold to leading men. For instance, five bankers in Chicago bought Mitchells in one week. New York, the home of the critical, can never get cars enough.

You will find it so in your town. The practical men—the men who deal in realities—are buying nearly all the Mitchells.

Built for Able Men

The Mitchell is built by an able man—a genius in efficiency. It comes from a mammoth model factory, built and equipped by him. It is the work of men he trained.

The car itself is the 17th model built under his direction. It is the fruition of 13 years spent aiming at perfection. It is the result of 700 improvements which he has engineered.

So this Mid-Year Mitchell is a car that appeals to men who know.

A Lifetime Car

What appeals most to men is the Mitchell stability—its extra-strong parts, its big margins of safety.

The car is nearly trouble-proof. Its endurance seems unlimited. Six Mitchells have averaged 164,372 miles each, or more than 30 years of ordinary service.

Yet this New Mitchell, with its 127-inch wheelbase, weighs under 3000 pounds. The strength comes from drop forgings, from tough steel stampings, and from a wealth of Chrome-Vanadium. There is hardly a casting in the car.

Many Surprises

Then the Mitchell has many surprises.

It has 26 extras which most cars omit. Things like a power tire pump, cantilever springs, an extra-cost carburetor, an easy control. There's an engine primer at driver's hand, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment. All of these extras—26 of them—are paid for with savings made by factory efficiency.

Then here, in one car, you see all the new touches. Our experts examined 257 Show models before completing this. You have never seen a car so handsome, so up-to-date, so complete.

It has a 22-coat finish. It has French-finished upholstery—10-inch springs. In the rear it has Bate cantilever springs—52 inches long—springs which have never broken. For ease of driving it has ball-bearing steering gear.

These are but trifles, compared with efficiency. But they show the infinite care which experts find in the Mitchell car throughout.

This Mid-Year Mitchell will delight all men—engineers and laymen. Men like efficiency, endurance, economy. Women like luxury, beauty and comfort. All will yield this car their highest admiration. And those who buy it will, in years to come, like it better than today.

See it at your Mitchell showroom.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment including 26 extra features.

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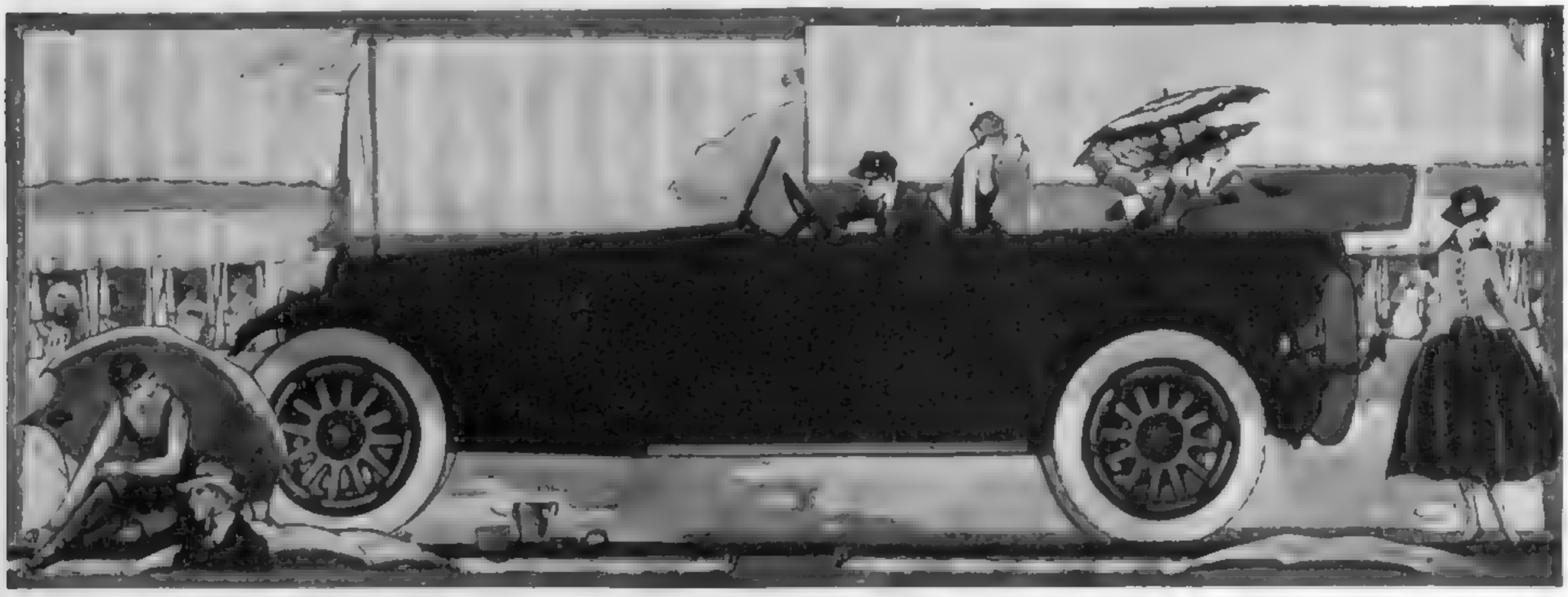


(Continued from Page 70)

The load was some lighter, with grub being eaten and scarcely two meals left for the dogs, though I fed them the porky Red had brought in. Pop and I figured we were climbing Indian Creek, which was frozen then; and it wasn't until we had long left the Arm, and timber thickened, that Jasp got on about not making for Sunrise. He sulked, and once he swore right out; but it only sounded like a put-on and not natural. Pop just jolted and calmly puffed his old pipe, planning if he could put a fish hutch, forward, on the Betsy K.

It was getting chillier and misty gray, with the last of the sun on spiky peaks, and the valleys below shadowy, when we made somebody's trapping cabin—low, with a Yukon porch and a foot-square gut window, but wood cut and a stove, and the usual sign we all stick up when away: Please Wash Dishes Before Leaving! Four bunks too. A map, made on an old calendar, marked the summer trails to the Arm and inland, and I saw we were right about Indian Creek, and were in Moose Pass then.

"Not over fifteen miles to 29 and the railroad," I shouted. "There, Jasp!"

I was filling a baking-powder can with tea for Pop when Jasp said:

"Fifteen miles! The proper course is to leave Mr. Ellis here, with food and the dogs, while we three go forward, sending him aid. We then pull no sled."

"Absolutely!" said Stella, doing her nails, which were still shiny pink, but busted; and she cried over that evenings, or any time you would listen.

"Jasper!" I said. "Leave a sick man, alone, on the trail!"

"Aid would be sent."

"Why, I never heard of such a ——"

I saw Pop's red polished nose rise from the moss pillow of the bunk we had put him in, and I grabbed his hard hand; and, like a fool, I cried then! Of course I ached in knees and back; but—pity sakes!—I was brought up to grin and not sniffle, and Mac and Pa gave me the hoot if I didn't. It is how I shall bring up my children; I will not have weepy kids chasing in to me.

"Honest, Jasp, would you?" I stammered.

"Dearie, he will be so comfy, resting. Would that poor ickle me could rest! And he would not have the weensiest-teensiest worry." Stella patronized me kindly.

"Personally I have been deuced considerate—bailing and towing," said Jasper; and to me he looked like a selfish mink!

She said:

"Absolutely!"

"Hirelings may now complete the task; also, the wrecking of the Weasel was what I consider an exhibition of bad seamanship," said Jasper.

I sank into a bunk, while they stayed on milk boxes round the shelf-table and nodded triumphantly at each other. What I thought was that I must leave the Northland as Jasper's bride. He could never get by up here. And I must live in the hateful germy Outside, scared crazy of autos and fire sirens, and wanting to put excelsior in my shoes because of the hard pavements, like the time in school in Tacoma. And people asking wasn't it frightfully lonesome in Alaska? I decided to give out I was from New York. They would never know I wasn't. And I was promised! The Kellys and the Hjorts keep promises. Once I read that the Japs were not yet born to an understanding of the sacredness of contracts. I stood up—promising doesn't mean you have to knuckle under any. And I said:

"Madam, I have been hunting into this pass, from the Seward side, with my Pa, and I know now where we are, snow or not. Pop Ellis and the sled go to Mile 29 with me; but if poor ickle you and Mr. Norton think you can find 29 road house alone, though you can't see it till you come smack up from Trail Lake, and from here there is a lake and a draw between every two peaks—why, go to it!"

"You are beside yourself, Betsy," said Jasp, smiling coldly. "We would follow your track, but prefer to have you with us, in comparative comfort, seeking aid."

"That lubberly mutt shall folla no craft o' mine!" said Pop, panting.

Jasp laughed like an actor; and Stella, shrugging, said was that so?

In Aleut Pop told me his forty-five hammerless was in his parky, on a shoulder holster, and to get it and the shells, and use my judgment. So I left one in the chamber and turned round, holding it; and I guess my black eyes were sparky, for she grabbed hold of him and Jasper regularly shook.

"Girl alive, don't shoot it! Put it down, angel-glory! Betsy, put it ——"

"Now, this time, you dry up!" I hissed. "All I will do from this date is to be Russian, and a boss. You two mean chechahcos shall rustle wood, cook, take care of the dogs, and break trail or tow together. I'll be on the handlebars. And don't you dare speak one word unless I say you may!"

The dogs took off, yapping, over the glare ice of Trail Lake, when they heard the howls of other teams from Sonia's dog stable. She has stalls for eighty; and on winter nights, with all full, some persons cannot sleep. There was smoke from three chimneys in the long one-story road house, and sleds and snowshoes all round. Jasper and Stella had dropped the line, for the dogs went too fast, and there was only me at the handlebars when we dashed up the bank; and a dozen big strong mushers rushed out in their house moccasins to help. It was nearly dark, and I was hustled inside, Sonia leaving the range, where she was cooking for twenty, and screeching:

"Peter and Paul! It's Betsy; and five seconds ago Joe Torrance, with your new clothes in dose cases off the Pioneer, got in and tied his dogs! I got the dresses on my bed this instant, to see is that coral good on me! Why, what ——"

"Sonia, why—why was I not born a Jap?" I said wildly, which, both being part Russian, made her screech louder.

I stood by the range getting tea for Pop, and a big hot doughnut, and smelled the lemon pies she had nearly ready to bake. Hers are wonders—she does not care what she spends on them; but all her grub is elegant.

She is a widow and rich, and keeps the road house because she likes to be lively. She is tall and larger than Stella, and just as blond, only her hair is curly; and her cheek bones are high.

In a minute I had told her the whole thing; and she would not even give Stella the one room that is private, but put Pop there, and said Stella could take a bunk with a red quilt across. What was wrong with that?

"But, my good lady ——" Jasp started.

Golly, I was afraid Sonia would go for him! But she just screamed with laughter, and all the boys crowded into the kitchen and ate doughnuts and smelled pie, and drank tea off the stove; and it was deliciously warmy, with a pleasant smell of bacon and drying trail clothes, and Malemutes.

And I was going to leave this and live Outside! And suddenly Jasp, pale and queer-looking, touched my arm and said: "A minute!" So I went lagging to a corner of the big sitting room and sat on Oscar Christianson's duffel bag, and dully waited. Stella was in there; and, seeing what she said to me was such a terribly good-looking lot of men, she had perked up, and back of the quilt got pinked and powdered, and into her mussed velvet skirt, and pinned the tail back on her coat. Her white shoes had shrunk from wet and would not button.

"My poor ickle head's so feverish, Betsy dirls, I shall let my hair hang to rest me," she said quite loud; and the boys all looked.

She let it down, and one voice said that was sure some hair! Sonia hurried in, and looked, and I knew how mad she was, for her hair is called the finest on Kenai Peninsula; and it is lovely, but not so long as Stella's by two feet.

"What toneek you use to make that so?" asked Sonia very sharp.

Stella smiled, fussing it out, and Jasper forgot me, and the boys went quite close when Sonia did; and Stella purred like our big kitty.

"Me—I got dose brown eyes and the blond myself," said Sonia, heaving.

"Mrs. Gerard's is more the true golden shade," said Jasper.

I only sniffed. An Iditarod musher, on his way out with a season's clean-up, held the lamp up. I saw Sonia's arm dart out and her eyes flame; and in a second she held a blond wig, waving it and screeching.

Stella tried with her hands to hide shorter dark brown hair that really made her young, while she sobbed:

"Oh! Jasper, don't leave me! Don't leave me! What is mere hu-hair?"

The boys quit snickering and gravely took in Jasp. I was simply dumb. After

Why Light Bodied Oil Should Not Be Used In a Ford

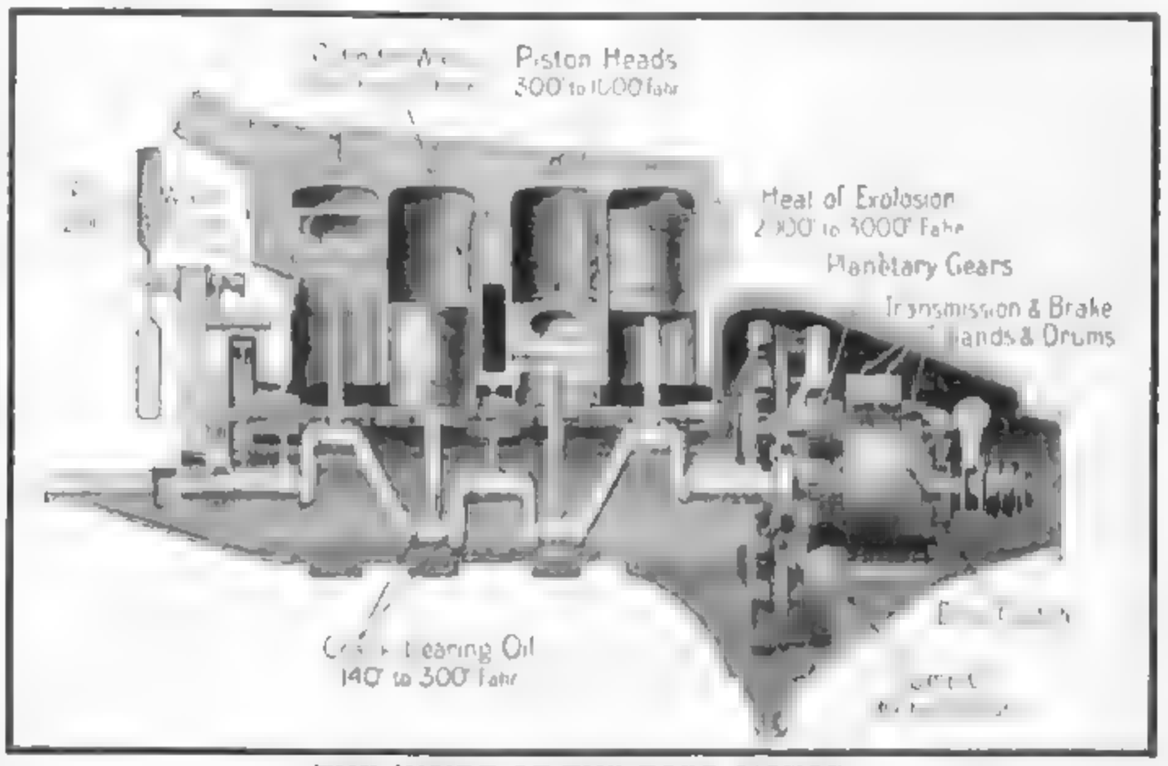
Unlike any other automobile, the Ford engine parts are all enclosed with the planetary transmission gears and bands, disc clutch and service brake.

One oil must lubricate three *entirely* different mechanisms—the engine, transmission and clutch parts, as shown below.

For the cylinders the oil should be *heavy* enough to resist intense heat, avoid boiling the water and deposit least carbon.

For the transmission gears, the oil should be *extra heavy* to cushion the gears and prevent noise and wear.

For the clutch, the oil should be *light* enough to prevent danger to the operator from "dragging," especially when starting the motor in cold weather.



THE INSIDE OF THE FORD MOTOR

These *three* different conditions demand a compromise in the body of the *one* oil used.

Most oil companies recommend an *extremely light* bodied oil to avoid clutch "dragging," thus sacrificing proper lubrication of engine and transmission.

We, to the contrary, recommend *Veedol Medium* which has about the same body as the average motor oil sold as "Heavy."

After years of scientific investigation, thousands of road tests and the use of Pennsylvania Crude Oil in its manufacture, we have developed *Veedol Medium*—the one lubricant that will most satisfactorily lubricate the engine, transmission and clutch, of the Ford power plant.

Buy a five gallon can of *Veedol Medium*, drain out all old oil and sediment from crank case—fill with kerosene—run thirty seconds to cleanse thoroughly—drain out kerosene, then refill with *Veedol Medium* and prove these statements. We guarantee you perfect satisfaction.

FREE: New 88 page Veedol Book telling all about manufacturing and testing of oils and their use in automobiles, tractors and gas engines.

Thousands of garages and dealers carry Veedol. If your dealer does not, write to us.

VEEDOL

The Lubricant That Resists Heat

PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING COMPANY

1828 Bowling Green Bldg., New York City

Branches: Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco

GRAFLEX Camera

—shows you the picture IN FOCUS as you take it

THE reason why the Graflex has no "finder," which is indirectly one of the reasons why the Graflex takes a finer picture than the usual camera, is fully explained on pages 3 and 5 of the Graflex Book.

Of even more interest are the results of this and other Graflex differences in principle wh[illegible] other 62 pages. How, for example [illegible] *sure* of the focus—how it gets [illegible] light as fully timed as a mid[illegible] snap"—how it insures a FULLY-timed exposure. But

Write For the Graflex Book

Know how YOU can be sure of finer pictures with a Graflex. This book is free, of course.

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

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WITH summer holidays half over and spending money getting low, most young people are commencing to think about replenishing empty purses. If you are among the number the remedy is all ready for you.

Thousands of young folks have this summer been turning what would otherwise be idle hours into bright, shining dollars. You can join them if you wish to do so, and you can continue the work in the fall. The best of it is that it doesn't interfere with other work or household duties. You can devote just as much or as little time to it as you wish.

To any person we will pay a liberal monthly salary and an extra cash commission for looking after our renewals and for introducing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to new readers.

There is not one cent of expense to you. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your time. You can be just as successful as all the others have been. A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary for trying the experiment now.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 500
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

about a minute, while Sonia shook the horrid wig round, Jasp said:

"Elizabeth, is it not best that one heart shall break rather than two? You and I are not *simpatico;* the cultured world calls to me, while you are wholly primitive. And so ——"

"Do you mean I needn't marry you?" I gasped, and I nearly cut my head off ripping the string that held his ring. Stella very faintly supplicated him. I turned my back. Joe was standing by the kitchen range, keeping the moose steak from burning. He had on a lovely purple tie—he is always neat on the trail, and washes his towel white, and mends socks, and shaves. Golly, he is handsome!

"How they comin', pet?" he said.

And I said I wished I had never sent that letter. But he had never got it! I bet that old smarty Mac put it in a heater!

Sonia said Jasper and Stella had talked a lot, she crying, of course. Then he hired Martin Lanning to drive them to the road house at 26. After supper Sonia got out my dresses, and three new ones she had sent Outside for; and Joe said: "Just right for the big dance at Anchorage, Monday night!" This was Saturday. Sonia's eyes began to glitter and I felt lovely little thrills.

"Peter and Paul! I'll go you if I lose!" she yelled. "Oscar and Pop Ellis, and the doctor we phoned to town for, shall run the road house while I am away! I got a new basket sled and 'leven dogs, and I and Betsy will race the bunch!"

Supper was just finished when the boys who were headed Inside took their dogs out and commenced to harness for the trail. Joe had his bird dogs—fourteen—the fastest in that country. It was almost as light as day; nice frosty cold.

"Are you comin' on my sled, pet?" Joe asked me.

I was slicked up in a new rig from Sonia's clothes now, my hair curled; and I looked fairly skookum! I said, maybe, at Kern Creek; but Sonia would be peeved if I left her, at first. He put his beautiful otter robe in for me and carried the suitcases. Mac had sent them over, thinking me safe ashore in Anchorage.

The Northern Lights were green, red, violet and blue; and they sparkled and shimmered in the sky. I never saw them so bright before! Joe called did I remember last year? Sonia told me to climb in. She took the handlebars; and Pop, from the window, yelled as all the teams got ready, the dogs yapping and laughing:

"All set for Betsy's Holiday Mush!"

His Nefarious Calling

NOT long ago Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist, and Charles E. Van Loan, the short-story writer, were making a trip together on a Western road. Wilson, who looks more like a rancher in comfortable circumstances than a literary man, fell into conversation with a hay grower from the Coast, and they spent some time discussing crops and conditions. Presently Wilson had occasion to go into the sleeper, leaving Van Loan and the hay grower in the smoker.

"That's a mighty sensible-talkin' feller," said the man from the Coast to Van Loan, indicating the vanishing figure of Wilson. "Whut does he do fur a livin'?"

"He's a writer," said Van Loan.

"He's a which?"

"He's a writer," repeated Van Loan; "he writes books—novels—stories."

The hay grower's face fell. For a long minute he looked through the window at the passing landscape. "Well," he said at length, "they ain't none of us perfect!"

Something in Common

SOME years ago, when Nansen, the explorer, visited this country after his return from one of his Polar expeditions, he was the guest of honor at a reception given by a women's club in Philadelphia. The members passed him in single file to shake his hand and express their pleasure at meeting him.

Presently there came along a little middle-aged woman, plainly in a high state of embarrassment. Nansen took her hand and bowed his head to hear what she might have to say. Owl-eyed, she stared at him without a word. There was an awkward pause. It was the lady who broke it.

"Oh, Mr. Nansen," she blurted, "our cook is a Scandinavian too!"

Steaming Hot Water Quick as Thought

You only need turn the faucet to get unlimited quantities of steaming hot water, with a Humphrey Automatic Water Heater. You don't have to wait, night or day. You get an *instant* supply fresh from the main. No boiler is necessary when your home has a

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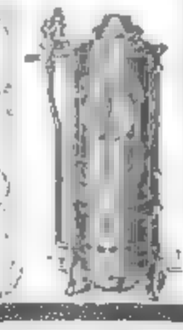

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Only $1 Puts This NEW HOOSIER
In *Your* Home on the Famous HOOSIER Plan

NEW "HOOSIER WONDER"
$19.85 up
According to equipment and your location

PRICES WILL ADVANCE
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Before the coming prices take effect, you may choose between the new "Hoosier Wonder" pictured here or one of the other celebrated Hoosiers—"Hoosier Beauty," "Hoosier Special" or "Hoosier De Luxe."

The terms of this Hoosier Plan are these:

1. **$1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.**
2. **$1 weekly quickly pays for it.**
3. **The low Cash Price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.**
4. **No interest. No extra fees.**
5. **This sale is conducted by the Hoosier store in your town under the direct supervision of the Hoosier Company.**

Only by grasping this opportunity at once can you be *sure* of getting *your* cabinet on the Hoosier Plan—*and at the present low prices.* For example: The New "Hoosier Wonder" is now only $19.85 up, according to equipment and your location.

You realize of course that these terms could not be offered except on a very limited number of cabinets.

Why Prices Must Be Increased

50,000 cabinets—our entire spring output—were sold in six weeks after we announced our new models. In some cities women have been unable for several months to get our most popular style.

Now we have made up 20,000 more for July and August sales. The next lot, after these are gone, must be sold at higher prices. This is due to the increased cost of all raw materials entering into their manufacture.

Sale May Close Any Day

If all women who need the Hoosier should go for it tomorrow, the allotment of every Hoosier agent would be taken before night and the sale would close. This happened in some towns during a similar sale two years ago. Yet, if women delay, the sale may last a week or more. But which now is best for you—to take chances and miss this opportunity, or go to the Hoosier store in your town tomorrow so you can find out about this cabinet and decide before too late?

It need not take you ten minutes to decide, once for all, whether you intend to buy now, or later, after prices go up—And you are deciding, remember, whether you will save many dollars and miles of unnecessary steps that you now take daily in a hot kitchen.

Every Woman Has a Right to a HOOSIER

Sooner or later you will probably get a cabinet anyway. Then why waste money—why waste your energy, health and time by waiting till the prices go up? You should—*without fail*—seize this chance at once.

SEND THIS FREE COUPON NOW

If you don't know the name of the Hoosier store in your town where this remarkable sale is in progress, it is better to write to us for directions than to search from store to store. We will also mail you a copy of our new book, "Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets." It pictures and describes all models; it discloses many kitchen short-cuts that you will prize. Send us your name on this coupon at once. No obligation—don't be late.

THE HOOSIER MFG. CO.
167 Sidney Street
New Castle, Indiana

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—Food Chopper Block, also Cutting Board.
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—Special Sliding Shelf for lids and shallow pans.
—Extra Shelf for packages and fruit cans.
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—Metal Drawer for meal and pastry flour, sliding lid.
—Metal Bread and Cake Box with self-closing lid.
—Life-time construction. Rich golden oak exterior, finish water and steam proof.
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Go and examine all the new features. You incur no obligation. But you should go early so you can study them all carefully. Each dealer's stock of Hoosier patterns is limited. You may be too late to get one at the present price and on the Hoosier Plan, if you delay. Go and SEE these remarkable NEW Hoosiers.

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Stout and sturdy tubes, for stout and sturdy cars—tubes which will bear the brunt, on cars which must render hard and heroic service.

Extra-tube-strength for cars which race, or travel at high speed—cars which take long tours, and tires which must stand abuse.

Built up into this quality-stoutness, by a series of thin sheets of fine rubber—one sheet superimposed upon another.

Protection for you in this one-piece, air-tight process of layer upon layer—protection against air blisters and sand, which make the tube porous, and cause slow leaks.

No chance for flaw or foreign matter to escape the eye of the inspector in this one-piece construction—a fault is instantly detected, and the tube thrown out.

But the greater goodness of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes doesn't end with the greater thickness and the one-piece construction.

In a drastic laboratory test of 21 leading brands of tubes, Heavy Tourists won not only on one count, but on all.

They proved superior in quality, construction, thickness, strength and dimensions—every vital feature a tube should have.

Every detail that would add to strength has been emphasized in the construction—as, for instance, in the splendid protection furnished by the vulcanized valve patch, the valve being vulcanized into the tube and an integral part of it.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes represent a form of over-insurance—a positive form of protection to meet exceptional cases and conditions.

With Heavy Tourist Tubes in Goodyear Tires, you can defy the unusual, and be unafraid of the abnormal.

They are the quintessence of quality—the very outside and uttermost in highest grade tube construction.

They are good in any tire, better still in any Goodyear Tire, and best of all, perhaps, in strong, sturdy Goodyear Cords.

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